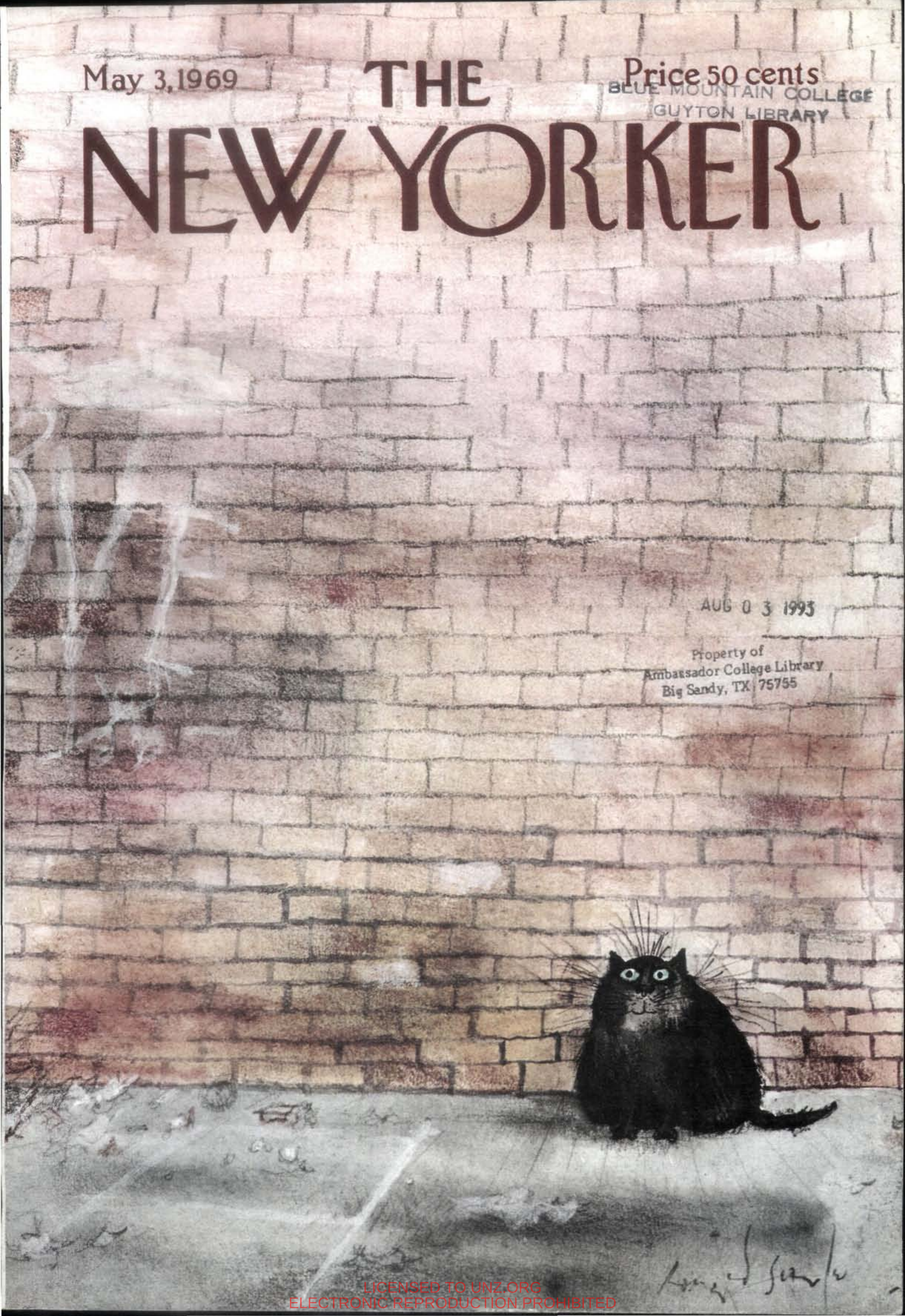
May 3, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY



AUG 0 3 1993

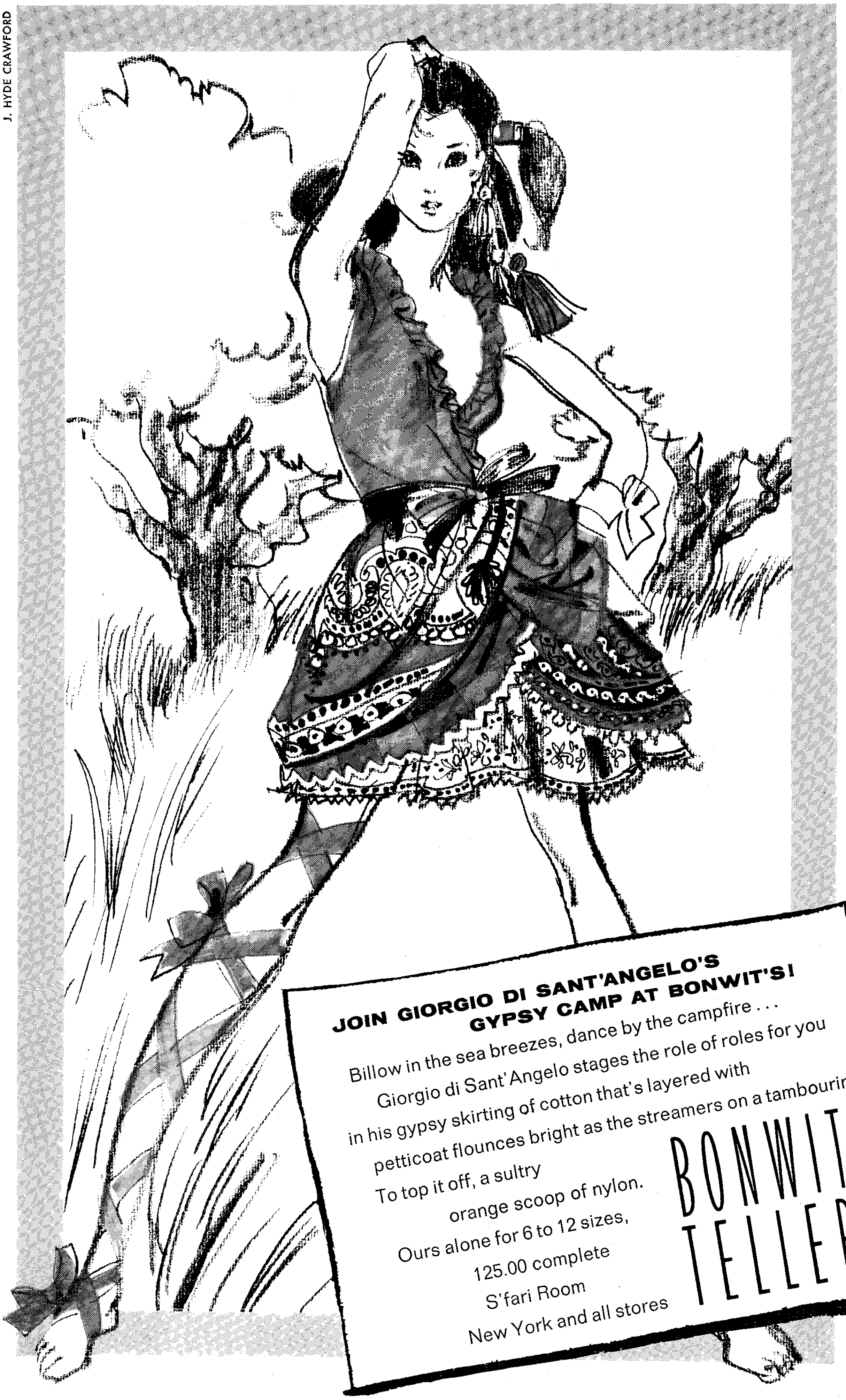
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Meanwhile, back at the office.

The boss is working late. And the poor guy is running around like a man who just lost his Right Arm, which is spending the evening, with wife and friends, leaning on some old-world bar in Brussels or you name it. The fact is, we fly nonstop or straight through from the U.S.A. to 28 European cities and that's more than twice as many as any other airline. What's that? You've already been to Europe 28 times? Well, we can give you almost a hundred other places you probably haven't been. For that matter, we can take you clear 'round the world, starting any day, heading either way. (Round-trip Jet Economy fare—about $1300.) What's holding you up? Call a Pan Am® Travel Agent. And go. **Pan Am® makes the going great.**

PAN AM®

The world's most experienced airline.



J. HYDE CRAWFORD

JOIN GIORGIO DI SANT'ANGELO'S GYPSY CAMP AT BONWIT'S!

Billow in the sea breezes, dance by the campfire . . .
Giorgio di Sant'Angelo stages the role of roles for you
in his gypsy skirting of cotton that's layered with
petticoat flounces bright as the streamers on a tambourine!
To top it off, a sultry
orange scoop of nylon.
Ours alone for 6 to 12 sizes,
125.00 complete
S'fari Room
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Black Quartet—Final free performances of a program of four new plays by Ed Bullins, Ben Caldwell, LeRoi Jones, and Ronald Milner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-5111. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A limited engagement of the Hecht-MacArthur 1928 melodrama, with Robert Ryan, Peggy Cass, and Bert Convy. Harold J. Kennedy is the director. Previews Wednesday through Friday, May 7-9, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 10, at 2:30. Opens officially on Saturday evening, May 10, and will run through Saturday, June 7. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guernica and **Pique-Nique en Campagne**—Fernando Arrabal's double bill, in French, will close out a month-long engagement by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, at 8:30; Sunday, May 4, at 3; Tuesday, May 6, at 8:30; Wednesday, May 7, at 3 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 10, at 3 and 8:30. Closes Wednesday, May 14. For tickets, call 249-3074.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Nicol Williamson in Tony Richardson's British production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Opens Thursday, May 1. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Home Away From—A three-character play by Glenn Allen Smith. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Invitation to a Beheading—A whimsical and mannered adaptation of an early novel by Vladimir Nabokov. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 9; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Jack Warden now has the principal role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 17.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Miser—Molière's comedy, with Robert Symonds at the head of a cast directed by Carl Weber. The final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Previews through Wednesday, May 7. Opens officially on Thursday, May 8, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, June 21. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

My Daughter, Your Son—Vivian Vance, Robert Alda, and Dody Goodman in a comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. Directed by Larry Arrick. Previews through Monday, May 5. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 6. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Papp—A four-character play by Kenneth Cameron. Season subscribers only. (American

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"CALLING ALL MOTHS: CANDLE DEAD AHEAD" . . . . . *S. J. Perelman* 33

"A WAR REQUIEM" (POEM) . . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 37

PROFILES (MAYOR JOHN V. LINDSAY—I) . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 44

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 107

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 107

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 110

U. S. JOURNAL: NEW ORLEANS . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 112

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 119

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . . *J. M.* 122

THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 129

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 137

BOOKS . . . . . *Anthony West* 144

BRIEFLY NOTED 147

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

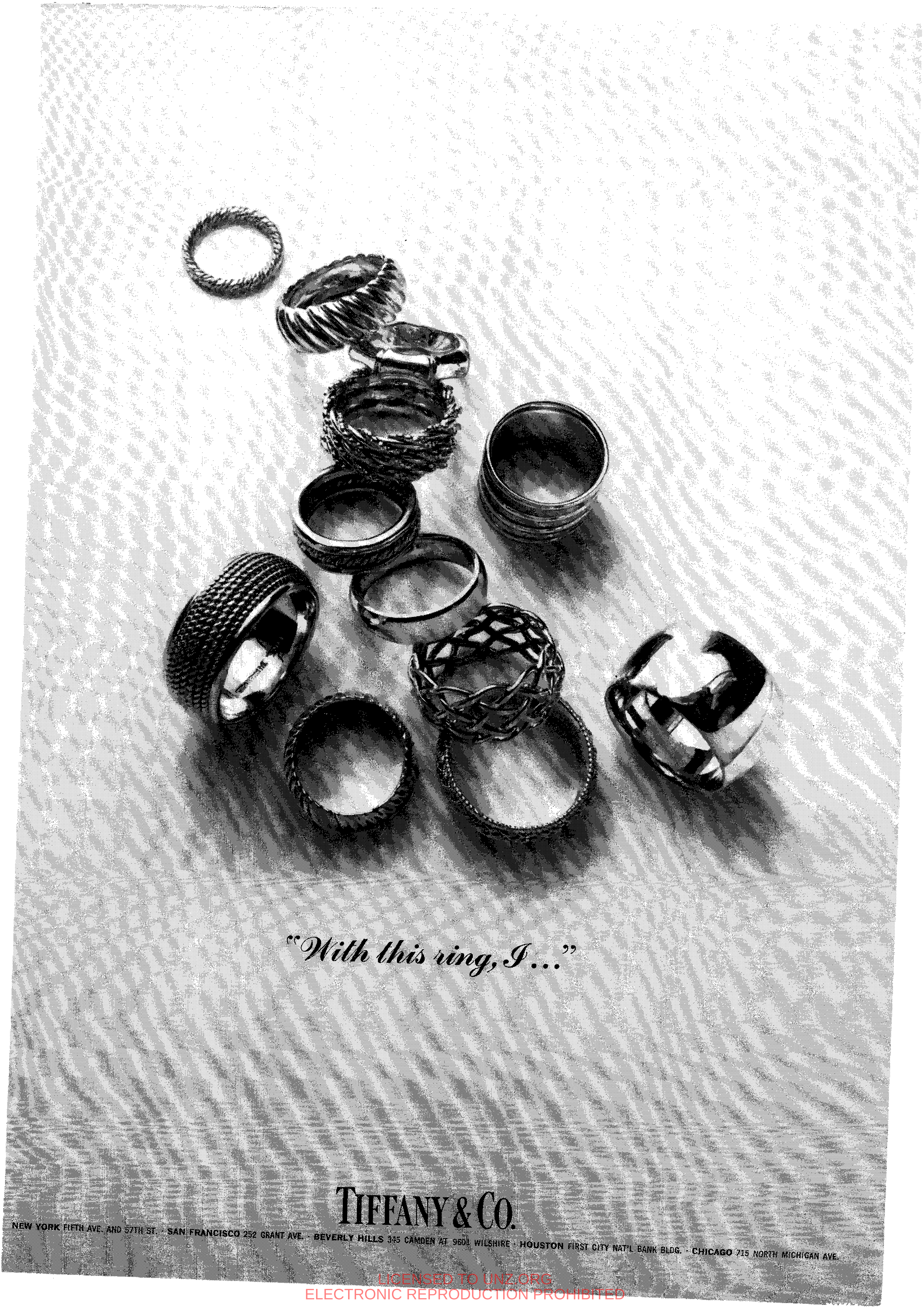
DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., George Price, Al Ross, Carl Rose, Stan Hunt, Richard Oldden, Mischa Richter, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, James Stevenson, Claude Smith, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Dana Fradon*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 11, May 3, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.


"With this ring, I..."
TIFFANY & Co.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · SAN FRANCISCO 252 GRANT AVE. · BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 24.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

War Games—A foolish, hysterical melodrama about a pair of homosexual draft evaders in Canada. The play is an implausible one on many counts, among them that no draft board could be that hard up, and the acting doesn't amount to much. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **plaza suite:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **scuba duba:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—In which poor Chaucer and Merrie England take a terrible drubbing. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," worth seeing for the sake of Angela Lansbury and her pink boa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Trumpets of the Lord—Cicely Tyson in a revival of a musical adaptation, by Vinnette Carroll, of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by James Weldon Johnson. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cabaret:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **curley mcdimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The mockery of it, he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hair:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame:** Jane Morgan is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **man of la mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **you're a good man, charlie brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **your own thing:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

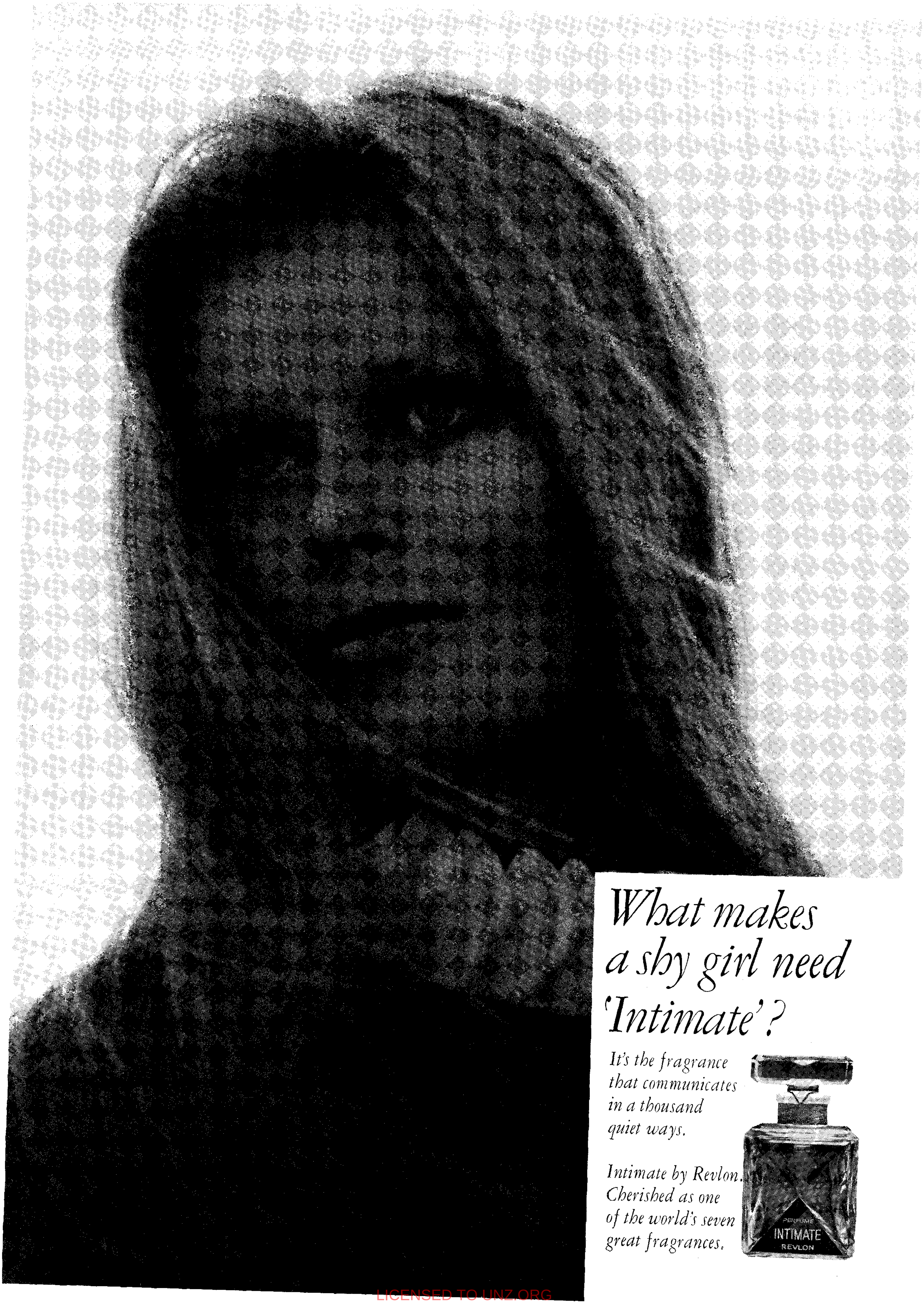
New York City Ballet—Thursday, May 1, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Apollo," and "La Sonnambula." . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2:15: "La Sonnambula," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 4, at 1:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Tarantella," "Firebird," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 4, at 7:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 6, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Fantasies," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 9: Previews of "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs" and "Dances at a Gathering," plus other works to be announced. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7902.) . . . ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Stravinsky Symphony," and "Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Fantasies," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 15.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, May 1, at 7:30, and Friday, May 2, at 8: A new production of "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2:30 and 8:30: "La Bayadère," "Enigma Variations," and "Jazz Calendar." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 4, at 2 and 8, and Tuesday, May 6, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8:30: "Giselle." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010.) . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Through Sunday, June 1.)

Black Chamber Dance Concert Series—Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, at 8:30: The companies of Arthur Mitchell, Rod Rodgers, and Louis Johnson. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10, at 8:30: The companies of Talley Beatty, Eleo Pomare, and Donald McKayle. (Barnard's Minor Latham Playhouse, Broadway at 119th St. For tickets, of which a limited number are available, call 280-2079.)

José Limón Dance Company—Final performances—Friday, May 2, at 8:30: "La Malinche," "The Exiles," "Legend," and "The Traitor." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8:30: "A Choreographic Offering," "Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, May 6, at 7:30; Friday, May 9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 11, at 7:30: "Aureole," "Scudorama," and "Public Domain." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, and Saturday, May 10, all at 8, and Sunday, May


PERFUME
INTIMATE
REVLON

What makes a shy girl need 'Intimate'?

It's the fragrance that communicates in a thousand quiet ways.

Intimate by Revlon. Cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

11, at 1:30: "Lento," "Private Domain" (première), and "From Sea to Shining Sea." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Soon gone, but not soon forgotten. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 11. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Bil and Cora Baird's Marionettes—Performances of PEOPLE IS THE THING THAT THE WORLD IS FULLEST OF, a revue for adults. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday, May 7, at 2, and Saturday, May 10, at 2 and 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes the beginning for young talent. Singer-composer David Ackles and the vocal team of John Koerner and Willie Murphy are onstage, as is a rock group called the Rig. Things begin at nine-thirty. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse where the sound is often big and the clientele hip. Sea Train is on the current bill, with shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Anita O'Day sings in an agile, throaty voice that may remind you of the nineteen-fifties. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet backs her up. People may dance—though hardly anyone ever does. The music begins at about nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine, music by the Lee Morgan quintet. On Tuesday, May 6, Yusef Lateef's quartet will move in. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, May 3, from five to nine, the Benny Powell quintet; Sunday, May 4, from five to nine, Tyrone Washington's concert ensemble. On Mondays, from nine, various jazz combos perform.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio trades half-hour sets with the jazz pianist Jaki Byard. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, the Hugh Masekela quartet indulges in pyrotechnics, while the Modern Jazz Quartet keeps its cool. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, the sounds will be of pretty high quality, when the Dizzy Gillespie quintet, the Thelonious Monk quartet, and the Horace Silver quintet all take turns on the stand.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Sax man Dexter Gordon, who recently returned from a European sojourn, leads a quartet that includes Barry Harris on piano, Ron Carter on bass, and Mickey Roker on drums. When Gordon's group goes off, Pharoah Sanders' quintet, which currently is practicing a kind of continuous roar, goes on. These people play through Saturday, May 3. On Tuesday, May 6, the Lee Morgan quintet and the Roy Haynes quintet will arrive. Starting time is nine-thirty, theoretically. Mondays are reserved for the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Sundays, from eight to one, Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band performs.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

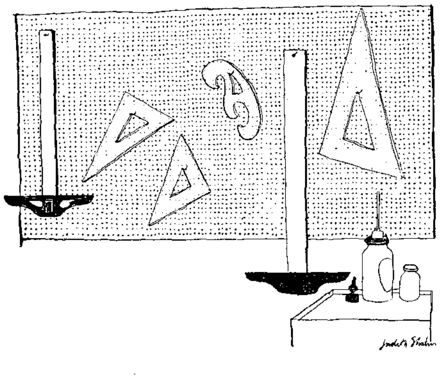
(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of live groups. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and darkened rooms with nook-and-cranny hiding places. Some fairly heavy sounds coming from Elephant's Memory (through Sunday, May 4) and Children of God (starting Tuesday, May 6). Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Monday, May 5, the Electric Ear series continues, with a group called Pulsa presenting some sort of electronic show. No alcohol.



L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by a six-man group known as the Victorians. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Sioux through Sunday, May 4. On Tuesday, May 6, Los Banditos will take over. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A fine way to run a dinner-through-supper *dansant* is how the Café Pierre looks and sounds all the time. Music—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The seats of the mighty at Tintagel are empty, but the memory lingers on. Music ad infinitum, some of it taken from life (Lester Lanin's smoothies) and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The sporting life is always under wraps in the restaurant, even though it goes on as late as one or two. The music comes from Ernie Warren's light cavalry. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Mabel Mercer, getting her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), assisted by the impeccable piano

Lord & Taylor

Short evening dress would be the little jewel to own now—here in soft pouffy cotton in a coral-and-turquoise print, with beautiful stripes of beading. Kasper's design for Joan Leslie, 160.00 The Evening Salon, at all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

The symbol of the sword

Ancient grimoires, or magic texts, are a rich and subtle system of imagery. For instance, the "sword" represents not only physical power, but also the art of persuasion. These six steak knives with carving fork and knife are probably better suited for the real world than the spiritual; but either way, they are beautiful. The blades are stainless steel, the handles sterling, the design classically pure. $65, in velvet-lined Cartier storage case. Gift Salon, parlour floor. Order by mail, or call PL 3-0111.

Cartier

Fifth Avenue and 52/New York 10022
Palm Beach/London Ltd./Paris S.A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Buddy Barnes (this every Monday and Tuesday); the rest of the time, there stands (and delivers) Joan Rivers, a wispy but also wiry and often witty girl who probably wears a karate belt under that cheerful frock. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian; Turkan offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre;* Yoel Dan's trio is also present. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Blithe are the spirits of "Free Fall," the incumbent toy revue (the spiritual adviser was, after all, Ronny Graham), and blithe is the complaint-about-everything department they run. The leader of the pack is Patti Deutsch. Except on Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Sergio Franchi leads from strength as he does, fittingly and properly, his bountiful dinner and supper arias, and the Lee Evans orchestra sounds the way all dance bands should. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The age of chavalry returns as the light-horse regiment of Los Chavales de España deploys across the stage. The occasion is a sentimental, even grandiloquent one, but this marching, singing band carries it off. Every single night, and twice. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado, who bemoans the fate of all Iberian lovers in such touching flamencan tones, has returned to the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Emilio Prados.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The centerpiece is Paul Anka, *vox pop* and all that but nevertheless a musician and singer of quality, too. On Thursday, May 8, he awards the place to noble Dionne Warwick (the sound of church bells across the sweet Afton). No dark nights, ever. . . . ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The flourish of trumpets et al. to be heard in the lower depths of this steak house issues, loud and clear, from the World's Greatest Jazz Band (Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber), Maxine Sullivan, the quartet of Joe Venuti, and Ram Ramirez as solo pianist. Friday, May 2, a new crew moves in—the Roy Eldridge quintet (for which Jimmy Rushing declaims the lyrics), the All-Stars (Marty Napoleon, Milt Hinton, and Don Lamond), and Muriel Roberts, who gives her piano first-class passages. Six-thirty until two. Closed Sundays; no (regrets!) dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Connie Stevens, a survivor of Broadway's "The Star-Spangled Girl," is singing in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Besides her, there is always the dance (the band run by Burt Farber, plus Mark Monte's serenaders). Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the hush-puppy music of the Dukes of Dixieland uses real corn in its abundant recipe; the threesome of Mousie Alexander, which does the exercise music for the customers, is much more contemporary. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—*Per ardua ad astra,* from which the cluttered streets of New York 10036 are scarcely visible. Dancing from seven until two, and warbling (this during dinner and supper) by Marilyn Maye, whose work is not exactly going to alter the courses of those stars. Closed Sundays.

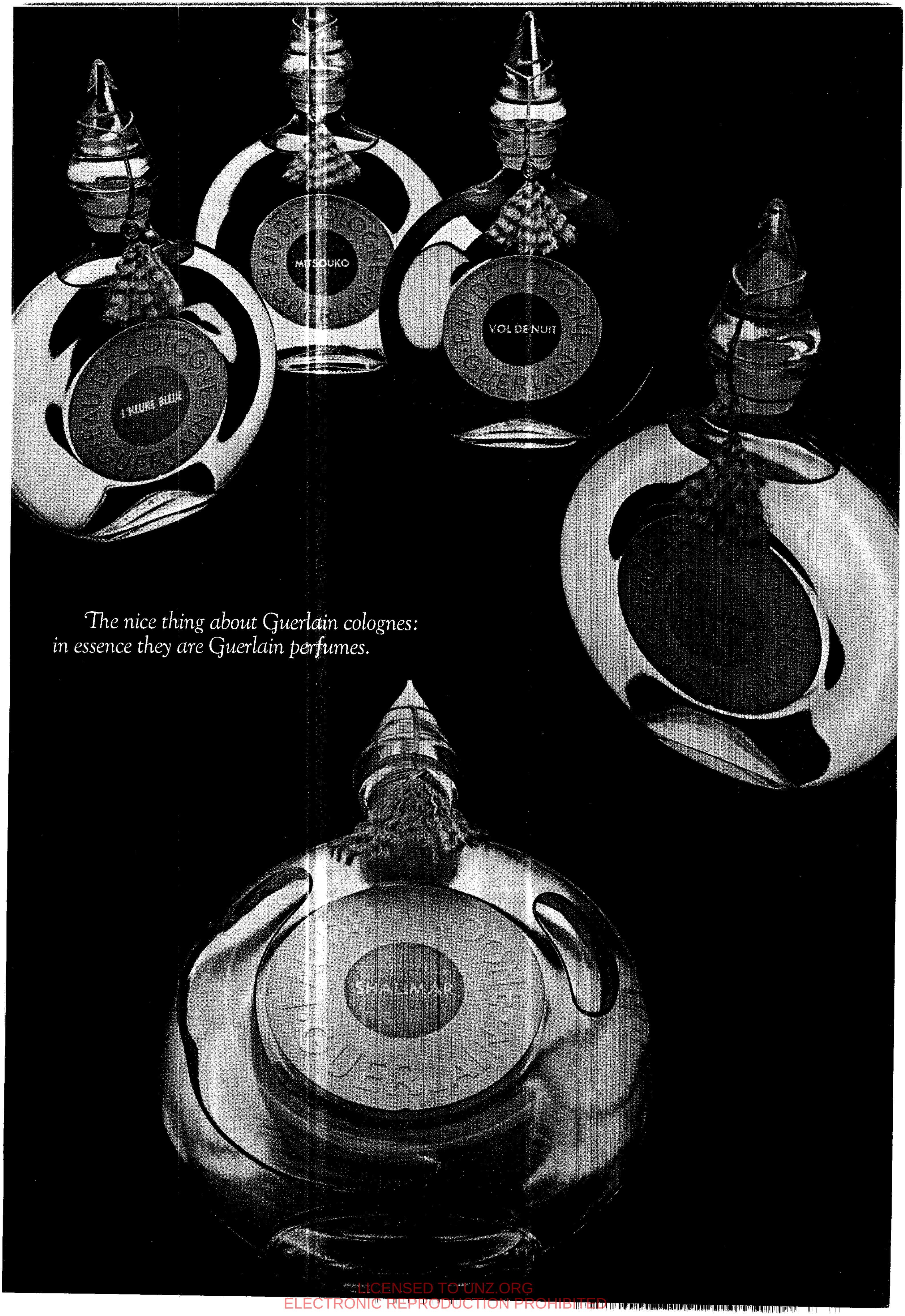
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the city's leading *bibliothèque,* is a traditional gathering place for those who dance as they read, for which purpose the management supplies grandiose bookstalls and the energetic dance bands of Quintero and George Cort. In the course of the evening, there are songs by the inveterate Hildegarde—songs that remind one of the mottoes needleworkers used to embroider. She winds up on Saturday, May 3; on Monday, May 5, Jeanne Steel, who is new to night life, moves in. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, is, by comparison, Walden Pond—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time (3/4 time, anyway). Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Scene: the Empire Room. Period: dinner and supper. Plot: The Hawaiian way of life as Americans think they see it—Don Ho, native prince and interlocutor of a certain odd charm, and his floor show. His part of it is genuine Don Ho, the rest can sometimes be just Ho Hum. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

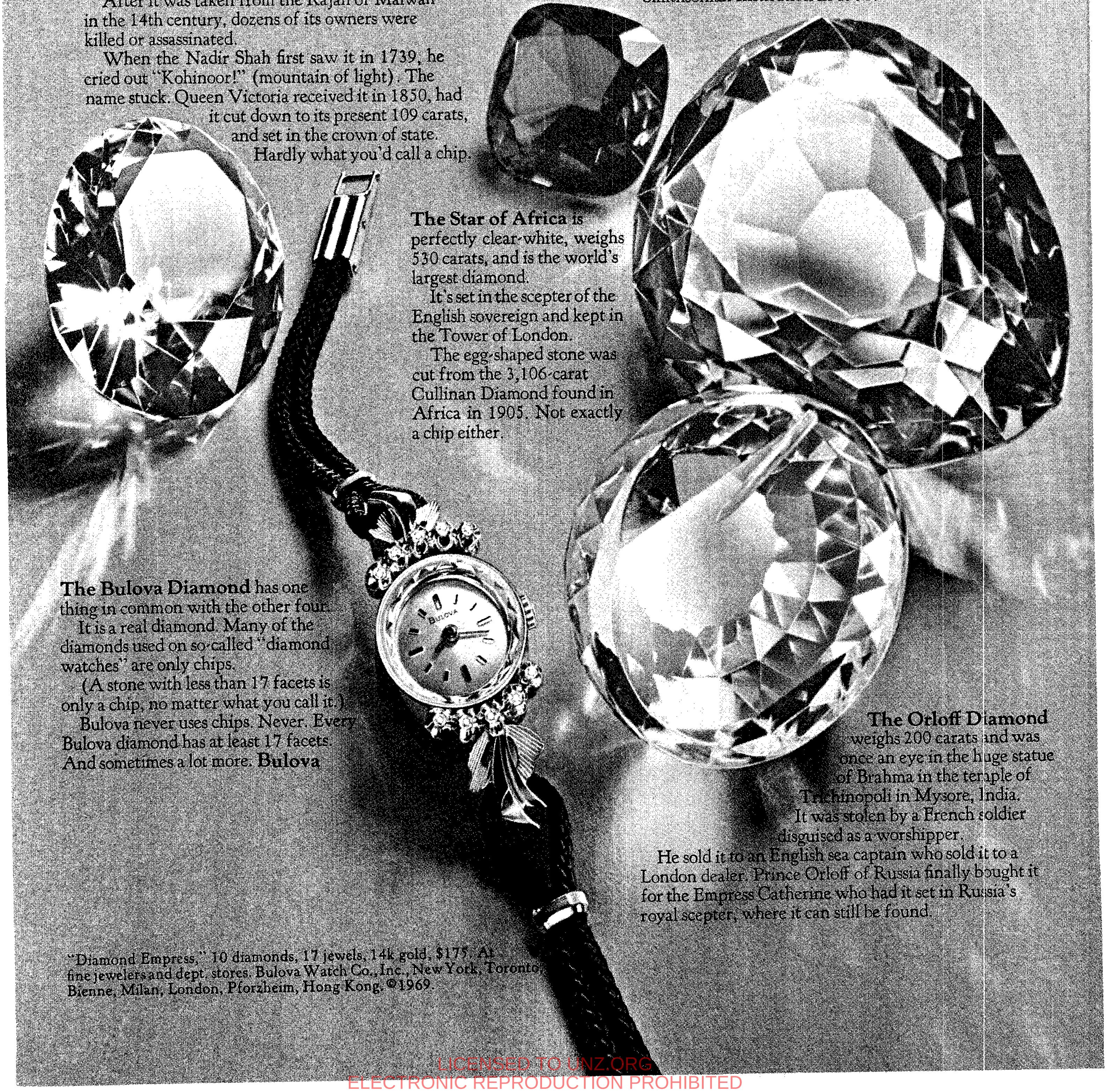
SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Abandon all mope, ye who enter these portals, for the double, but never double-or-nothing, piano of Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, which takes root around eight, offers upbeat by the yard. Fraternal freewheeling from then until early morn. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a night school devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal progress, a joint project of the customers, the directorate, and the amusers. These last are Bobby Short, singer of songs in which the Devil can't take even the hindmost, and his blithe sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Nine-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): You wouldn't want to live here, but you can pay it a visit to hear Charles De Forest embellish the larksome and/or languishing songs of the demimonde. He is absent Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a replica of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band; Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Which is not at all like nighttime in Morpheus Arms. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of itinerant minstrels who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse.* Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The mini-


EAU DE COLOGNE · GUERLAIN ·
L'HEURE BLEUE
EAU DE COLOGNE · GUERLAIN ·
MITSOUKO
EAU DE COLOGNE · GUERLAIN ·
VOL DE NUIT
The nice thing about Guerlain colognes:
in essence they are Guerlain perfumes.
EAU DE COLOGNE · GUERLAIN ·
SHALIMAR

These diamonds you know are diamonds.



The Hope Diamond is steely-blue and weighs 44½ carats. It's thought to be a recut of the huge "Tavernier Blue" that disappeared from Louis XVI's possession in the revolution of 1792.

Sir Thomas Hope bought it 28 years later, in 1830. Ill fate plagued its owners until American dealer Harry Winston acquired it and presented it to the Smithsonian Institution in 1958.

The Kohinoor Diamond has been mentioned in Indian legends for a thousand years.

After it was taken from the Rajah of Malwah in the 14th century, dozens of its owners were killed or assassinated.

When the Nadir Shah first saw it in 1739, he cried out "Kohinoor!" (mountain of light). The name stuck. Queen Victoria received it in 1850, had it cut down to its present 109 carats, and set in the crown of state.

Hardly what you'd call a chip.

The Star of Africa is perfectly clear-white, weighs 530 carats, and is the world's largest diamond.

It's set in the scepter of the English sovereign and kept in the Tower of London.

The egg-shaped stone was cut from the 3,106-carat Cullinan Diamond found in Africa in 1905. Not exactly a chip either.

The Bulova Diamond has one thing in common with the other four.

It is a real diamond. Many of the diamonds used on so-called "diamond watches" are only chips.

(A stone with less than 17 facets is only a chip, no matter what you call it.)

Bulova never uses chips. Never. Every Bulova diamond has at least 17 facets. And sometimes a lot more. **Bulova**

The Orloff Diamond weighs 200 carats and was once an eye in the huge statue of Brahma in the temple of Trichinopoli in Mysore, India.

It was stolen by a French soldier disguised as a worshipper.

He sold it to an English sea captain who sold it to a London dealer. Prince Orloff of Russia finally bought it for the Empress Catherine who had it set in Russia's royal scepter, where it can still be found.

"Diamond Empress," 10 diamonds, 17 jewels, 14k gold, $175. At fine jewelers and dept. stores. Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan, London, Pforzheim, Hong Kong. ©1969.

mum speed is 78 r.p.m., the pace at which the staff whiles away its working hours with swatches of any Italian opera that happens to be lying around. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Country life in Italy in the back rooms, city life in New York in the bar, where Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays appropriate piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): *Toujours la politesse.* From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160). The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The course of Empire (Austro-Hungarian, of course) runs smooth, to the tune of Fred Fassler and Karl Inwald, those staunch Viennese. Thursday, May 8, they cede the place to its original owner, their fellow-Viennese George Feyer, a conversational though conservatory pianist. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Seated at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Modular floor sculptures; through May 21. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ARONSON—Bronze sculptures with motifs based on Jewish mysticism and medieval legends; through Saturday, May 3. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St.)

LEON BERKOWITZ—Color paintings by a Washington, D.C., founder of the mode; through May 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Twenty-six "classical" landscapes by a leading Neo-Romantic; through Saturday, May 3. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

PAMELA BIANCO—Geometrical compositions of fanciful subjects; through Thursday, May 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

DAVID BURLIUK (1882-1967)—A large exhibit of flower paintings and landscapes by a Russian-born follower of van Gogh who worked for many years in Hampton Bays; through Saturday, May 10. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE (1849-1916)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by this American Impressionist; through Saturday, May 10. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT (1812-68)—Portraits of Americans; through Saturday, May 10. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Paintings, drawings, cartoons, and toys; through Saturday, May 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Dream figures and cityscapes in watercolor; through May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—A comprehensive show of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through Saturday, May 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Compositions of floating Abstract shapes; through Thursday, May 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ETIENNE HAJDU—Semi-abstract reliefs and free-standing sculptures, mostly in bronze and aluminum, some in marble or slate; through May 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ALEX HAY—Drawings of earth contours, and cubical sculptures derived from castings of city streets; through Thursday, May 8. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HEALEY—Sculptural effects created through projections of light, by a British experimentalist; through Saturday, May 10. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—Bronze, stone, and wood sculptures by one of Britain's foremost Abstract artists; through Saturday, May 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Figures, landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a leading younger artist of Britain; through May 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDRICH HUNDERTWASSER—The first half (1950-58) of a comprehensive retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; starting Tuesday, May 6. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by the Russian modernist; through Saturday, May 3. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

KANDINSKY, FRANZ MARC, AND AUGUST MACKE—A large benefit showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through May 28. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—Sculptures and sketches, some related to the huge sculptural compound on which the Viennese modernist was working at the time of his death, in 1965; through Saturday, May 10. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DONG KINGMAN—Watercolors and drawings of scenes on several continents; through Saturday, May 3. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE AND GIORGIO MORANDI—Oil paintings, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, May 10. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHY AND CHAIM KOPPELMAN—A man-and-wife team, both followers of Eli Siegel's Aesthetic Realism, present paintings by the former, prints and drawings by the latter;

Joy is
a coat that says
yes

to everything on your agenda from
Sun-up to Big Evening...perfect for
travel...and to flout the fickle weather.
The DuPont Antron® nylon* is rain
and stain repellent. Greige, white,
black, aqua. 6 to 16. About $70.
Bergdorf-Goodman, New York;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago and
branches; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati;
Rich's, Atlanta; Filene's, Boston;
Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

DACRON FILLED
® REG. T.M.

COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

If he has any doubts about himself, give him something else.

FABERG
BRUT
FOR MEN

For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

through May 31. (Terrain, 39 Grove St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Nicholas Krushenick—Fields of color penetrated by eccentric systems and exploding rectangles; through May 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellen Lanyon—Everyday objects with insinuating overtones; through Wednesday, May 7, (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Michel Larionov (1881-1964)—Forty-two paintings covering the development of the Russian modernist famous for his work with the Diaghilev Ballet; through May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Rico Lebrun (1900-64)—Almost all the sculptures created by this West Coast painter; starting Wednesday, May 7. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St.)

Max Liebermann (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through June 13. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Richard Lindner—Watercolors and drawings by a specialist in fear-generating females; through Saturday, May 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Manrique—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through May 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giacomo Manzù—Bronze reliefs, including studies for his widely discussed panels for the door of St. Peter's in Rome; through May 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Brice Marden—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through May 17. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin and John McCracken—Four paintings and four sculptures by two Minimalists; starting Saturday, May 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italian and French landscapes; starting Wednesday, May 7. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Edgar Negret—Massive metal-plate constructions by a Latin-American; through Saturday, May 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pavia—Fifteen monumental Abstract sculptures in marble by a founding father of the Artists Club; through May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and portraits by a leading contemporary figure painter; through Saturday, May 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—More of this artist's combines; through May 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A major benefit exhibit comprising ninety-five oils and pastels; through Saturday, May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes and seascapes, some with figures; through Saturday, May 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Gloria F. Ross—Tapestries executed from designs by Paul Feeley, Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, Jack Youngerman, and others; through May 25. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Henri Rousseau—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, who, as it happens, is having a show of his own works at the nearby Danenberg gallery. Also letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others. Through May 31. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

Robert Ryman—Paintings composed of five-foot-square white panels; through May 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jannis Spyropoulos—Abstract Expressionist paintings in sombre hues; through Wednesday, May 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Stadler—Paintings featuring expanses of color; through May 15. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Tillim—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Friday, May 9. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract primitivist paintings done between 1931 and 1946 by this artist, who died in 1949; through May 15. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings, many in egg tempera; through May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Examples of work over a period of fifty years by an American identified with Paris modernism; through Saturday, May 10. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **banfer**, 23 E. 67th St.: About forty paintings and twenty drawings by Jared French, Maurice Grosser, Ken Davies, and Margo Hoff (to mention a few); through May 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Matisse, Avery, Brandt, de Kooning, De Niro, Kadish, Orozco, and five others; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Large-scale drawings by such artists as Norman Bluhm, Elaine de Kooning, Mary Frank, Knox Martin, Motherwell, Newman, Rivers, and Wesselmann; through Saturday, May 3.... **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and collages by thirty black artists—Romare Bearden, Jacob Lawrence, Richard Hunt, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills, to name several; through May 29.... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Oldenburg, Marisol, and Segal; through May 31.... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes by, for example, Durand, Cole, Kensett, and Inness; through May 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **landau-alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings mainly, by William Brice, Carroll Cloar, Marcia Marcus, and Paul Wonner; through May 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; starting Saturday, May 3. ... **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works executed by pairs of artists, including Ray Johnson, Rosenquist, Don Nice, and Wolf Kahn; through Wednesday, May 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Sculptures—Arp, Maillol, Barlach, Matisse, Moore, Calder, and Giacometti are among the artists represented in a survey of twentieth-century works; starting Tuesday, May 6. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15. . . ¶ Sculptures done last year by the painter Jules Olitski; through May 18. . . ¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary artists working in this medium; through Sunday, May 4.... ¶ Fifty watercolors, many never seen here before, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through May 11.... ¶ A comprehensive exhibition of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Kruschenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological retrospective of the career of the American sculptor David Smith, who died in 1965; through May 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-seven contemporary sculptures constituting "Selection II" of works recently acquired by the Museum from often-mentioned artists; through Monday, May 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth-century French prints and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, Pissarro, Manet, and others; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

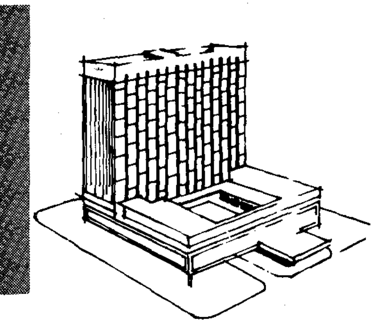
American Museum of Natural History, Central

Rona.
If you know what's good for you.

Midriff accent dress
of rib-weave yarn dyed cotton.
In white/black, white/brown.
Sizes 6 to 16. About $45.
Rona, 498 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
A division of Genesco.

COMFORTABLE CAREFREE COTTON

CIN
CIN
NAT
I



uniroyal
holds sales meetings
at Stouffer's
Cincinnati Inn...

for a number
of comfortable reasons.

Stouffer comfort in rooms, fine food, excellent banquet and meeting facilities—all are very real to uniroyal. They could be to you, too.

Stouffer's MOTOR INNS
where you always feel comfortable

Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus,
Detroit, Indianapolis, Louisville,
St. Louis and Ft. Lauderdale

STOUFFER RESTAURANT-INN
A DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls from eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures meant to be seen only by Buddhist initiates; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social-realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Nearly three hundred items (books, manuscripts, maps, prints, first editions) dated prior to 1821, and, at that, only an hors d'oeuvre from the archives of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass.; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred articles, such as books, boxes, and tapestries, designed by a hundred prominent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Swiss folk art; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea—carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

MANNES OPERA PRODUCTION WORKSHOP—Performances of Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), staged by Fabrizio Melano. Paul Berl is the music director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, at 8:30, and performances primarily for children on Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 3. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA THEATRE—Performances of Massenet's "Thaïs," conducted by Emerson Buckley and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, May 9-11, at 8. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—An all-Stravinsky program on Thursday, May 1, at 8:30; Friday, May 2, at 2; Saturday, May 3, at 8:30; and Monday, May 5, at 7:30, conducted, variously, by Leonard Bernstein and by Farhad Mechkat and François Huybrechts, assistant conductors of the Philharmonic. . . . ¶ Mr. Bernstein will conduct and act as piano soloist in a varied program on Thursday, May 8, at 8:30; Friday, May 9, at 2; and Saturday, May 10, at 8:30.

TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Yuji Takahashi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8:30.)

BUFFALO PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Lukas Foss conducting, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 3, and Monday, May 5, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER SINGERS OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE—Tamara Knell directing a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing Orff's "Carmina Burana" and Kodály's "Missa Brevis," with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS—Daniel Paget directing, with the Columbia University Orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, May 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIR—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC FESTIVAL—Thursday, May 1: New England Conservatory Chamber Singers and Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2: Rudolf Kolisch and Russell Sherman in a recital of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3: Composers' Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday, May 6, at 8:30.)

KOHON STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 3, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

ARLISS HEUKELEKIAN—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8:30.)

GALINA VISHNEVSKAYA—Soprano, with Mstislav Rostropovich, piano and cello, and Jaime Laredo, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 5:30.)

MARCELA KOZIKOVA—Harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—The last in a series of chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Festival, this one with Felix Galimir, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; and others. (Town Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8:30.)

EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 6, at 8:30.)

AMIRAM RIGAI—Piano. (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Thursday, May 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-9250.)

JEAN KRAFT—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 5:30.)

ITZHAK PERLMAN—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JEFF BECK GROUP, JOE COCKER & THE GREASE BAND, AND NRBQ—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.

RAY CHARLES—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8:30 and at midnight.

RICHIE HAVENS, THE SWEET INSPIRATIONS, AND THE PERSUASIONS—With Ruby Dee and others, in a benefit performance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH, HELLO PEOPLE, AND CAT MOTHER AND THE ALL-NIGHT NEWSBOYS—A benefit performance. (Fillmore East. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

THE BAND AND CAT MOTHER AND THE ALL-NIGHT NEWSBOYS—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

ELVIN JONES TRIO—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8:30.

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 11, at 2:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, May 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 2, at 8; Saturday, May 3, at 2; and Sunday, May 4, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday,

®HYSTRON FIBERS INCORPORATED, LICENSEE OF THE INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Business where the sun shines
Commuting by plane
Air-light fabrics
Slacks forming partnerships

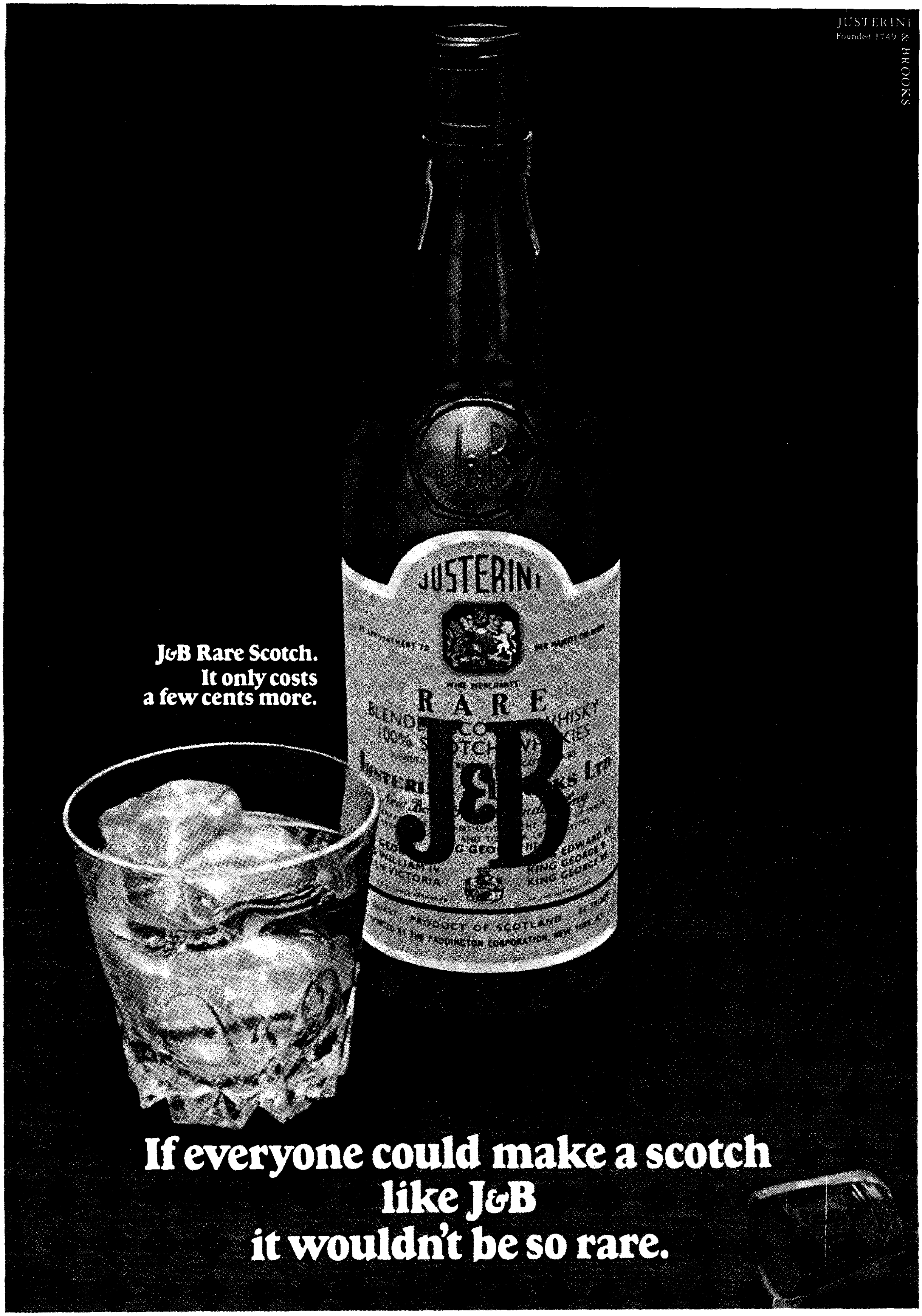
This is

THE TREVIRA ERA

CORBIN LTD. discovers a new medium for expressing their great talent for pattern and color. And does the definitive collection of sportcoats, suits and trousers in fabrics of Trevira. These are the fabrics that encourage innovation. Because they are trained to behave in the traveling, active life of the Trevira Era. They are hearty and rich looking. But weightless, bulk-less. No wonder Corbin expanded from slacks to wardrobes of 55% Trevira® polyester, 45% wool. Trousers, about $30. Sportcoat, about $75. Tattersall suit, about $105. At fine stores.

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.


JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
J&B Rare Scotch.
It only costs
a few cents more.
If everyone could make a scotch
like J&B
it wouldn't be so rare.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 9, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 10, at 2:15.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 10.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Rosemont, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4.)...¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 9-11.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 10.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT** (if the horsemen's boycott is over): Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 3, and the Withers, Saturday, May 10.... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N. J.: Weekdays at 2; through Friday, May 30.... **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Mannes Opera Production Workshop presenting "Hansel and Gretel," in English. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 3. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4, at 1 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Heidi." Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

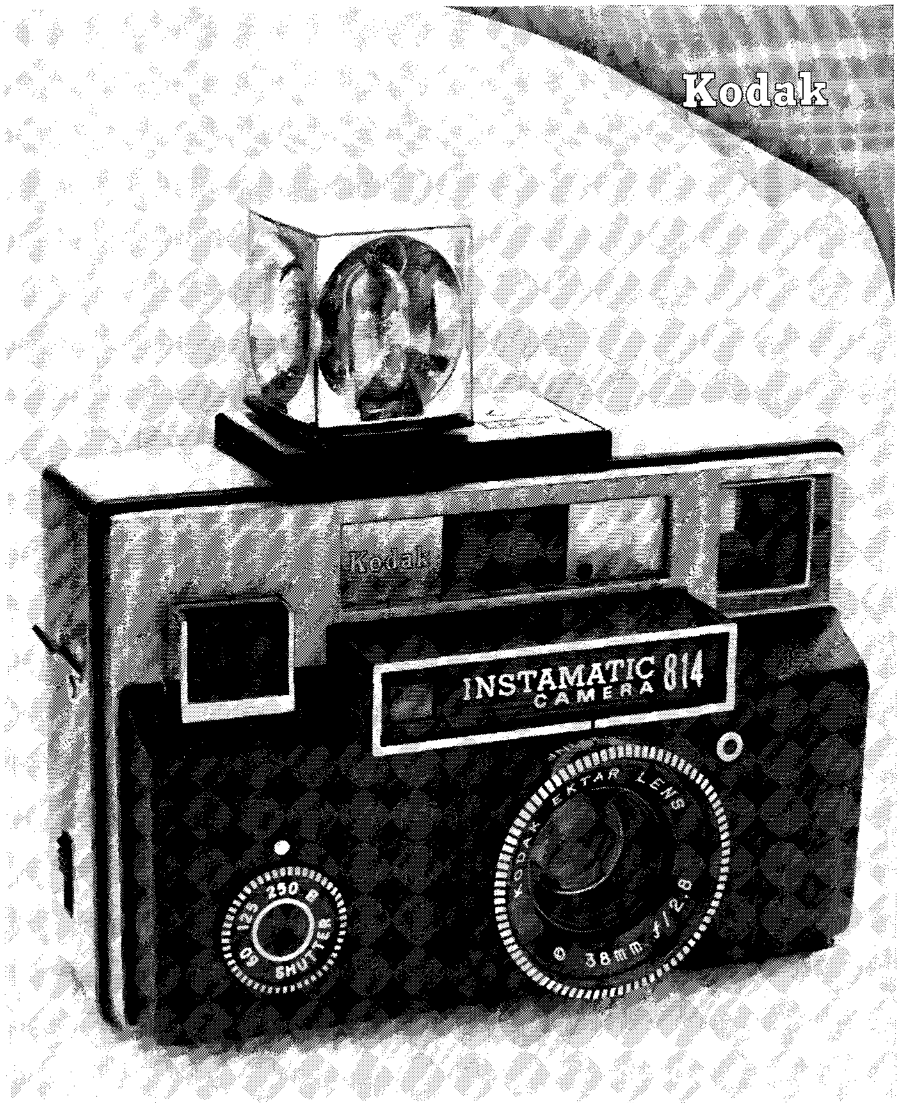
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Captives of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK**: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and monkeys. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **BRONX ZOO**: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, ducklings, rabbits, and a young mouflon. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Alec McCowen reading a per-



Unmistakable.

If you would rather shoot great pictures than worry about exposure settings, you're all set with the Kodak Instamatic 814 camera. It's the most automatic Kodak Instamatic camera of them all.

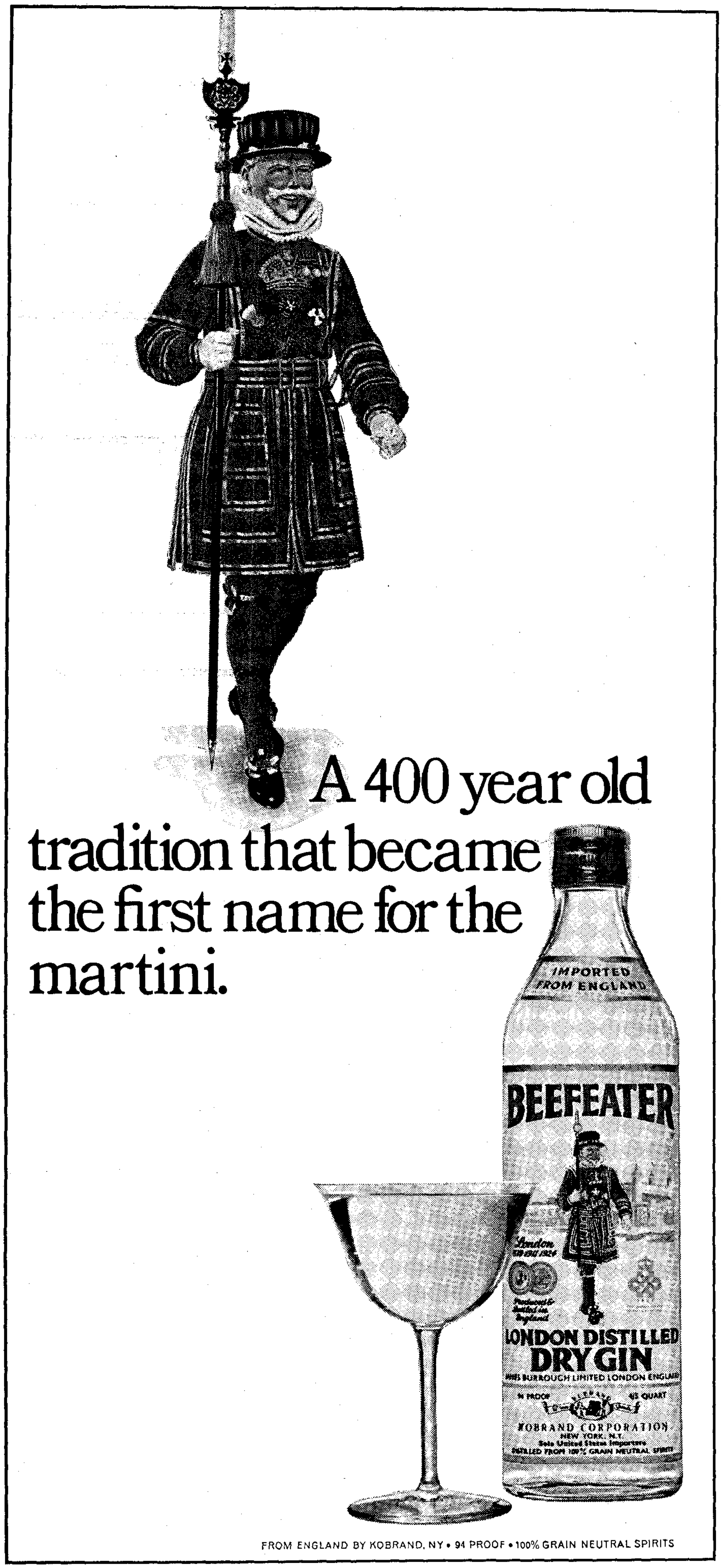
While you have the fun, it does the work.

Just drop in the film cartridge. The "814" automatically adjusts to the speed of the film. Aim it at the subject. It automatically computes and sets the proper exposure. Even warns you when to use a flashcube if the light is low. Snap the picture; a spring motor automatically advances both film and flashcube for the next picture.

So make no mistake. See the Kodak Instamatic 814 camera with its precision rangefinder and superb 4-element f/2.8 Ektar lens—less than $145—at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® 814 camera


A 400 year old tradition that became the first name for the martini.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER
London
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
JAMES BURROUGH LIMITED LONDON ENGLAND
94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole United States Importers
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, NY • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sonal selection of poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Sunday, May 4, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ John Montague, Thomas Kinsella, and George MacBeth reading from their own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Square S. and LaGuardia Pl. Monday, May 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2116.) . . . ¶ Elizabeth Bishop reading from her own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 6, and Tuesday, May 13, from 2 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 6 belong to Mr. and Mrs. David L. Mitchell, 174 E. 93rd St.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Harvey Pike, 54 E. 92nd St.; Mr. Newby Murray, 161 E. 71st St.; Count and Countess Palffy, 228 E. 68th St.; Mrs. John Aitken and Mrs. Malcolm Chace, 174 E. 64th St.; Miss Jane Templeton, 413 E. 53rd St.; Mr. and Mrs. C. Torsten Orn, 301 E. 47th St.; and the Ford Foundation, 320 E. 43rd St. The Ford Foundation building closes at 5. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

WALKING TOURS—"Lincoln Center," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 4. Meets at 81st St. and Central Park West at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—An open-air display of antiques, surrounded by about a hundred dealers. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 1, at 10:15 and 1:45: Russian works of art, among them three icons by Fabergé, a bust of Rasputin by Aronson, and a group of Gardner figurines; from the estate of Melvin Gutman and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 1:45: American art glass, furniture, and decorations; from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 10:15: Japanese works of art, including prints, swords, and netsuke; from the estates of Edward D. King and Count Alfonso P. Villa. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 6, at 1:45: Old-master prints, from the Nowell-Usticke collection. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 10:15 and 1:45: Old-master prints, from many sources, including the estate of Mme. Lucienne Fribourg. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 1:45: Renaissance and eighteenth-century sculpture, Italian majolica, icons, ivory and other carvings, arms and armor, bronze plaques, and statuettes; from a number of collectors, among them the late Dr. Georg Swarzenski. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 1:45: Modern prints, including a large group of works by Picasso; from various owners.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—May 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Phenix City Story" (1955), with John McIntire and Richard Kiley. . . . ¶ May 3 at 11:30: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. . . . ¶ May 3 at 3 and 5:30: "Pickup on South Street" (1953), with Richard Widmark and Jean Peters. . . . ¶ May 4 at 2 and 5:30: "The Big Heat" (1953), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lineup" (1958), with Eli Wallach. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ May 6 at 5:30: A program of experimental films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Judith of Bethulia" (1914), directed by D. W. Griffith. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

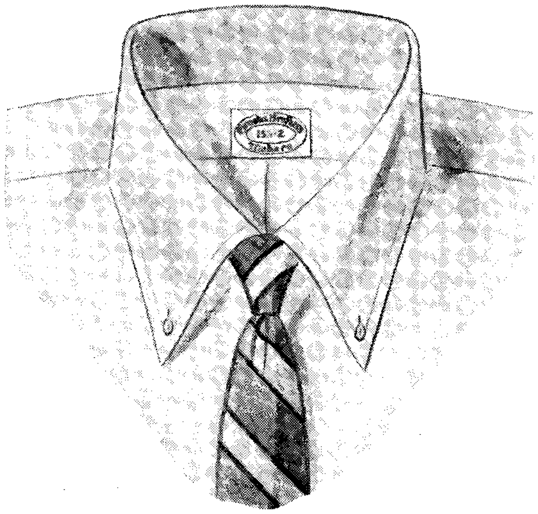
(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At **INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY:**

Before you
buy a diamond
APPRAISE YOUR
JEWELER.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON
MASSACHUSETTS 02116

SHREVE'S of BOSTON
has been selling
quality diamonds
for 169 years.



ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR LIGHTWEIGHT SHIRTS
made by us with button-down collar
in a wide selection of attractive materials

In our zephyrweight cotton oxford.
Long sleeves: White, $7.50; blue or yellow, $8
Half sleeves: White, $7.50; blue, $8

In crisp English cotton voile.
Long sleeves: White, $9.50; blue, $10.50

Brookscloth (Dacron polyester-and-cotton)
broadcloth. White or blue, long sleeves, $9.50

White batiste Brookscloth. Half sleeves, $8.50

New striped English zephyrweight cotton oxford
in colorful triple stripings. Half sleeves, $9.50

Unusually fine cotton Madras in solid blue.
Half sleeves, $8

Pima cotton batiste.
Half sleeves: White, $7.50; blue, $8

Also plain and round collar shirts in lightweight materials.

All shirts in sizes 14-32 to 17½-36. Mail orders filled.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 30. . . . THOMPSON SPEEDWAY, Thompson, Conn. June 7-8.

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: May 11, May 13-15, May 27-28, and May 30-June 4. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: May 16-18, May 20-21, May 23-25, June 6-11, and June 13-15.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 12-14.). . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 14.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 17.). . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 7.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 23-24 and 26-31.). . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 1.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 5-8.). . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. June 7.). . . ¶ Ox Ridge Horse Show. (Darien. June 12-15.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. May 17.). . . ¶ Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. May 21 and 24.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 7-8.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 17. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: May 31-Aug. 7. . . . BELMONT: June 2-28. The Belmont, June 7. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 4.

Tennis—PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: Rod Laver, Andres Gimeno, Pancho Gonzales, Roy Emerson, Tony Roche, Ray Moore, Marty Riessen, and Dennis Ralston. (Madison Square Garden Center. May 15-17.). . . AMATEUR MATCHES: New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny. June 14-21.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 17.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: May 26-July 24.

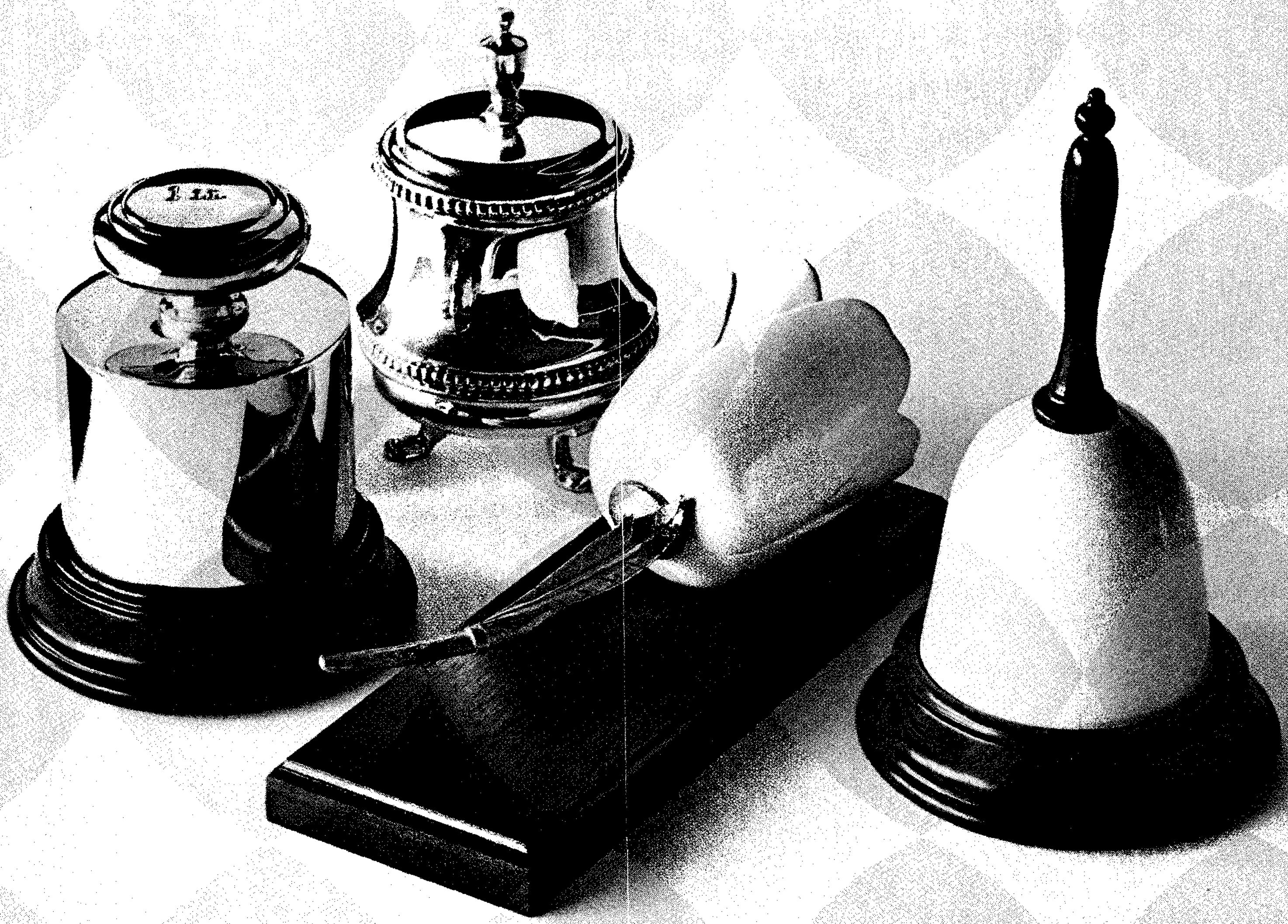
Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 7-8.). . . ¶ Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 14.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): A special one-week season, June 2-7. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 17, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 21 through June 14. . . . ¶ Judy Collins, folk singer, May 11. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 13. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, May 16. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Opera Society, May 14. . . . ¶ Stern-Istomin-Rose Trio, May 15. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 18-19. . . . ¶ Pro Arte Double Chorale and Orchestra, May 23. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): Jean-Louis Barrault, Madeleine Renaud, and the New York Chamber Soloists, May 17.

Dance Programs—At the CITY CENTER: Glen Tetley Dance Company, May 13-18. . . . ¶ Talley Beatty Dance Company, May 20, 23, and 25. . . . ¶ Pearl Lang and Dance Company, May 21 and 24. . . . ¶ Donald McKayle Dance Company, May 22 and 24-25. . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Lincoln Center: Stuttgart Ballet, June 10-29.

Other Dates—United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting, May 12-June 6. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 17. . . . ¶ May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 21. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1969, at Madison Square Garden Center, May 22-June 1. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 23-June 8. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, May 26-June 13. . . . ¶ "Fiesta in Madrid," a zarzuela, at the City Center, May 28-June 15. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Friday, May 30. . . . ¶ Commencements: Smith and Vassar, June 1; Barnard and Columbia, June 3; Annapolis and West Point, June 4; Princeton, June 5; Yale, June 9; N.Y.U., June 11; Harvard, June 12; and Dartmouth, June 15. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 16.

Left to right: WEIGHT antique brass finish, $27.50. EMPIRE, silver plate, $30. TULIP, white enamel, gold plate, $25. BELL, white enamel, rosewood, $30.
Suggested retail prices. ©Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J. Also available in Canada.



Ronson's Hidden Lighter Collection... table lighters for people who hate table lighters.

Most people like the look of table lighters. But there are some who don't. To each his own. For people who don't like the look, but like the convenience, Ronson® offers the Hidden Lighter Collection.

What hides the table lighter? Four of Ronson's newest and most unique designs created to complement most any room or office decor. The Weight—in antique brass, the Tulip—white enamel petals, gold plated stem, the Empire—classic heavy silver plate, the Bell—rich enamel, hand-rubbed rosewood stand.

Now that we've told you what's hiding it, let's talk about why the Ronson Varaflame® table lighter is so great.

The Varaflame uses butane, a gas.

You don't pour it.

You inject it using a Ronson Multi-Fill® Injector (buy them anywhere). It's clean, safe, easy—takes just seconds.

The Varaflame uses fuel only when lit. (Other table lighters dry up when they are not in use.)

It's done by an ingenious system of patented valves. These valves let you fill the lighter to capacity at any time. (But you can't overfill.) And the valves seal it shut, so the fuel cannot evaporate.

The patented valves also make possible the adjustable flame. Just touch a dial, and adjust it to low for cigarettes, medium for cigars, or high for pipes.

And that brings us to the other reason for having a Varaflame table lighter.

It hardly ever has to be refilled.

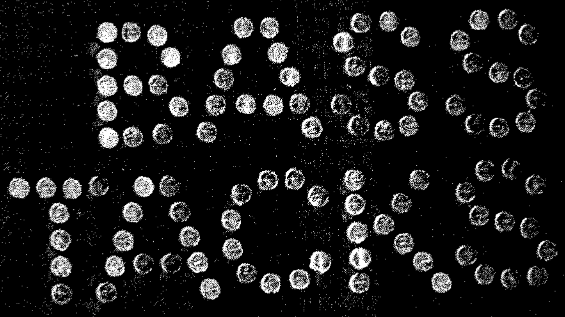
It's already filled when you get it and it holds more than a year's supply of fuel.

And now you know why people who hate table lighters that look like table lighters want the Ronson Hidden Lighter Collection. Great to own! Great to give!

RONSON®
The people who keep improving flame.

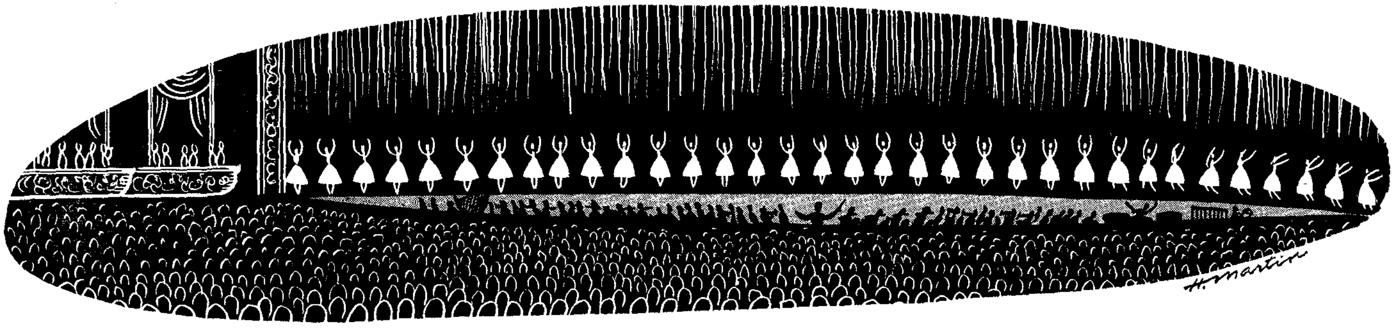
Bass®

™ Tacks is the trademark for casuals made only by G. H. Bass & Co., Wilton, Maine 04294.



The flat statement, softly spoken. Red 3-eyelet tie. Navy T-strap. Gold slip-on. Platinum sandal. In soft, supple leathers for women by the makers of Bass Weejuns®. About $14.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; May 5-7.)

Bay of the Angels (1964)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; May 5-7.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 6.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-6.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and the Victorians has very pretty color and some witty bits. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 7.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 7.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 7.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through May 3.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.... ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 7.)

Hot Millions—An English comedy directed by Eric Till, written by Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov. The performances by Ustinov and Maggie Smith capture something in the English character that is the opposite of the notorious languid know-all and closer to the truth. It is a very funny, modest film, in the spirit of Goofy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 7.)

If...—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Or "Isadora," as it was more sensibly titled before the scared meddlers of the industry got near it. Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through May 4.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians, including Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar. Playing with it is a basilisk-eyed short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday in Honolulu chatting about riot control. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown for the first time in its full form. His command of Baroque style and comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story in itself fairly trite—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Nazarin (1958)—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal plays the priest. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through May 3.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—Some good satirical dances and re-creations of traditional routines grace this lightweight, disorganized, yet charming tribute to burlesque. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Elliott Gould, Britt Ekland, and Joseph Wiseman, at his comic best. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting May 2.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 7.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. A French film with an English narration. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 2-4.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through May 4.)

Pierrot le Fou—Jean-Luc Godard turns an American crime novel by Lionel White into a daring, explosive movie about gunrunners and betrayal, and manages to introduce a satire on television commercials as well. Photographed in startling, hard-edge color by Raoul Coutard. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 1.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Muriel Spark's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Prisonnière—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," writes and directs a story about sadomasochism set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

The Red and the White—1918, Central Russia, the Civil War, with the Whites still powerful and ranged against the Reds, joined by Hungarian volunteers. This rigorous and complex picture, beautifully simple to look at, is made by the remarkable Hungarian director of "The Round Up," Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 7.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's extraordinarily clear, extroverted, and masterly account of what people will do to survive the war of the future. With Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 6.)

Stolen Kisses—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 2-4.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 6.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-6.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through May 3.)

Yellow Submarine—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; May 1.)

Isé schlee veha

Donald Davies of Dublin.

*Donald Davies of Dublin is a way of life.
673 color variations in *Wool o' the Wisp*.
For nearest store, write 417 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	7	1	2	3

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Changes," Kent Lane.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Wedding Party," Charles Pfluger.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 6: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.
From May 7: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 6: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From May 7: "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett; and "Deadfall," Michael Caine.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Wanderer" (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Seven Golden Men," Rossana Podesta, *Philippe Leroy*.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Succubus" (in German).

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
LA PRISONNIÈRE (in French).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 6: "Joanna," Genevieve Waite.
From May 7: "Midas Run," Anne Heywood, Richard Crenna.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"100 Rifles," Jim Brown, Raquel Welch.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Miracle of Love," a semidocumentary film.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hannibal Brooks," Oliver Reed, Michael J. Pollard.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through May 4: **PERSONA** (in Swedish); and **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French).
May 5-7: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** and **BAY OF THE ANGELS** (both in French).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 6: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida; and "Paper Lion," Alan Alda.
From May 7: **HOT MILLIONS**; and "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
GREETINGS.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RED AND THE WHITE (in Hungarian and Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through May 6: "The Mad Room," Stella Stevens, Shelley Winters.
From May 7: "Hook, Line, and Sinker," Jerry Lewis, Peter Lawford; and "Young Americans," a documentary film.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 7: "Public Enemy" (1931), James Cagney, Jean Harlow; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 6: "A Bullet for the General" (in Italian).
From May 7: "Midas Run," Anne Heywood, Richard Crenna.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through May 7: "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
May 1: **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From May 2: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.**

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Adelaide" (in French), Ingrid Thulin, Jean Sorel.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"King, Murray," a semidocumentary film.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 3: **NAZARIN**, **VIRIDIANA**, and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL**—all in Spanish.
From May 4: "The Round Up" (in Hungarian).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

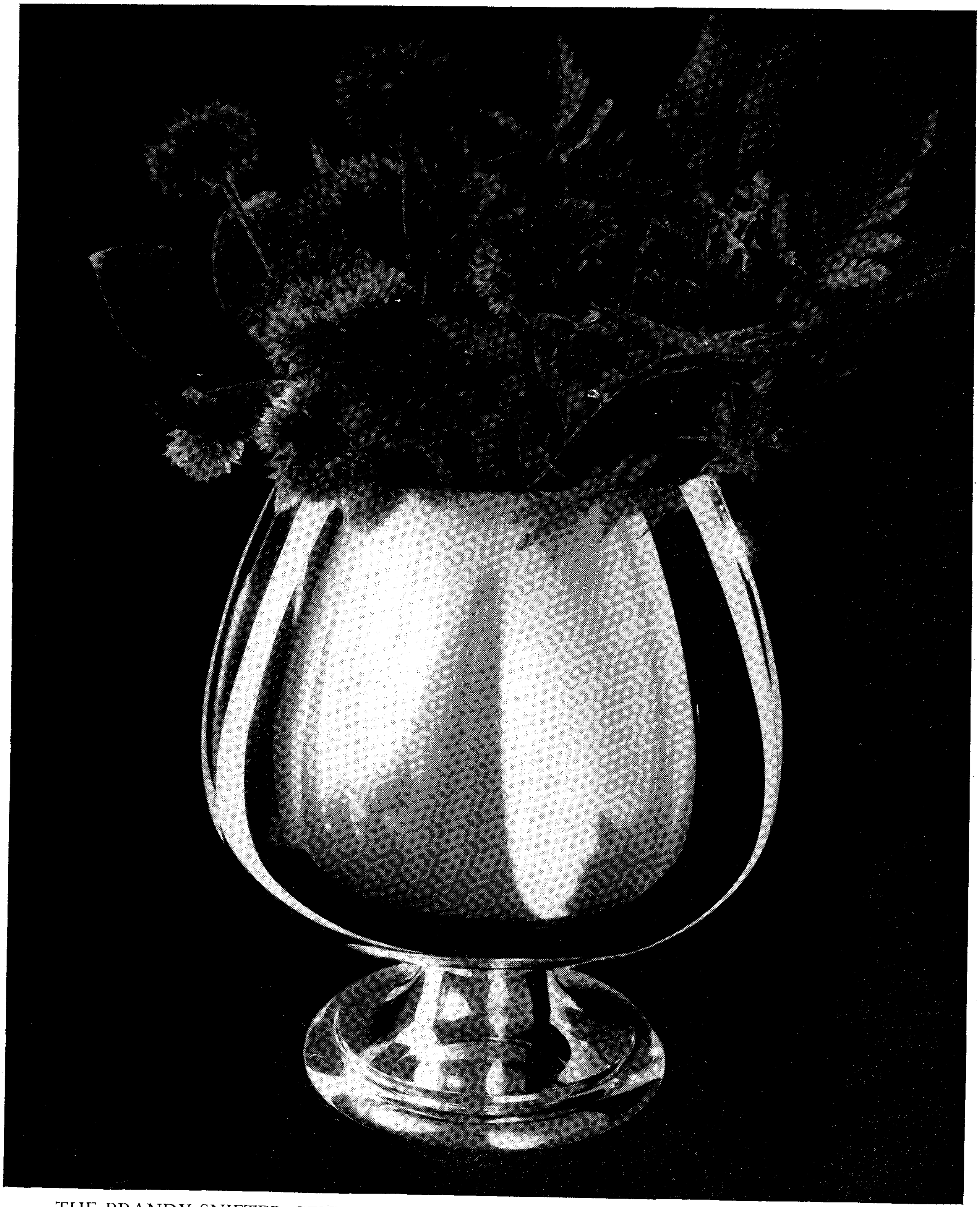
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Katerina Izmailova" (in Russian), Galina Vishnevskaya.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 6: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From May 7: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 1: **PORT OF SHADOWS** (in French); and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1939; in French), Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
May 2-4: **THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC**; and **TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS** (in French).
May 5-6: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French).
From May 7: **LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE** and **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** (both in French).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 6: "I, a Woman" (1966; in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Carmen, Baby" (1967), Uta Levka.
From May 7: **GREETINGS.**



THE BRANDY SNIFTER CENTERPIECE TO HOLD FLOWERS, REFLECT CANDLELIGHT.
In silverplate, 7½ inches in diameter, 8⅛ inches in height, $39.75. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

There is a certain kind of woman who's always slightly amazed when her children eat spinach and liver. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

It *is* predictable that this jacket-dress will see you through the heat of the day to the cool of the night. The crop jacket, as you see it; the sleeveless dress, jewel-necked and patent-belted. Linen-y rayon. Spinach green with bone buttons and belt. Or beige with black. 6 to 14, 50.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/SAN FRANCISCO/BOSTON/CHICAGO/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/NEWPORT/BUFFALO/SPRINGFIELD/PROVIDENCE

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

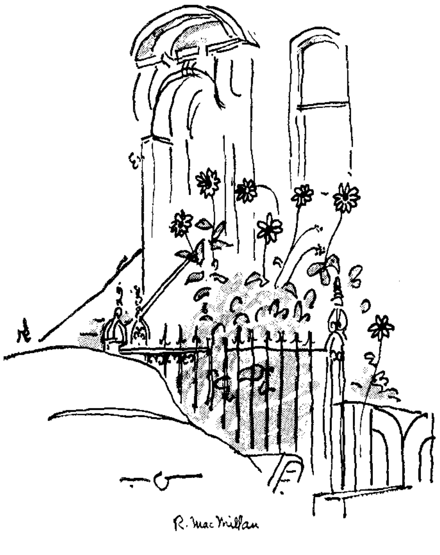
Notes and Comment

LAST Wednesday, we made the rounds of the city's troubled campuses. Our first stop was at Queensborough Community College—a factorylike collection of low buildings surrounded by a chain-link fence, on Springfield Boulevard, in Bayside. It is a part of the City University of New York. A group of students—ranging in number, at various times, from fifteen or so up to several hundred—had been sitting in, and in some cases sleeping in, since Monday in the Administration Building, which doubles as the college library. Electronic-guitar music thumped noisily from a window on an upper floor of the building, and a sign painted on a bedsheet that seemed to be fluttering in time to the music read, "Don't Let the Administration Arrest Your Mind." In the library, on the ground floor, a crew-cut young man who turned out to be an assistant librarian said that the demonstrators had been leaving the library alone, although they came down from time to time to use the telephones; from what he had heard, the outgoing calls were evenly divided among the newspapers, the networks, and the demonstrators' mothers. "They've been rather decent," he said, leading us past a table of non-demonstrators who were quietly studying, and into a small office, where the library was forehandedly beginning to collect strike literature for its archives. One example that he said had already become a collector's item was a copy of the regular student newspaper, *Communique*, that featured the strikers' manifesto under the heading "SDS DEMANDS." Almost the entire issue had vanished as soon as it was published (burned, according to one report), apparently because the Students for a Democratic Society had wanted to remain further in the background than the newspaper implied it to be.

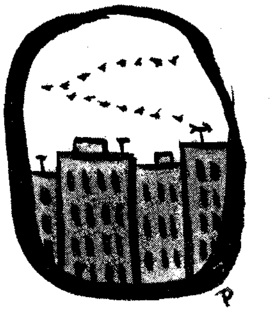
In a hallway on the fourth floor, the electronic music pulsated loudly for the benefit of about thirty students, who seemed quite festive. The players were plucking or tootling their plugged-in instruments while lying on the floor. A bright-eyed young demonstrator, Laura Kanin, said, "Yesterday, the administration shut off the power, but we got it turned on again." She was wearing a purple sweater with an S.D.S. button on it, and a pair of striped trousers. She said that the demonstrations had been touched off by the university's failure, about a month ago, to reappoint an assistant professor of English, Dr. Donald J. Silberman, and had been fuelled further when the university dismissed two young professors who had sided with Dr. Silberman—Dr. Steven Faigelman, also of the English Department, and Dr. Robert MacDonald, of the Department of Social Sciences. Miss Kanin was clutching a roll of money—seventy-five dollars, which had been donated by other undergraduates to buy food for the demonstrators. "I haven't had a hot meal since Monday," she said, and added, in a whisper, "We're getting a lot of good news. Tomorrow, someone attached to the administration is coming over to our side."

Farther along the hallway, one of the dismissed professors, Dr. MacDonald, was squatting on the floor with a group of demonstrators. Dr. MacDonald, who has a bushy mop of curly red hair and was wearing a plaid flannel shirt, blue jeans, and horn-rimmed glasses, seemed somewhat nervous. He had got up early that morning to go to court with a number of demonstrators, he told us, but nothing much had happened. Afterward, he had attended a meeting of the social-sciences faculty. "I told my fellow-professors that I was subject to arrest and that I wanted them to put me at the top of the agenda of the meeting, but they wouldn't do it," he said. "I asked them to grant me sanctuary, and they wouldn't do *that*. Finally, I told them that they had let me down badly—that they were paralyzed by fear and that they were a bunch of cowards. Then I came back here." Dr. MacDonald added that he hadn't had much sleep for several days and that he was developing a sore throat but that he found the whole experience exhilarating. "It's the swiftest-moving demonstration in the country, and the most love-filled," he concluded. He was soon joined by Dr. Silberman, whose non-reappointment had touched off the demonstration. Matters had progressed beyond non-reappointment for Dr. Silberman. He showed us a letter from the university's president, Dr. Kurt R. Schmeller, dismissing him forthwith for persisting in "outrageously unprofessional conduct." "I'm not quite sure what he means by that," he said.

In another part of the building, Dr. Schmeller was ransacking his office for some affidavits—sworn testimony from faculty members concerning the demonstrations—that he had mislaid. Dr. Schmeller, who was dressed in a sober, dark-gray suit, is thirty-one—not much older than some of the demonstrators—and, like Dr. MacDonald and Dr. Silberman, he seemed tired. As he strode about the room looking for the affidavits, he said, "It's exhausting to try to do what is right—to gather evi-



dence, to plot a course of action, to keep this place an educational institution. I spent most of the morning in court. I've spent the rest of the time going to meetings, though sometimes I've just stared out of my window at Little Neck Bay and wondered how I'd like the advertising business. Nowadays, I'm *delighted* whenever I see any sign of normality, such as a student carrying a book or going to a class. I probably sound like an old reactionary, but the primary purpose of a student is to study. A college is not a political democracy. It is more nearly a hierarchy. I think a legitimate expression of grievance is all right, though, and in a city where everything is done through factions and power groups it's natural that the students should try a little collective bargaining, too. Perhaps that's the answer. The specific instrument would have to be a *union.* A student council wouldn't do; it would have to be a *union,* with full statutory power. A legal student trade union would provide channels for bargaining before a strike got going."



WHEN we reached the Columbia University campus, we found it, for the moment, a tranquil oasis. Just south of the Broadway gate, at 116th Street, a young girl was attending both to a table displaying a number of Marxist publications and to a perambulator in which a baby was sleeping. To the north of the gate was another table, presided over by a young man who was offering "Original Poetry" for sale. On the campus itself, only a few students and faculty members were visible, and the sundial—the focal point for last year's activist rallies—was now occupied by only one student, who was perched on its base reading a newspaper. "It wasn't this quiet here this morning," said the first Columbia staff member we met, a middle-aged director of a department at the Butler Library. A few hours before, he explained, members of the Students' Afro-American Society had ended a boycott of classes by presenting Acting President Andrew Cordier with demands for an autonomous black-education program and for increased black enrollment. "They had quite a mob scene for a time up there on the steps of the Low Library, where Cordier has his office," the library man said. "But it all ended peacefully, and everybody took off." He waved a hand at the upper-floor windows of the dormitories ringing the southern part of the campus, where we noticed white towels fluttering from perhaps a score of windows. "They mark support by the residents for the activist demands," he said. "And there are a lot more than you can see from here. So, as you can imagine, the rest of us are praying for rain for what's left of the spring."

As if in answer to his prayer, big drops of rain began to fall. We made our way across College Walk, and there encountered two professors from the School of International Affairs.

"The question many of my students are asking is 'Can we get through the year without some major disruption?' " one of the professors said, taking cognizance of the shower by inverting his pipe to keep the tobacco dry. "Most of these kids really want to get their work done."

"Things are quieter this year," the second professor said. "It's partly because we went through last year's crisis. After that, there was bound to be some change for the better."

THE eighty-acre campus of Queens College, on Kissena Boulevard, was also relatively quiet, although a partial student strike was in effect. Classes were being held and most students were attending them, but members of a radical group called the Ad Hoc Committee to End Political Suppression were occupying part of the Social Sciences Building, in which offices providing such student services as counselling, scholarships, and loans were situated. (Radical students—mostly white, and identified either with S.D.S. or with various overlapping groups, including the Ad Hoc Committee—had captured a section of the building during a demonstration on April 1st and had held it intermittently since then.) At ten-thirty in the morning, two girls and three boys had made their way to the twelfth floor of the college administration building, a tall, modern structure known as Academic II. They sat down in a corridor outside the office of President Joseph P. McMurray and announced that they would stay there until they had talked with him. But Dr. McMurray was not on the campus, and soon after the group arrived, Dr. Richard Soter, his assistant, came out of his own office to talk to them. He asked to see their identification cards, and when the demonstrators refused, he said, "I don't even know if you are students. I ask you right now to cease and desist. If you do not, I have no alternative but to resort to external disciplinary forces. My first step will be to call a photographer." The group went into a huddle, and Dr. Soter returned to his office. After about forty-five minutes, the young people left.

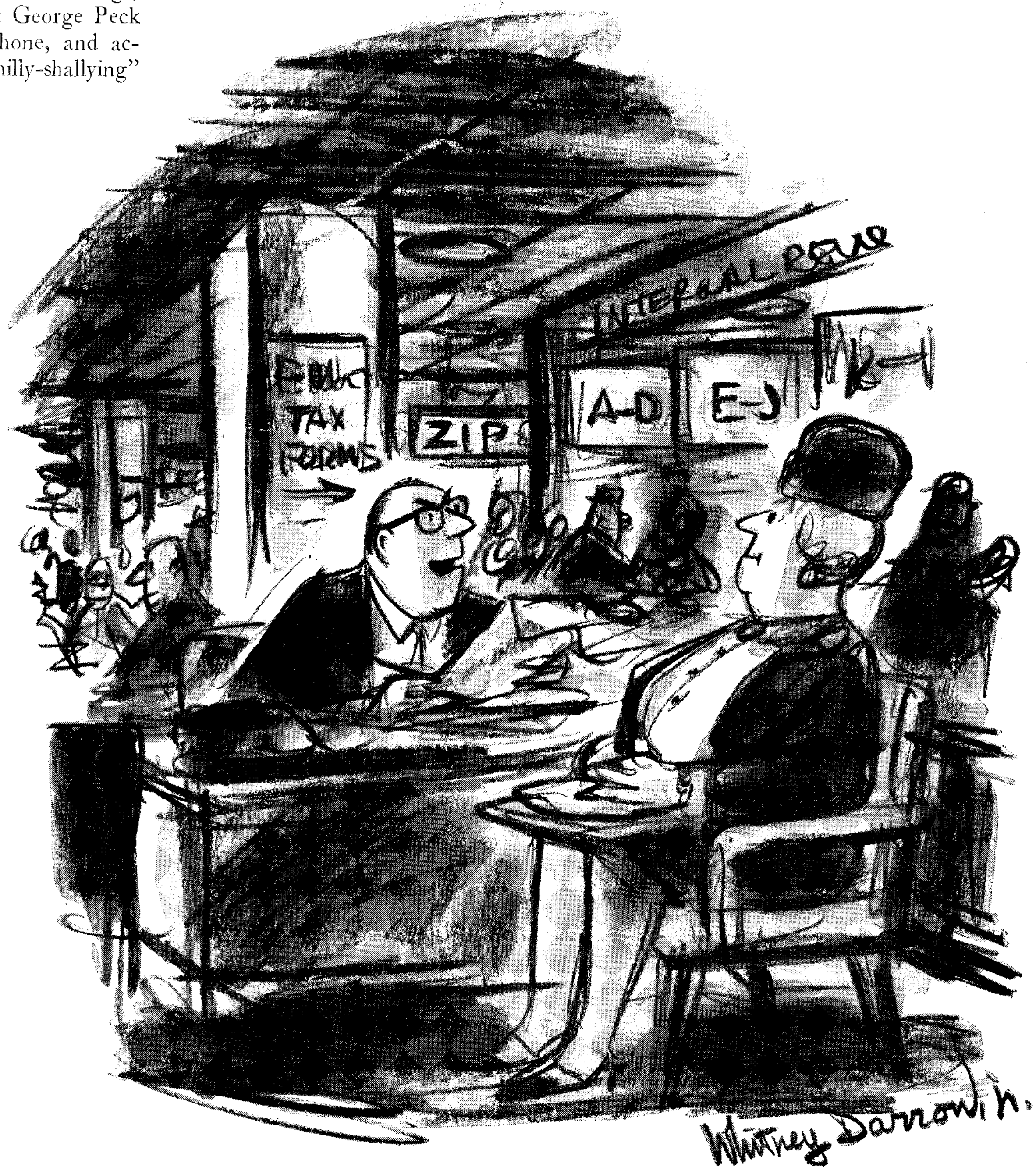
We later talked with Dr. Soter, who is also an associate professor of political science, in a twelfth-floor meeting room overlooking a city-owned housing project on the other side of Kissena Boulevard. He began by saying that there had been an almost complete breakdown of internal discipline on the country's campuses. "It's easy to see why," he went on. "The university is among the most vulnerable of our social institutions. It's not used to barricades and seizures, and it doesn't know how to deal with them. It's especially vulnerable because the university has traditionally operated on a basis of reason, contemplation, and thoughtfulness. But the rules have become very shaky; they really don't apply anymore. External disciplinary bodies—the police and the courts—should be used only as a last resort, but in our present state, with the colleges unable to discipline themselves, college administrations have little choice but to call on them when things get out of hand. I'm glad to say that the police have been called onto this campus only once—this past April 1st—since disorders began here a year ago. Moreover, the basic services of the university are continuing to function. After a while, I think you get used to this kind of thing, and you reach the point—I know I have—where you believe that as long as classes are held, the library is open, and research is being done, the college is normal, despite sit-ins and other disturbances. The black and Puerto Rican students are quiet here now. They have been talking with the faculty's Curriculum Committee, and I think progress is being made. By and large, the blacks and the Puerto Ricans tend to mistrust the radical whites here. They and the whites often differ on tactics, and many blacks tend to believe that the middle-class white kids in S.D.S. have not got nearly as much to win or lose as they have. Many faculty members are sympathetic toward the students' demands, but few of them have joined the strike. What is needed, of course, is a process of maturation; the academic community must learn to provide its own internal discipline, based on new rules and new relationships." He looked out a window at the housing project and the main gate of the college, and said, "It's odd, but if this had happened twenty years ago, I suppose I would have been out there occupying the Social Sciences Building, too."

THERE was an uncertain calm on the Brooklyn College campus when we arrived there. The day before, because of a misunderstanding, a meeting of the Faculty Council at the campus theatre had failed to take up eighteen "non-negotiable" demands that had been presented to the administration a week earlier. A group of ten black students carrying black walking sticks had jumped onto the stage, pushed Acting President George Peck aside, taken the microphone, and accused the meeting of "shilly-shallying" over their demands. Now, as we walked by little knots of students arguing passionately on the lawns, we gathered that the student body was divided more by the previous day's tactics than by the eighteen non-negotiable demands. "I don't go for this Fascist thing," a bearded undergraduate in one of the groups was saying. "These guys are killing freedom of speech, they are impinging on my rights." A clean-shaven student, holding a copy of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," replied, "There wasn't much freedom of speech provided by the Faculty Council, either. They were using parliamentary procedure to deny the blacks discussion of the eighteen points." In another group, a frail-looking girl was saying to a black young man wearing a black beret and dark glasses, and carrying a black walking stick with an African mask carved at its top, "But do you have to use sticks to back up your demands? It's dangerous." Holding up the stick to show her the carved end, he replied, "It's not an implement, it's our culture."

We visited the office of the dean of students, Louis Breglio, whom we found just taking off his overcoat and peaked cap and laying them on a white leather couch. Dean Breglio, a friendly and easygoing man, told us he had just come from seeing a doctor about his left leg, which had mysteriously become swollen, and he limped over to sit with us at a coffee table. Sighing deeply, he said that, his swollen leg aside, his mood was one of "extreme fatigue."

"It's very difficult to deal with these demands," he said. "They range all the way from open enrollment, the abolition of required courses and mandatory attendance, increased financial aid, a special student lounge for blacks and Puerto Ricans, and the dismissal of white professors they consider racist to the release of the imprisoned Black Panthers. Obviously, some of these things are not under our jurisdiction. Some of them we have been doing already, and some of them can be done only by the City University system. The pace at which we can make the changes is the problem, not the changes themselves. Whatever we can anticipate, we do, and whenever we can cooperate, we do. But it's hard to do anything right when the air is filled with so much tension and contention."

When we went back outside, we ran into Dr. Paul Best, a goateed assistant



"Now let's go through the whole thing again—honest mistake by honest mistake."

professor in the Department of Counselling. "This whole thing is nonsense," he said. "What the hell does Brooklyn College have to do with the Black Panthers? The so-called eighteen non-negotiable demands are a pile of garbage. For instance, they want part of the student center to be set aside specially for blacks and Puerto Ricans. Well, what about the other ethnic groups? They say they want open enrollment, but since when is everybody capable of making good use of an education?"

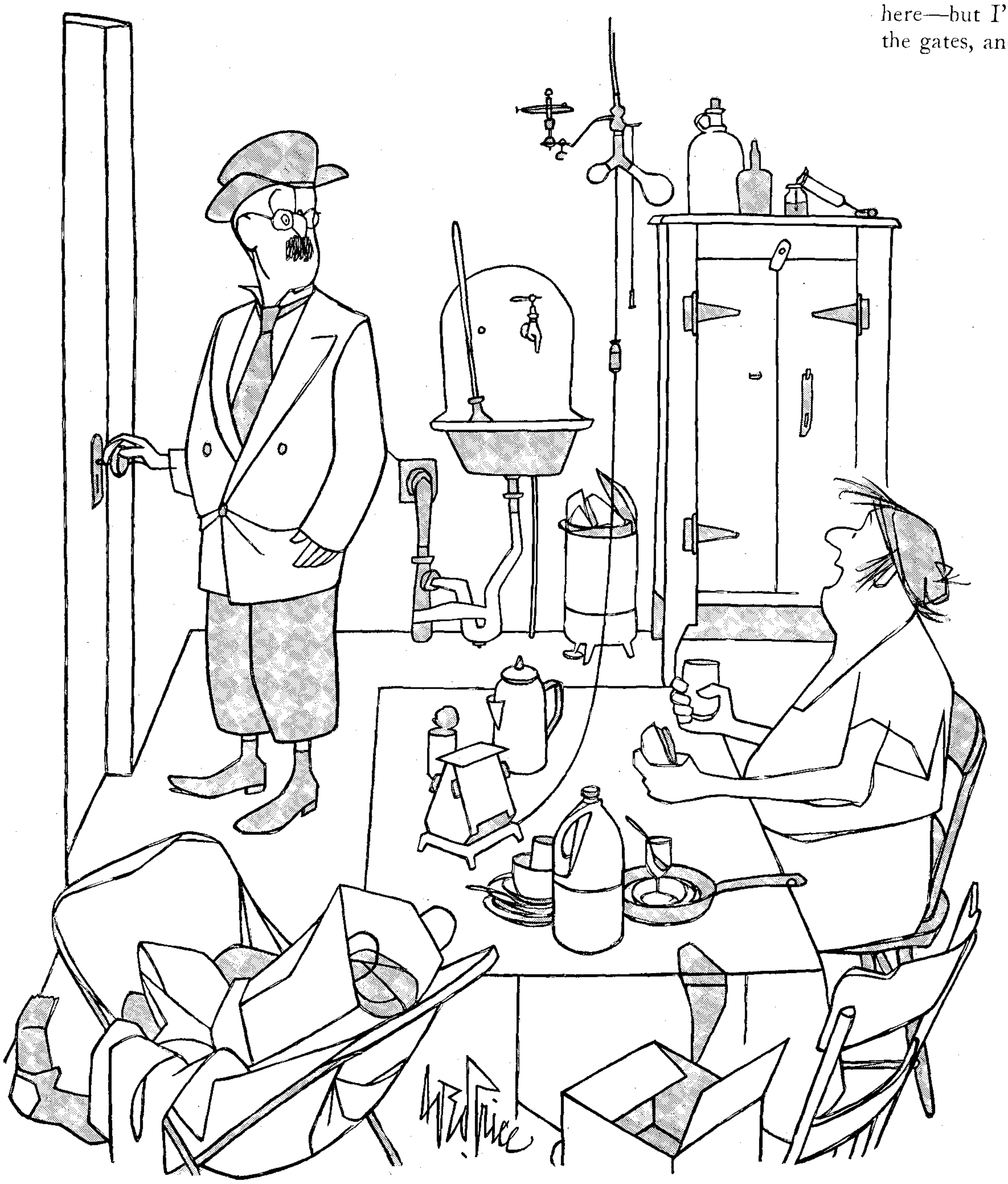
Dr. Jack Kitch, a young assistant professor of English who was standing nearby, said, "My attitude has been one of complete sympathy with the black demands. My only frustration is over the rhetoric of the demands."

Dr. Louis Salomon, a middle-aged professor of English, was leaning, arms folded, against a wall. "Wherever the action is, there am I also," he said, and smiled.

Before we left, we stopped by at Acting President Peck's office, a spacious walnut-panelled room with a mauve carpet. Between telephone calls to and from the Chancellor of the City University system, Dr. Peck, a mild-mannered man of sixty, told us that he had spent the day keeping himself available for urgent reports from deans and presidents of student bodies, and trying to initiate a court action against any possible takeover of the college. "I have a legal obligation to assure the college community of its safety," he said, "and, with the permission of the Chancellor, I have just drawn up this memorandum to be issued to all college personnel first thing tomorrow morning." He handed us the memorandum, and we noticed that he had made a non-negotiable demand of his own: "I demand that all students and all members of the faculty comport themselves in legal and civilized fashion. This demand is not negotiable."

"One of the things that disturb many people about the support the black students are getting is that it comes from groups like S.D.S.," Dr. Peck told us. "And it's apparent to me that the blacks are being exploited. S.D.S. is merely trying to bring the educational process to a grinding halt, not trying to improve the climate for education. I don't want to have the police on campus—they don't belong here—but I've asked them to stand at the gates, and I will ask them to come in if, in my judgment, the situation demands it. One thing I won't have, and that is students fighting each other, and, from what I hear, there is some danger of this. I will not permit violence. If it breaks out, then I'll just have to close the place down."

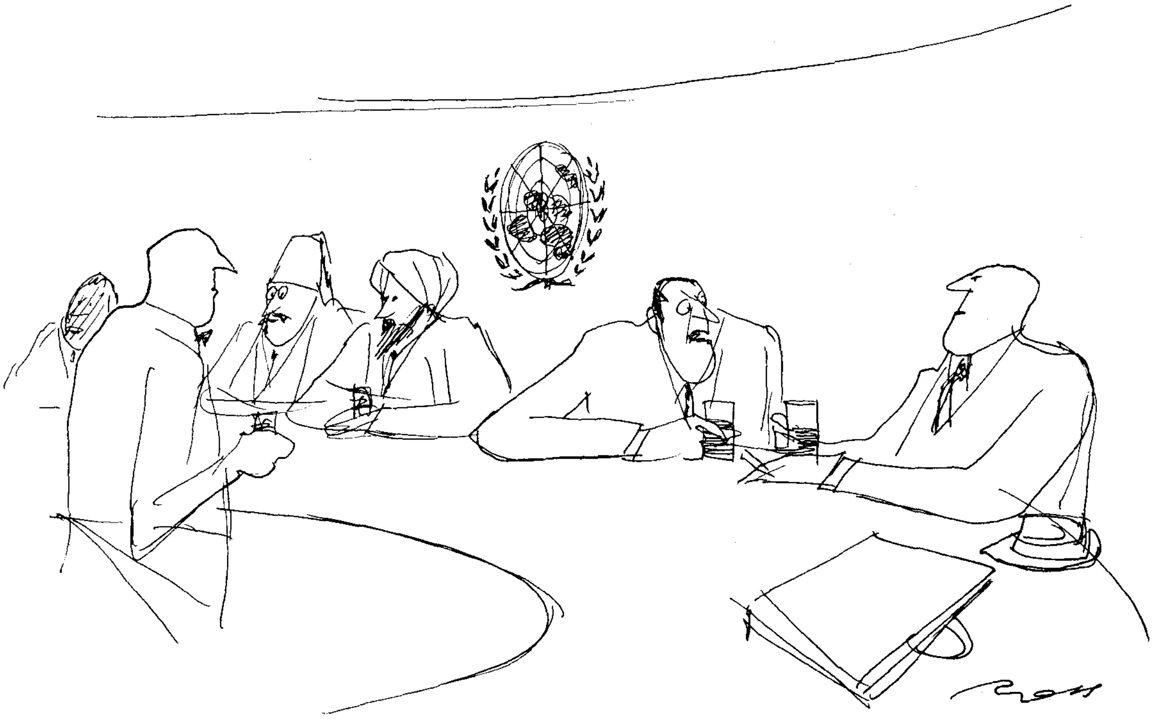
IT was drizzling when we reached the Bronx campus of Fordham University. From outside the gates, things looked relatively normal. As we entered the campus proper, we noticed small groups of students moving slowly toward the Administration Building, and we learned that some hundred and fifty students were already occupying the executive wing, including the outer offices of the president, Michael P. Walsh, S.J. In the unoccupied portion of the building, we found George O'Connell, Director of University Relations, a bald man in his middle forties, with sky-blue eyes. His office was littered with handouts, newspaper clippings, and copies of local and out-of-town papers. We asked him about the sit-in. "The major issue here is the status of the R.O.T.C. programs at Fordham,"



"But you're not going girl-watching in that getup!"

he said. "Last October, the Faculty Senate unanimously adopted a resolution that the Senate should appoint a committee to examine the R.O.T.C. situation at Fordham and come up with recommendations. So far, the recommendations have not been forthcoming, but I gather from private conversations with a number of the committee members that the sentiment is against granting credit for R.O.T.C."

Mr. O'Connell then filled us in on the events leading up to the takeover of the building. "Two weeks ago yesterday, the S.D.S. held a rally in the Campus Center and proceeded to disrupt first an R.O.T.C. drill and then a meeting of the president with the social-science faculty, by shouting and banging on the door," he said. "The next Monday, another rally was held at the Campus Center, followed by what was termed a 'mill-in' at the Army, Air Force, and Marine recruiting site, in the old Chemistry Building lobby, which forced a suspension of recruiting activities. The next morning, there was another rally at the Campus Center, followed by a march on the Administration Building, demanding abolition of R.O.T.C. and ending with a threat to take over within five days. After that, things were relatively quiet until this morning, which started with a meeting at the Campus Center of a coalition to abolish R.O.T.C. At noon, the administration called in the campus guards to protect the meeting from harassment by anti-anti-R.O.T.C. demonstrators. At twelve-thirty, the anti-R.O.T.C. students moved toward the Administration Building, came inside, and met Father Walsh at the door to his outer offices. At that time, he asked for written demands and refused the protesters admission to the presidential suite. He then asked them, 'Why don't you sit quietly?' One student said that he wanted the R.O.T.C. off the campus entirely. Father Walsh replied, 'R.O.T.C. is not going to leave,' and added, 'This is disruptive.' The demonstrators then rushed past three security guards into Father Walsh's outer offices, and they are still occupying them."

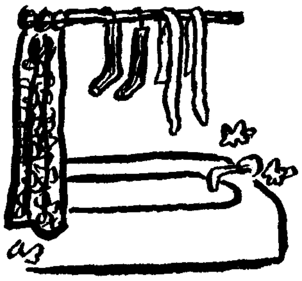


"Oh, yeah? Well, we've got missiles we haven't even counted yet!"

• •

WE made a stop at the North Campus of the City College of New York, at 140th Street and Convent Avenue, where we entered Shepard Hall, a massive Gothic structure built of blocks of black granite that were blasted from the bedrock of Manhattan during subway construction in the early part of the century. When we got there, City College had been officially closed down for some twenty-four hours. In the foyer, a girl wearing blue jeans and granny glasses handed us a mimeographed sheet listing seven demands of several hundred black and Puerto Rican students who had seized the South Campus, at 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, on the previous day. They asked, among other things, that a separate school of black and Puerto Rican studies be established, and that the racial composition of all entering classes reflect the proportion of blacks and Puerto Ricans in the city's high schools. We went up to the second floor and entered Great Hall, a vast, cathedral-like room with a high ceiling and stained-glass windows, where the members of the faculty who held tenure had been meeting since 9:30 A.M. to hear student speakers, to consider the demands of the militants, and to advise the administration, led by President Buell G. Gallagher, on what its response should be. When we arrived, the place was in chaos. Pamphlets, leaflets, and statements of student demands and faculty resolutions were scattered over the marble floor; people were wandering aimlessly up and down the aisles; and the hall echoed with the hum of hundreds of separate conversations. At the front of the room, Professor Bernard Bellush, a tall, bespectacled, firm-jawed member of the History Department, who had been appointed chairman of the meeting, stood behind a lectern on a platform over which was a huge mural depicting a black-gowned graduate receiving his degree from an allegorical female figure swathed in draperies. Below him, in a less classical tableau, several dozen students wearing blue jeans and jackets reclined on the steps leading to the platform and stared impassively up at about two hundred and fifty faculty members sitting in rows of straight-backed chairs. Professor Bellush looked weary but determined. "I will not proceed until I have your attention," he said into a microphone.

When the room had quieted down, Professor Bellush announced that members of the faculty who wished to speak for or against two resolutions that had been drawn up to deal with the crisis would now be recognized, and a steady stream of speakers took the platform to air their views. (The first resolution, which had been drawn up by Professor Arthur Bierman, of the Physics Department, and Professor Samuel Hendel, of the Political Science Department, agreed to the creation of a school of black and Puerto Rican studies, opposed an admissions policy based on racial and ethnic quotas, and called upon the president to reopen the college and take all measures necessary to assure the integrity and continuity of its educational processes. The second resolution, which had been drawn up by Professor Marvin Markowitz, of the Political Science Department, supported all the demands of the militant students, including an admissions policy based upon racial and ethnic quotas, called upon the college administration to use its influence to meet the demands, and asked that there be no police or court intervention to end the dispute.) The speeches of the faculty members included a wide variety of viewpoints and covered a whole spectrum of emotion, ranging from anger to bewilderment. "I've been called a bastard by students I've never even met, which I find somewhat ironic, since I support most of their demands," said the first speaker. The second observed that the present crisis had been predicted seven weeks before, and urged all members of the faculty and the student body to attend an all-college conference that would convene the following week to take up the issues in small panel-discussion groups. The third speaker reminded his listeners that the college was situated in a black community. "We're in the middle of Harlem," he cried, "and the residents of Harlem are looking to us to provide leadership to get rid of a terror that is far more serious than ours!"



As the afternoon wore on, the speeches became more and more impassioned. "Terror comes about because we refuse to see, feel, and understand that what is truly moral in America today is what is on South Campus right now!" shouted a member of the History Department. He was followed to the platform by several professors who expressed their opposition to police intervention, but by this time the speakers were having difficulty making themselves heard over a restless murmur of discussion and dissension that was growing in the hall. Someone tried to make a motion from the floor and was ruled out of order by the chairman. Someone else made a paper airplane and threw it toward the ceiling. Then Professor Alfred Conrad, of the Economics Department, took the platform to warn his listeners that if the seizure of South Campus should be broken with police power, the college would not recover for years. "We're men of reason, aren't we?" he asked. "Can we not go on talking? Must we oppose every act of frustration with an act of vengeance? These students have grown up experiencing terror everywhere—on the streets, in the classrooms, and in the courts. They're angry, frustrated young people. If we knock them down, *we'll* be the ones who will find it difficult to rise above the act!"

Professor Conrad concluded his remarks to longer and louder applause than any of his predecessors had received, but Professor Thomas Goldstein, of the History Department, was also accorded enthusiastic applause when, after expressing profound sympathy with the black and Puerto Rican students, he said, "I think we should realize that if we accept the seven demands we'll set an example of buckling under duress. In my opinion, it doesn't matter how just the demands are. Don't implement anything until the barricades come down. Stand up for freedom!"

At this stage of the proceedings, faculty sentiment seemed almost equally divided. Then Professor Bellush announced that the dean of students, G. Nicholas Paster, wished to address the gathering. Dean Paster gripped the lectern tightly and spoke in a voice that was choked with feeling. "I've heard some expressions of good will here in the past hour, but what troubles me is that most of what I've heard is irrelevant," he said. "We can't operate a school unless we get together in some acceptable form on the demands. Police action, in my opinion, will be completely destructive. I have no more to say. My insides are tied in knots. Please do not applaud me."

Eventually, Professor Bellush asked for a vote on whether to hear additional student speakers. Ninety-six members of the faculty voted yes, and a hundred and eighteen voted no. The results, when they were announced, were greeted with a chorus of boos from the student onlookers.

"This bunch is like the Kerenski Government," one of the students said scornfully. "They don't know what to do."

For the next few minutes, the hall resounded with more and more heated argument. Then, all of a sudden, a tall, lean, graying man walked stiffly up to the platform on the arm of a young woman, approached Professor Bellush, and requested permission to address the meeting. Professor Bellush nodded, and spoke into the microphone. "Wilfred Cartey is here," he said. "As some, but perhaps not all, of you know, Professor Cartey came to City College in February to organize a Black and Puerto Rican Studies Program. I think you'll agree with me that before we undertake to vote on the resolutions before us, we ought to listen to what he has to say."

Professor Cartey, a native of Trinidad who taught African literature at Columbia before coming to City College, is blind and black, and for some moments after he was introduced, he simply stood at the lectern and faced the noisy gathering. At last, there was quiet in the hall. Then, in a soft, measured voice that contained a lilting trace of his native island, he asked everyone to stand, take the hand of his neighbor, and say hello. A nervous laugh swept through the hall as people got to their feet and reached out to touch the people on either side of them, and, as if a bubble had burst, much of the tension disappeared. Then everyone sat down and Professor Cartey began to speak. "No one of us here is responsible for what has happened," he said softly. "We are the victims of a society of malaise. We are also spokesmen for the cure of that malaise. We must not act out of guilt or remorse, or simply because we feel it would be cowardly not to act. It will be no cure, of course, to open the campus by bringing in the police. That would merely be a momentary response to divisiveness. Action for its own sake is not what is needed now. Let us, rather, work for conciliation with the black students, and delay any harsh decisions."

Professor Cartey's speech was accorded a long standing ovation by faculty and students, which lasted all the time he was descending from the platform and walking slowly down the aisle on the arm of the young woman. Then President Gallagher, who had entered the room while Professor Cartey was speaking, went to the platform and announced that he would meet on the following day with representatives of the black and Puerto Rican students, and that no police would be called to South Campus in the near future. A few minutes later, the meeting was adjourned, and the vast hall emptied.

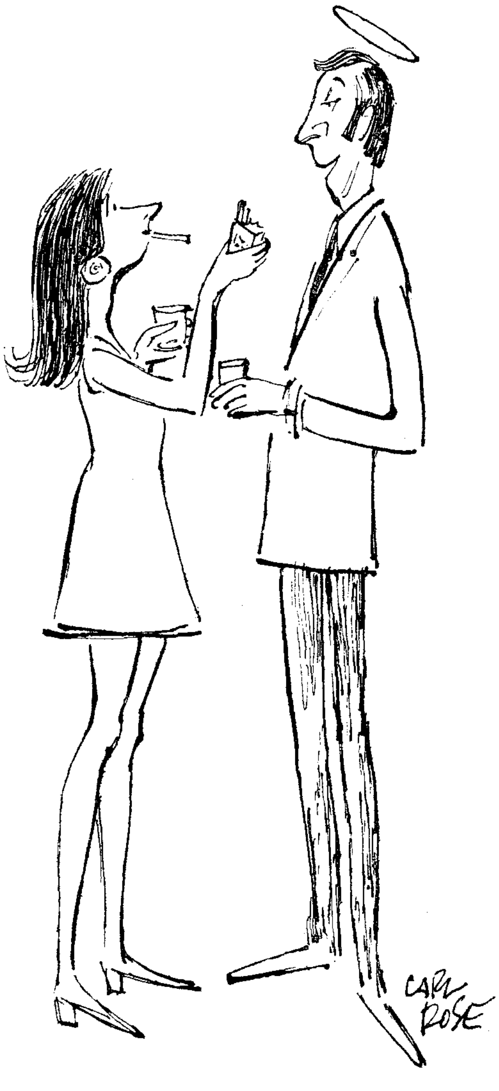
CALLING ALL MOTHS: CANDLE DEAD AHEAD

ANYONE working in close proximity to women, I had always supposed, must be very well aware that his existence, like that of a steel puddler daily exposed to the blast furnace, is fraught with peril. Even a veteran—a floorwalker long accustomed to their vagaries, say—knows that the frenzy of a white sale can so unhinge him that he may round on the customers and chew them out unmercifully. Contrariwise, if one's contact with the sex is professional, such as a physician's or a chiropractor's, he runs a worse risk; he may, in a twinkling, become hopelessly enamored of his patient and, throwing caution to the winds, commit the most unimaginable follies. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that not long ago a couple of ostensibly prudent Britons, who you'd think would be alive to this pitfall, should have fallen into it headlong.

The first victim, as reported in the *Times* over there, was a London optician in Shepherd's Bush, who allegedly seduced the wife of a travel agent while fitting her with contact lenses. "During several visits [to his shop], things happened which were outside the scope of an optician's duties," Lord Stormont, the Crown prosecutor, stated with consummate delicacy when the case eventually found its way into court. A cautionary tale indeed; a hitherto sober and levelheaded oculist peers into orb after orb with impunity, along come a pair that bulge in a more than usually seductive fashion, and—*voom*—he's standing in the dock. The same kind of fate befell the second chap, a dentist, whose downfall was also chronicled in the *Times*. Haled before the General Dental Council to answer charges of misconduct, he confessed to an infatuation with a female patient that had caused him to write her and her family eight hundred letters. "Pointing to a suitcase containing the correspondence," the account went, "Mr. Geoffrey Howe [attorney for the Council] said he estimated that the letters contained about one million words—four times as long as 'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.' " Why Lawrence's classic, which has little to do with the molars, should be selected as a unit of measure is unclear, but, in any event, the affair shows how much anguish can result from a simple prophylaxis. Could this unfortunate, on first looking into his patient's gums, ever have prophesied the *furor scribendi* about to engulf him? Obviously not. And yet it underscores the need for eternal vigilance in those plying such hazardous occupations.

Curiously enough, the threat isn't confined to men alone; women so employed are equally vulnerable, as was borne out by a recent experience of my own in New York. Sojourning briefly at a Forty-fourth Street hotel, I had started to shave one morning when I discovered that the Durham-Duplex blades supplied with the razor back in 1919 were exhausted. In consequence, I was forced toward evening to apply to a barbershop close by that I hadn't patronized before. Only the boss was in evidence, working with visible haste on a customer, and he shook his head when I voiced my request.

"I have to run over to the Garden in a minute," he said. "I got a white bull terrier in the dog show they're judging at six o'clock. But siddown anyway—the other barber'll be right back. Say, Mr. Weiskopf," he broke off distractedly, "do you mind if we leave the other sideburn go till tomorrow? Buddy Boy's cooped up in a little cage—"



"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

"Well-l-l," the customer deliberated, "I look kind of lopsided, but it don't matter, I guess—I'm staying home tonight."

Scarcely had he gone and the barber whipped into his overcoat when a sultry-eyed redhead, in a tunic molding a figure that verged on the opulent, hurried in from the lobby. As she began railing at the service in the coffee shop, the boss cut her short.

"Skip it," he said impatiently. "Listen, Marvene, do this fellow and then close up. And remember to lock the register, for Chrisake."

She murmured some inaudible sarcasm about its contents, and bolted the door behind him and drew the shades. A premonition stole over me that I would have done better to disguise my beard with talcum than entrust it to someone whose dexterity, at least with a razor, was questionable. I decided to investigate her qualifications to the fullest.

"I—er—just wanted a shave," I said, as I hesitantly settled back into the chair.

"That's what we're here for, Mister," she returned, propelling me into the horizontal. "There, now—relax. This your first time with a lady barber? . . . I thought so. Well, don't worry. I know my business."

"Of course you do." Still seeking reassurance, I cleared my throat. "You must have gone to a Berber college," I ventured, and instantly fell into confusion. It was an unpardonable *gaffe;* nobody could have less resembled a smelly Saharan nomad.

Luckily, Marvene was too busy fishing a hot towel from the metal ball to take offense. "No, I didn't," she said, draping it over my face. "I learned the trade from my husband—that is, when he wasn't playing the horses, which was seldom. He's probably at the track right now, blowing our rent money on the sixth."

"Oh, well," I philosophized through the steam. "It keeps him out in the open air."

"Only in the stretch," she said. "The rest of the time he's in the clubhouse, guzzling beer with some hooker or other." She rubbed the lather vigorously into my chin, selected a razor, and began to strop it. "Man, does he swing! I've seen chasers in my day, but he's Endsville."

So painful was the recollection of his gallantries, apparently, that she fell silent, working for an interval with a deftness and speed beyond my expectations. During the penultimate stage, though, as she was laving me with bay rum, I thought I detected a very subtle pressure, akin to a caress, emanating from her fingertips. I half opened my eyes and beheld hers ten inches distant, rimmed with mascara and shedding a candlepower almost like Joan Crawford's.

"Forgive me," she said in a low, throaty voice quite unlike her own, "but has anyone ever told you what lovely skin you have?"

"I do?" I felt a faraway buzzing in my ears, as though I were sinking into anesthesia. "It—it always seemed kind of leathery. You know, from the wind and the frost in the country."

"That's *crazy*," she said. "Why, it's as smooth as a baby's. Here," she invited, placing my hand against her cheek. "Feel. Yours is even softer than mine."

Limited as my experience with the lovelorn has been, I knew enough in that instant to beware; one false move on my part and this person could turn into a destroying angel, equipped to do fearful damage with her razor. I disengaged myself as gently as I was able to, arose, and reached for my jacket. But Marvene was not to be disposed of so easily.

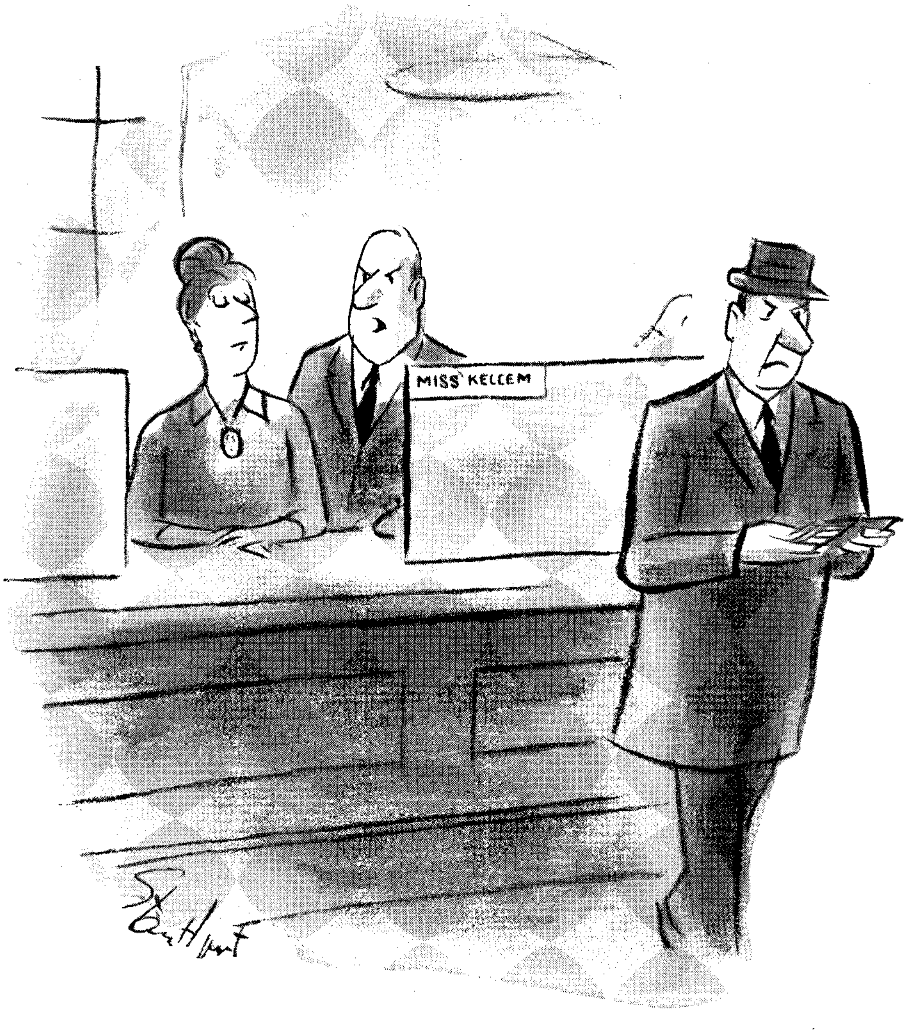
"What do you use on your face? Mudpacks? Beauty clay?" she pressed me. "How do you keep it that way?"

"I don't know—honest," I said, plucking a bill from my wallet. "Look, I hate to rush off, but I'm going to the theatre, and—"

"It's early," she said. "Couldn't we have a drink somewhere and talk about our skins?"

"But your husband . . . Don't you have to go home and cook supper?"

She snorted. "For that muzzler? Time he gets back from the track, he's full of popcorn and hot dogs. I should make soufflés for *him*?"



"Miss Kellem, it is not part of your duties to warn our depositors that a fool and his money are soon parted."

"Well, I'll stop in some other time to chin—I mean, to shave," I promised idiotically, and wrenched open the door. As I fled into the street, Marvene cast after me a look of such naked yearning that my scalp crawled. A tide of relief surged up within me at my escape—a liberation, I was to learn soon enough, that was merely a prelude to the onslaught to come.

About four days later, I was in Brunschweig's, a cutlery store in midtown, returning a birthday gift some well-meaning dunderhead had given me—a rosewood box from which a flamingo on the cover professedly extracted cigarettes when a button was pressed. What did emerge, in fact, was a mishmash of paper and tobacco of no earthly use, and I said so without equivocation. Just as the clerk was rending the package in a fury, Marvene, her eyes alight, appeared at my side.

"Well, stranger, where've you been?" she greeted me. "Why didn't you come back like you said?"

Startled, I pleaded that my beard hadn't warranted it.

"Applesauce," she scoffed. "Why, you need a shave right now. Doesn't he?" she appealed to the clerk.

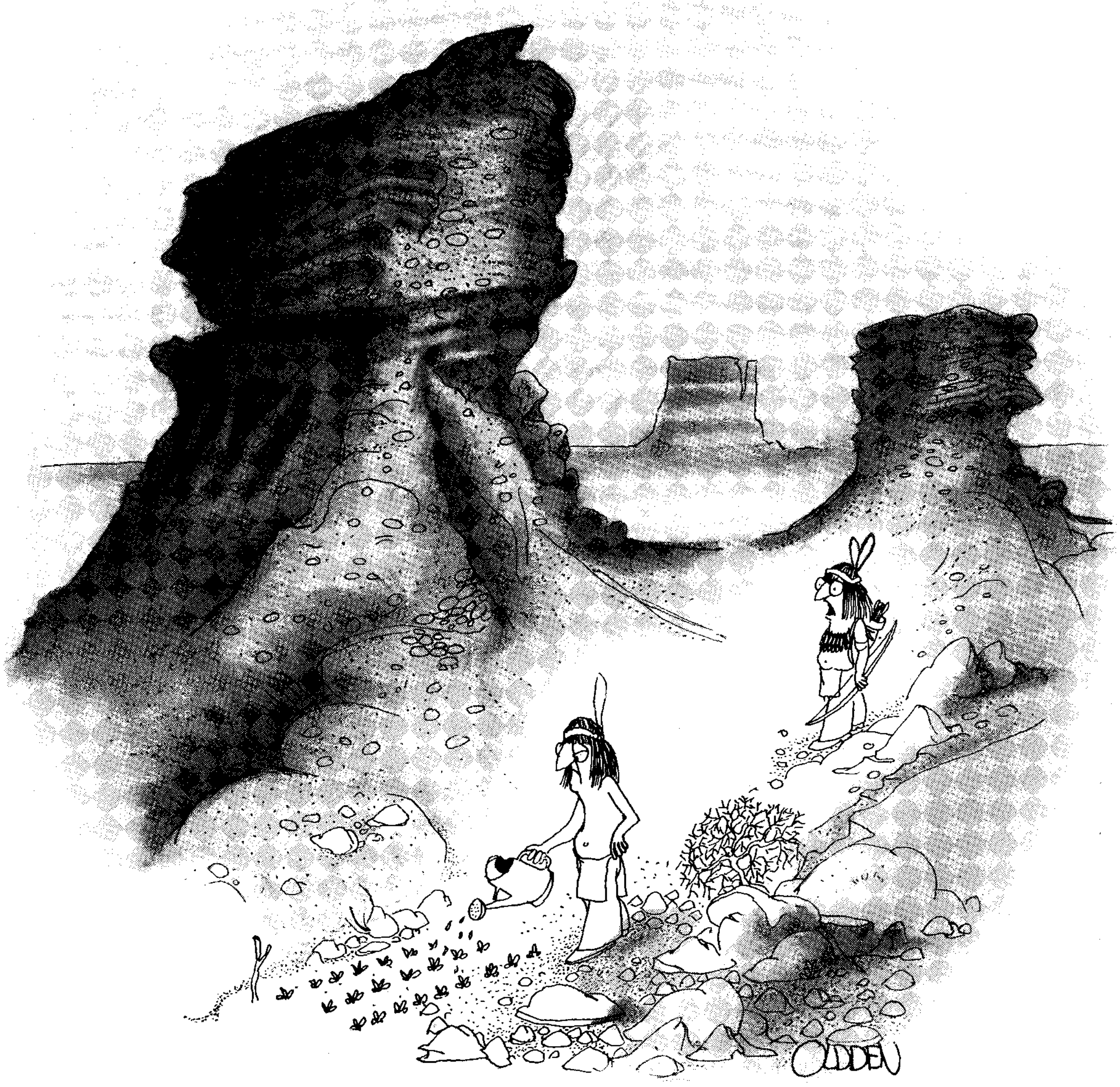
"He needs a lot more than that," he declared.

"And you need a good biff in the snoot," I was about to retort had Marvene not interposed. She was there to reclaim some scissors left to be sharpened, she explained, and went on to cajole me, despite my misgivings, into having coffee *à deux* at a drugstore in the vicinity. The half hour we spent together was an affliction. Throughout, Marvene kept rhapsodizing about my complexion, exclaiming over its peachlike texture, and speculating about what it would look like under a lens. She confessed that ever since seeing me she had been sunk in daydreams; wouldn't I, couldn't I, allow her to shave me once more? It was sickening, and yet her ardor was so guileless that I was loath to censure her. Finally, however, I could bear no more.

"Damn it, woman, pull yourself together!" I burst out. "You're married—you've got responsibilities. You can't go on being infatuated with a person's skin!"

"Why not?" she demanded quickly. "Does it belong to someone else?" At my reluctant nod, her face contorted with jealousy. "Can she shave you like I do? Ha-ha! I bet she uses a Gillette—a Schick—"

Goaded beyond endurance, I sprang



"Hey! Since when did you stop being nomadic?"

up to depart, but in my haste I spilled a quantity of mail from my overcoat pocket. Marvene bent down to return it. Not till afterward did I realize what her gesture was to cost me, for it furnished the clue she sought to my whereabouts. From that moment on, I was an easy stalk, defenseless as a gazelle before a swift-springing lioness. There were half a dozen phone messages in the box when I regained my hotel that evening, each more urgent than the last. The next day, I learned that a lady had hung about the lobby for an hour awaiting me. It was unnecessary to read the note she had left—I could visualize its contents. Paralyzed by the sensation of a noose closing about me, I refused to accept any calls, had my meals sent in, and crept out only at night. And then, as if my cup wasn't already running over, the letters began. Every post brought some communication from Marvene, whose preoccupation with my skin seemed to intensify by the hour. In dithyrambs worthy of a lovesick schoolgirl, she compared it to damask, to alabaster, to rose petals; drunk on metaphor, she decked me with garlands of poesy that put to shame the effusions of Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

To find oneself a love object at my age—it was an absurd, a hateful position, and it called for desperate measures. I might, of course, have had her arraigned on charges before the Barbers' Advisory Committee, but that would subject me to personal embarrassment. The only alternative in the circumstances was flight—not back to rural Pennsylvania, where she could easily entrap me, or to any native wilderness, but to another continent. Accordingly, I made a plane reservation to Caracas to mislead Marvene in the event my phone was bugged, and secretly booked passage aboard a liner departing for Rotterdam the next morning. Not a soul was in sight when I checked out at dawn; nonetheless, I took the precaution of changing cabs en route to the ship, hid below till the whistle sounded, and finally, as we warped into the stream, ascended to the boat deck, where I huddled under the davits, watching the dock recede and luxuriating in my freedom.

Suddenly an elderly fellow-passenger nearby, who was observing the departure through field glasses, emitted an exclamation. "Fighting!" he said excitedly. "Look there—on the pier!"

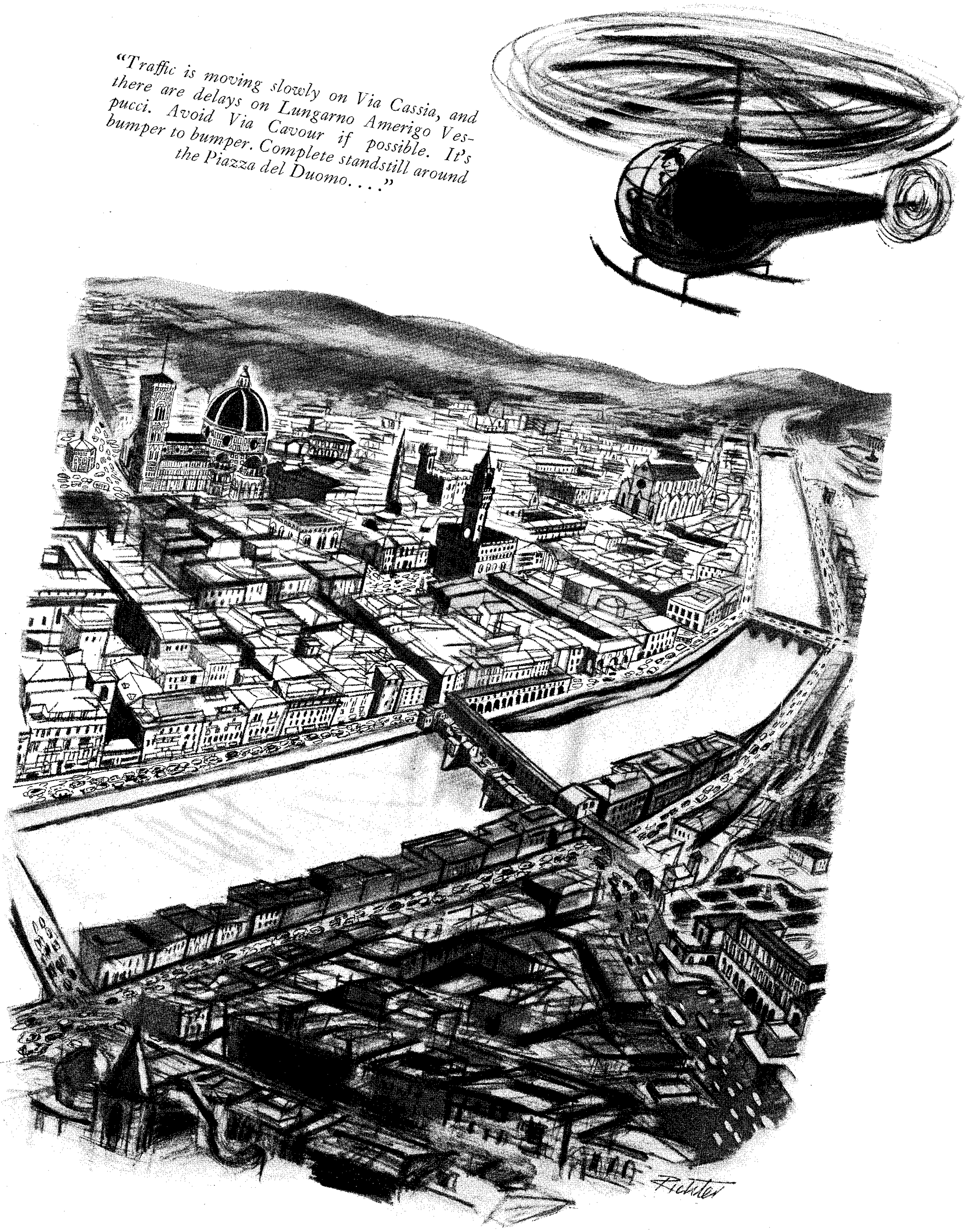
I took the glasses and adjusted them. A turmoil of some sort was indeed in progress, and as it swam into focus I recognized the chief participant—a sumptuously formed lady with hennaed hair, clutching a barber's satchel and struggling in the arms of two longshoremen. Though I could not hear what she was calling to me, I knew every syllable; it was something of a private nature that wild horses can never force me to divulge. This much I will say, however, and without a particle of remorse. The poor thing brought it all on herself. She just happened to be working too close to me.

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

Often used interchangeably are the terms "slang," "jargon" and "can't." They are really different. Slang is a vernacular and ephemeral language understood universally or over a large area. Jargon is the specialized language of an occupation or way of life. Can't is a vernacular language understood only in a group, as thieves' can't.—*Fact-O-Gram for Business Executives, published by the University of Dayton.*

We remember one who could and did.



"Traffic is moving slowly on Via Cassia, and there are delays on Lungarno Amerigo Vespucci. Avoid Via Cavour if possible. It's bumper to bumper. Complete standstill around the Piazza del Duomo. . . ."

A WAR REQUIEM

On vit; on vit infâme. Eh bien? Il fallut l'être;
L'infâme après tout mange et dort.
Ici même, en ses parcs, où la mort nous fait paître,
Où la hache nous tire au sort,
Beaux poulets sont écrits; maris, amants sont dupes;
Caquetage, intrigues de sots.
On y chante; on y joue; on y lève des jupes;
On y fait chansons et bons mots. . . .
Et sur les gonds de fer soudain les portes crient.
Des juges tigres nos seigneurs
Le pourvoyeur paraît. Quelle sera la proie
Que la hache appelle aujourd'hui?
Chacun frissonne, écoute; et chacun avec joie
Voit que ce n'est pas encor lui. . . .
—André Chénier

I. FALL PLANTING

1. NEW YORK, 1929

When Hartley Wintney went out on the town—
Immaculate conception in a brown
Twill suit from Rivers Brothers, over which
His Arrow Collar face appeared in rich
And manful tones, surmounted by his blond
Coif and a Herbert Johnson pinch-front hat—
He fared forth like a newborn bearer bond
Engrossed with promise. Think of him in that
Half-grown Manhattan, shouldering cornerstones
Aside, reflecting on old firms' brass plaques,
Damming the fluvium of limousines
In fording Madison, deflecting cabs
And westbound walkers, courting judgment from
The dumb irons of green omnibuses come
Up out of quarries of intense twilight
Between flat shafts of sun. Now picture him
Far east, as forceless early lights come on
And catch and lose the white moth of his hat.
Brownstones cringe under blue-lit windows where
Electrotypers cast out on the air
An alphabet of clatters; sewers leak
A peevish smell of garbage, a sure mark
Of early summer coming in New York.
Down brown steps he addresses a peephole,
Is recognized, and passes into Rynne's.

Four hours draw circles on the Biltmore clock.
On Forty-eighth, near Rynne's, you cannot hear
The fight inside or guess at its extent
Until a man, out cold, is dumped out in
The areaway. His hat is gone and his
Collar has been detached. One sleeve hangs off
His hundred-dollar suit. One garter shows
Up one prone leg, and claret stains his shirt.
Possessed, he rises up and walks back west
And comes upon his destination at
Almost the hour of two, according to
His father's half-case hunter watch, still in
His right-hand waistcoat pocket; comes upon
The sleeping Princeton Club, his sometime home,
And startles the night porter. "Here, you can't
Come in like that. My God, it's Mr. Wint—"
And dies there in the foyer, in the arms
Of Mr. Murtha, far from Grosse Pointe Farms.

2. NEW YORK, 1932

Shot with the huge, crude Graflexes of the period:
Sun on the stone of the baggy trouser legs
Of the men in line, on their outsize cloth caps
And hollow, woodworked faces, overexposed
To the emulsion and the elements;
Shade on the shelter, with its hasty sign,
"Soup Kitchen," in the small, prehensile loops
And stilted, stork-footed ascenders of
An old signman who learned his ornate trade
In the last flowery century; and shade
In the sharp shadows of petitioners
Longer than their slight, short significance
In history, and on the evening street
Of cast-iron mercantile establishments,
All underexposed. The line, frozen in time
And on the negative, stalls in Cooper Square.
Turn the roto page and Paul Whiteman is there.

3. CROSS CORNERS, MICH., 1935

The bank owned half the county when it failed.
The second crop of hay, uncut, unbaled,
Stands sentry to a country town in shock.
Greenbottles buzz and bumble on the stock
In the Nyal Drug Store window, backed by pink,
Sun-faded sunbursts of crêpe paper; linked
Rings signify the vacant Odd Fellows
Hall overhead; next door, the Corners Store
Moves precious little of its short supply
Of Dubble Bubble Gum and green Nehi;
Across the street, R. Brown Purina Chows
Caters to few blue, cut-down Dodge sedans
With dangling tags; the droning standard fans
Drown out no cross talk in the Owl Café;
The sun sits regent in the boundless day.
Down by the P.M. tracks, a man in Finck's
Bib Overalls (Wears Like a Pig's Nose) thinks
Of someplace else, where, with a stunning sound
Of terrene thunder, the Express is bound.

4. THOMAS JEFFERSON HENDERSON, 1937

At dinner in his modest palace on
Chicago Boulevard, Mr. Henderson,
The General Manager of the Frontenac
Motor Division, cuts his New York steak
Fine, finer, finest; chews mechanical
Bites into particles while listening
To Amos 'n' Andy on the glistening
Green-eyed mahogany dining-room radio,
And muses on his Southern origins,
Transcending Snopeses in the cotton gins,
And northering through his four good years at Tech
And his not happenstantial close connec-
Tions with the Chairman of the Board, Red Clay,
Whom he long served as duteous protégé,
Joker, and Georgian co-religionist,
And swarmed like lightning up the terraced list
Of top executives to Everest:
Alliance Motors' Aztec tower suite
Aloof from the contentions of the street,
Which now begins—the news comes on—to mass
Its voices and be heard through the high glass.

Drive east on Jefferson Avenue: beyond
The billboards for the All-New Fronty Eight
For '37, price $695
And up, a white four-stacker reaches up
To tie its smoke up to the smutty sky
Above the great white word, fifteen yards high,
That spells out Frontenac across the sound

Of foundry work, across the belt of smells—
Meltmetal, ozone, stove gas—that surrounds,
In clouds of visibility, the core
Of all the purposes this city's for.

Drive east and see no smoke, for once, and hear
No presses pressing on, and smell no scent
Of tractable materials being bent
To shape our ends; instead, all silence hangs
Instead of smoke up in the unmarked air;
The chain-link gates are locked, and over there
A line of lictors in blue dungarees
Bears notice of its grievance. In such peace
Lies a delusion: nightly, plant police,
Recruited on their records, deputized
For the duration, leave their paralyzed,
Emasculated, blind antagonists
For dead or worse in ditches, where the rays
Of sunrise will not interrupt their rest.

5. LA LUTTE FINALE, 1937

Progressive Bookshop: International
Publishers' titles lap dot-eyed old men
Who scan a Spanish war map. Out of the Blue
Network, a messenger of unities,
The battle claims all ears. *Heimat ist weit:*
Mitteleuropa, clouded by the black,
Descendent shape, calls to her sons, *Freiheit!*
Meanwhile, Alpini move on Teruel,
Savoias bomb Bilbao, Falangist troops
With Schmeissers decimate the volunteers
Who post themselves—selections of the Left
Book Club—to wars they never made. A stir,
A surge to the front door: a winded old
Dispatch rider descends his bicycle
And leans, straight-armed, against the open door.
News from the front, as soon as he can speak.
"It's Jack. Jack. Jack—" A long saw-stroke of breath.
" 'S dead. Jack Sharfman's dead. The telegram
Came 8 A.M. Outside Madrid. A bomb."
A son, the potency of all of them,
Lies in the bosom of the Abraham
Lincoln Battalion, mourned by all good men.

6. ROSEDALE THEATRE, 1938

Feet on the parapet of the balcony,
We cup free sacks of penny candy, gum,
And unshelled peanuts, all included in
Our dime admission to the Saturday
Kids' matinée, and see the Bounty heave
And creak in every block and halyard. Waves
Of raw sensation break upon each white
Face that reflects the action, and our ears
Eavesdrop upon the commerce of a more
Real world than ours. The first big feature ends;
We trade reactions and gumballs with friends
Above the marching feet of Movietone,
Which now give way to a twin-engined plane
That lands as we half watch, and Chamberlain
Steps out, in his teeth, homburg, and mustache,
A figure of some fun. We laugh and miss
His little speech. After the Michigan-
Ohio game, Buck Rogers will come on.

7. ATHENS, OHIO, 1939

"ATHENIA TORPEDOED," says today's
Press in the tourist guesthouse. "WAR IMPENDS."
Out back in the black meadow, among friends—
Some summer bugs contending, timothy's
Familiar dip and scratch behind bare knees,
The duty pool of stars—I can't believe
In such disaster being broadcast, such
Mere alien, unpermitted anarchy
Loosed on an ordered world that features me.

II. WINTERTIME AND SPRING

8. THE REGIMENT, 1940

"The battle of liberty may one day be
Won on these playing fields of Birmingham
University School, where only last year we
Beat Grosse Pointe Country Day eighteen to three,"
Says Mr. Dunn, our stout form master, to
Our weedy rows of raw recruits—aged ten
To seventeen—in ample khaki suits.
"The regiment," he tells our understrength
Headquarters company, already whipped
By bigger winds than we are, eyes tear-gassed
By cutting gusts of late-November air,
"The regiment will serve its country well
If the day comes, and [words drowned out] the school."
The Mauser on my shoulder galls the bone.
Fat Pringle, on my left, gives a long groan.
Wan Lundy, on my right, bends in the breeze.
I snuffle and unlock my shaky knees.
"Now Captain Strong will drill the regiment
In the manual of arms before—uh—mess.
Let's show him [unintelligible phrase]
The dedication that is B.U.S."

9. WASHINGTON, 1941

The solid geometry of Washington
Goes soft and butter-edged in the solvent sun
Of May. Dark men in frogs with jingling trays
Light-foot it down the humid corridors
Of the old Willard, where the spelling-bee
Contenders—having muffed "chrysanthemum,"
"Dehiscent," "hautbois," "phthisic," lost and won
The ordeal in the auditorium—
Now wait to meet the President, each head
Stuffed with a recent residue of dead
Euclidean theorems: dome hemispheres,
Spire cones, room cubes, and pillar cylinders.
Our cicerone, a spare newspaperman,
Has news for us at breakfast: due to the
Tense impasse over Lend-Lease, we will not
Be introduced to Mr. Roosevelt,
Who sends sincere regrets. Instead, we will
Tour more of hot, awaking Capitol Hill,
Whose shuttered faces turn toward the pull
Of transatlantic gravity, whose will
Annihilates the longueurs of the sea.

10. DETROIT, 1943

In memory of the nineteenth century,
The hobby shop I run in summertime
Observes a day of silence; opening
Up in the morning, I walk into a
Wall of still must just scented with faint thyme;
The regulator clock paces a slow
And stately measure all alone; the pressed-
Tin ceiling whimpers in the heat; and no
Small Negro boys, as beautiful as dolls,
Come for instruction in the mystery
Of modelling: a wing rib pinned down here,
Between the leading and the trailing edges, on

Wax paper, which protects the plan, and glued.
Later, the delicate stretching of the blue
Tissue over the structure, to include
It in the empyrean, and a coat
Of dark-blue dope for tautness. No black boys
Appear by noon. On my way home to lunch,
I see the smoke down Woodward Avenue
And hear a dull sea far away, where black
Is East and white is West, who fight
For lone possession of the street behind
The barricades of burning cars. My shop
Stays shut all afternoon. At dusk I hear—
Above the yawps of nighthawks diving on
Their customary roofs—the treadmill beat
Of half-tracks manned and gunned by helmeted
Troopers detailed to clear the Avenue
Of riot and its grisly residue.

11. A DAY COACH, 1944

A pond of vomit in the vestibule;
Fat barracks bags to fall on in the aisle;
A scrim of smoke and sweat; shive sandwiches
In fingerprinted paper and a shrill
Orange drink, drunk lukewarm with a sodden straw;
Their hawker, barely able to support
His corporation through the teeming train;
Long sailors cocked up anyhow, asleep
In the deep waters of the empty pint
Across their knees; a soldier and a Wac
Involved in one quite indivisible
Vestment of khaki; out the window, miles.

12. THE LIBERAL UNION, 1944

Election Night. The house in Shepard Street
Blazes with hundred-watters. Light leaks out—
Despite the brownout—to define the shape
Of things to come: a crowded, derelict,
Condemned, consensual body politic,
Gone down to ashes under the rubric
Fuel of progress; down with the republic.
Under the mansard, a long drawing room
Is stacked with shiny freshmen, one week out
From home, from under Mother, and with pale
And weighty bottles of cold Pickwick Ale.
A radio reports the vote; tall Tex and Tim,
Hatching with blood-red crayons, color in
Each Democratic duchy on the map
Above the mantel, to the tramping rap
Of bottles on the floor and tenor cheers.
Off on the left, some hothead and his pal
Strike up a flaccid "Internationale."

13. APRIL 12, 1945

Behind the A.M.E. Church, the first fierce
Green grass springs on the dank and disused earth
Of littered yards with mutual surprise;
The colored kid I tutor has no eyes
For algebra, but only for the boys
Who vamp a pepper game in the play yard
Outside our grated window. Steps are heard.
It's Mr. Justice, leader of the Youth
Group Program, who looks grave and calls me out
Into the vestry and tells me, in neat
Jamaican tones, "I don't know how to say
This to you, Mr. Edwards, but they say
The President is dead." "Dead?" "Yes, today.
Come with me to Mass. Avenue and have
A drink with me to him." At noon, the long
Arm of the bar is nearly empty but
For barkeep, cabbies, and the radio.
"Two Myers Rum," calls Mr. Justice, who
Explains to me, aside, "An Island drink."
The dark rum comes. With infinite courtesy,
He turns and lifts his heavy glass to me
And says, "To the memory of your President."

14. THE '46s, 1945

Alliance Motors Tower. On the ground floor
Of the postwar, six shiny Frontenacs
Rotate on turntables beneath the bright
Eyes of a bank of baby spots. Away
Back in the corners stand the surpluses,
Unlit, unsung, of the late war: a tank,
A jeep, a twenty-millimetre gun,
A cutaway of an X-24
Glycol-cooled airplane engine. On the floor
Under the lights, crowds sniff the fruits of peace:
New rubber, lacquer, leather, a perfume
Four years abeyed but unforgotten; still
A year away from the sweet people's will.

15. EAST CAMBRIDGE, 1949

Behind the stacked extent of Kendall Square
There is a little slum; I'll take you there,
Laden with my black brush-filled salesman's case,
Perhaps a mop or two, and, on my face,
The first sweat of the day. This is the place
We start: a neat tan toy house, gingerbread
Proud of its peaky eaves. The lady's in.
She's German, tiny, old, respectable,
Not buying anything. Next door, a tall
Blue tenement hangs open. In its hall,
The fumes of urine and the fractured wall
Don't augur well for brush men. That's all wrong.
Up the length—gaslit, railless—of the long
And angling stairwell live star customers:
Draggled and pregnant girls who fumble coins
Among contending children; pensioners,
Dressed in a skeletal state of readiness,
Who welcome all intruders bearing news
Of the last act of the world; lone, stubbled young
Men who change babies while the wife's at work.
I write the orders in my little book,
Take a deposit, promise delivery
A week from Saturday. At noon I lunch
On tonic and a Hostess Apple Pie
At Aly's Spa in Portland Street. At night,
I leave the last room with a Sacred Heart
And Kroehler furniture for my rendezvous
With Jonathan, a breath of Harvard Square
In his black '36 Ford coupe, his bare
Feet on the pedals. We abscond from there.

16. THE PUBLISHER, 1951

"Now get me Captain Alice Coddington,
The General's aide. No, she's in Washington,
For Christ's sake. O.K., try the Pentagon."
The handset hits the cradle like a gun.
Burt Seltzer lifts a large, low-calorie
Elastic band to his abnormally
Small mouth—a hotel slit for razor blades—
And chews with relish. His long fingers, which,
At first glance, seem to have an extra joint,
Play lancers with a pencil, whose sharp point
Riddles a Webster's Second Unabridged,
Open to "Minotaur." A crapulent

Bar of the best band brass bursts in the win-
Dow, and—except for Burt—we crowd around
To see the source of that preëmptive sound.
A small parade, beleaguered by a gale
Of paper snow, pursued by biped wolves
With cameras, traverses the bare, pale
Hot tundra of Fifth Avenue. Behind
The Army band, a fancy phaeton
With the top down, a glittering '41
Chrysler Imperial, daunting as the sun,
Cradles the recalled General, recalled
Just as he is today, in suntan hat,
From his long and all-promising career
Halfway around our curve-ball-spinning sphere,
Halfway from earth to heaven, lit by love
Of his high mission and laid low by Jove.
"Elaine, you stupid bastard, where's my call?
Don't give me that crap. I can't wait at all.
Yeah, put me through now." Pause. A brief reprise
Of masticated rubber. "Alice? How
You doing, darling? I mean with the book?
I know it, sweetie. Sure, he just went by.
Listen—don't worry. Just remember we
Need the whole manuscript September the—
Right. O.K., honey. See you. *Ciao*. Goodbye."

III. HIGH SUMMER

17. THE CANDIDATE, 1952

Archaic Boston, a splayed hand of squat
Brick business buildings laced with shire-town smells—
Roast coffee, fresh fish, lettuce, tanneries—
Cools into fall and warmly welcomes back
Its horse-faced grandees, panama'd, in black
Alpaca jackets, posting down State Street
To their renumeration on the high
Chairs of their countinghouses. Close at hand,
On Batterymarch, a plan they would deplore
Takes shape as six signmen affix a long
Hand-lettered banner to an empty store.
"O'Kane's O.K. with Massachusetts," it
Declares in characters some four feet high,
Pointedly pointed with a union bug.
Inside, I meet his campaign manager,
White-headed, red Lucretius Gallagher,
Late editor of the set Boston *Sun*,
And set to work to make a senator
At an old upright Royal in a room
Quite like a city room, and on the run
To many contacts: first, the mother of
Us all, Maureen O'Kane, the matriarch;
Next, Kath O'Kane, the sister, a thin, shrewd,
And shining foil with Niccolonian
Schemes to bring down the arch-Republican
Incumbent, Adams, on his own Palladian
Home ground; last, Kevin, the calm candidate,
Halfway between his person and the shape
Of a great figure, in the pupal stage
Of statecraft, now half-metamorphosed from
A moody, wilful, and mercuric young
Man to the measured senator to come.
In his high, prosperous cell, the prisoner
Seems easy in his bonds, under the dour
And time-releasing sedative of power.

18. BRYNFAN TYDDYN, 1955

In the horse latitudes, there is a farm
Upon a hill in Pennsylvania.
Young men in irons pursue a mania
For motion there, surrounded by becalmed
Blood brothers in an age of stasis. Out
Of Wilkes, across the river, up the bluff
Of Forty Fort, and into the slow roll
Of ridges we emerge upon a road
Where racing cars blur by, and consequent
Dust settles on the rye. We ease our red
A.C. down off the flatbed; John gets in
And comes back dirty from his practice laps.
The grid forms up for our heat—under two
Litres—the green flag falls, a rush-hour mass
Of cars howls off and dwindles. Silence. Smoke.
Two minutes, and a faint whine-grunt precedes
The field into the chute before the straight.
An A6 Maserati leads a light-
Blue 1.5 Osca in a scratch duet
For loud soprano six and tenor four;
John comes through third but first in class, ahead
Of sundry Bristols, and bangs on his door—
A spoof on Nuvolari—for more speed.
The standings hold for three more laps. Then John
Loses his right-rear in the pit-straight chute
And slews off down the dirt escape road, no
Power or brakes to stop him, to a stop
Deep in a stubble field, while his wild wheel
Smashes a sheriff's windshield. We retrieve
The car and load it, limp with our reprieve,
And drink our luck in tepid Stegmaier beer.

19. CAHIERS DU CINÉMA, 1956

Dissolve from a proscenium arch of "L"
In Flushing to a matching arch of mike
Booms, light stands, Fearless dollies, blimps inside
The building in its shade, where thirty-two
Souls stiffen at the sound of "Speed!" and clap
Of clapsticks clapping on the set. In dream,
A blond wife ambulates across a room
Built out of flats, her back lit by a Con
Edison evening sun. She's carrying
An insubstantial crown of peach ice cream
To her peach-featured, immaterial
Young holy family. She muffs a line.
Cut. Take two. Outside, by the Optimo
Cigar Store, a live, dirty, dying man
Dives for the *Daily News* in a trash can.

20. CLAREMONT, 1957

It's a long, long way from the Park-Lex
Building up to that institutional
Ridge-running street between hot Harlem and
The lion Hudson. High Edwardian
Doors wrought, or wreaked, in iron let me in
To a tall, cool, dim, dull mosaic hall
Equipped with one wee elevator. On
The fifth, my friends come creeping out to greet
Me and my gift, a gift-wrapped fifth of Fitz.
Within, with Steve, the meek Chicagoan,
Escaped, by luck and struggle, from a slum,
And Ren, short for Renata, his bird-wife,
We talk a little about him: his course
In letters at Columbia, his plans—
Ten years old and still twining out in new
Directions—for his first novel, about
Writers and bookies in Chicago. And
We talk a little about me: my five-
Year plan not to write anything at all.
But mainly we discuss the threats—the Bomb,

The State, Mass Media, the Thought Police—
That freeze us in our ruts and stay our hands
Upon our keys and brushes, staves and pens.

21. A MARRIAGE, 1958

November russets flush the last of green
Out of its summer coverts; mist and frost
Condense and crystallize on lignified
Black twigs; red berries shrivel; a sad light
Undistances horizons, setting dense
Swatches of nothingness beyond the fence
In non-objective umber. We arise
At seven in our tiny country house—
The center of November, and the point
Of no return to cities, with their sour
Remarks on ruinous first marriages—
Eat eggs, dress in dark clothes, get in our black
Jaguar roadster, and in dusting snow—
The season's first, greasing the roads—we go
Across the line to Nashua, where, in
A blank room of dun office furniture,
We say our vows before a registrar
In rimless glasses, and, as witnesses,
Flower girls, trainbearers, maids of honor, two
Gum-chewing, French-accented typists, who
Congratulate us gravely when the ring
Has been slid on, when the deal-sealing kiss
Has been exchanged. Stiff handshakes all around;
A chorus of farewells; we're homeward bound
On now quite icy roads, to lunch alone
In a decrepit tearoom; to come home
To a new, mutual aloneness in
Our little house as winter enters in.

22. WRITING, 1963

For years he was cross-eyed, the right eye turning in
Shyly, and he, shyly ducking his head
To hide the inturning, failed to notice the eyes
Of all the others, also in hiding from
The eyes of others, as in a painting of
The subway by Charles Harbutt. Self-denying
Can get you something if, behind the blank,
Unwindowed wall, you don't become a blank,
Unfurnished person. He was lucky. In
The dark of those bare rooms to let, there stirred
Something; a tattered arras woven with
A silent motto, as Eliot said. A word
Now, in his thirty-sixth summer, surfaces, leading
A train of thought, a manifest freight up to
The metalled road of light—for the first time
In ten disused, interior years—along
The rusted, weed-flagged lines. And so the raid
On the inarticulate, as Eliot said,
Begins again. Square-bashing awkward squads
Of words turn right about under the sun,
Form ragged quatrains in the quiet room
Under the eaves, where his pen cuts its first
Orders in ages, and the detail moves off
The page, not quite in step, to anywhere.

23. CAMBRIDGE, 1963

A wake, without the whiskey or the words
Of eulogy, before the one blue eye
Of television in the deepening
November evening. When, earlier,
My secretary said she'd heard that he
Had just been shot, we gaped in nervous pre-
Lapsarian unbelief. Now it is not
More real but we are less so, and the screen
Calls us to places in a doomsday scene
Of national disjuncture from a show
By Wells or Welles. Lear's "never," a hoarse crow
Of omen, takes wing to the rooky wood
Of early terrors suddenly grown up,
Grown old in one weekend. A catafalque
On wagon wheels rolls, powered by muffled drums,
Down the vast desert street to which we come,
Clutching our wives and wallets, to assist
In turning nature art; in the night mist
Behind the White House, two linked silhouettes—
A great *Life* picture—cut across the lawn
To leave the sound stage and to be alone.

IV. HARVEST HOME

24. A WALK IN ROXBURY, 1964

A sense of last times. On Columbus Ave.,
A hot May day. A sky of mother-of-pearl
Brings leaves on the few trees and people on
The many front stoops out. Home-painted signs—
"The KING's," "Jack's Sharp Store," "Marnie's Bar-B-Coop,"
"Hell Fire Redeemer Church"—illuminate
Exhausted brownstone streets, the hand-me-downs
Of cold-roast Boston in Victorian
Days of white hope and glory, whose new voice,
Litigious, rich, impoverished, mocking, coarse,
And fine, hangs heavily on the alien air
Above the grunt of traffic, rising where
A printed sign points out the Peppermint
Lounge Sip-In. I adjust my Nikons and
Begin to photograph a happy crowd
Preparing for an outing. They do not
Protest or even notice me, though they
And I both know that this year is the last
Of truce and toleration, and the line
Between us broadens as I zoom the lens
Back to wide-angle. I still have the print
Here. How far off those smiling holiday
Faces and their stopped laughter are today.

25. TALKING UNION, 1964

The liberator of the laboring
Classes is interviewed on "Meet the Press."
The ruffian who led the Frontenac
Sitdown is missing; his aged surrogate
Is a stout statesman, silver-polled and -tongued,
And silver-tied over a white-on-white
Dress shirt under a trig, if Portly, suit
Tailored by Weatherill. His priestly, bluff
Face with its large pores dryly swallows up
All pointed questions; his brown coin-purse mouth
Doles out small change wrapped in the florid scrip
Of Federalese: "parameters," "key gains,"
"Judgmentally," "negated," "targeting,"
"So, gentlemen, you see." So gentlemen
Are made, not born, with infinite labor pains.

26. ROCKVILLE, ILLINOIS, 1965

Above the corn, the vanes of Rockville gleam,
Aloof, an island in the severed stream
Of Illinois, which feeds a landlocked lake
And never goes to sea. Here in the heart-
Land, I am right where I came in: the in-
Termitting thirty years of prosperous
Accretions have glossed over the plat, plain
Life of the plain people; have made them rich

In dollars, acres, air-conditioning
Against the prairie heat, but largely not
In spirit. Still, their hospitality
Comes easy, and the chairman of the board
Of the Rockville National is open as
The barefoot farm boy with a string of mud
Cat he once was, or, rather, thinks that he
Once was and permanently ought to be.
But touch a nerve of doubt, and property
Is ringed with tense defenders: hollow squares
Of fattening Minutemen leap from their shares
To raise their automatic arms against
The roll of interlopers, black and red,
The union agitators and the fed-
Eral animal, sow and juggernaut,
That suckles at their wallets and will squat
On their rights soon. Tornado clouds of fear
Raise sickles over Rockville, tier on tier.

27. AN ESTRANGEMENT, 1966

Webb Beatty, having drunk too much at lunch
In some dark dive where food is only served
To justify attendance, tells me his
Troubles: how Penny, his long-standing wife,
Is nipping sherry all day long and rye
All evening; how the hard goods of her ends—
"A Kelvinator, Christ's sake, with a dec-
Orated door, and that old Cadillac"—
Foul up his airy, ivory ideal
Of how to live, and blight his middle age
With bills and sorrows; how Lucinda Fry,
A junior buyer with a jocund eye
And small but gold-filled charms, has solaced him
In the broad daylight of her little room
At lunchtime, making him a feast of sheets
And steam fresh from her shower; how he may throw
His dead-end life up, and may even go
Away alone to a far shore to start
A new one, packing only shirts and heart
In his light luggage; how, in that sunset,
He and Lucinda will find all content,
And paint and write in concert as Bach plays
Behind them all their minuends of days.
His words slur now; his face slips out of shape
And into neutral; white wings of escape
Beat at his ears. He reaches for the check
And misses it. I pick it up and tell
Him nothing but the truth: I wish him well.

28. NEW YORK, 1967

Eyes flick blades out from under low lids, and
Turn down again to fasten on the sparks
Struck by the sidewalk. My eyes meet that tide
Halfway: the same aloofness, the same stab
Of quick cognition, the same lowering
Of sights to shoe lane, having sized them up
And put them down for good. The girls require
A little longer for each dancing breast
And mincing leg. Only the mannequins
In Bonwit's windows render me a straight,
Blank stare, which I return in kind. The Pan
Am Building, in its jointed corridors,
Affords relief: acquaintances are cut
Off neatly by their bends, and nearer friends
Truncated, disembodied, guillotined
By abstract passages and unseen doors
In a new social contract of surreal
Withdrawal and avoidance, an absurd
Theatre without end and without word.

29. TWO CANDIDATES, 1968

A private conversation in a room
Rife with the public and the press. Amid
White sheets of flashlight, the hot, desperate
Advance men poised to seize the candidate
And whisk him to his next engagement, late
As ever, he lets fall a casual
Comment upon the state of poetry;
Laughs lightly over an egregious lie
Expounded by an arch-opponent; cites
The over-erudite allusions of
Another rival to the ancient Greek.
"That's Aeschylation in political
Quotation," he remarks in a slow, calm
Voice at the middle of the maelstrom.

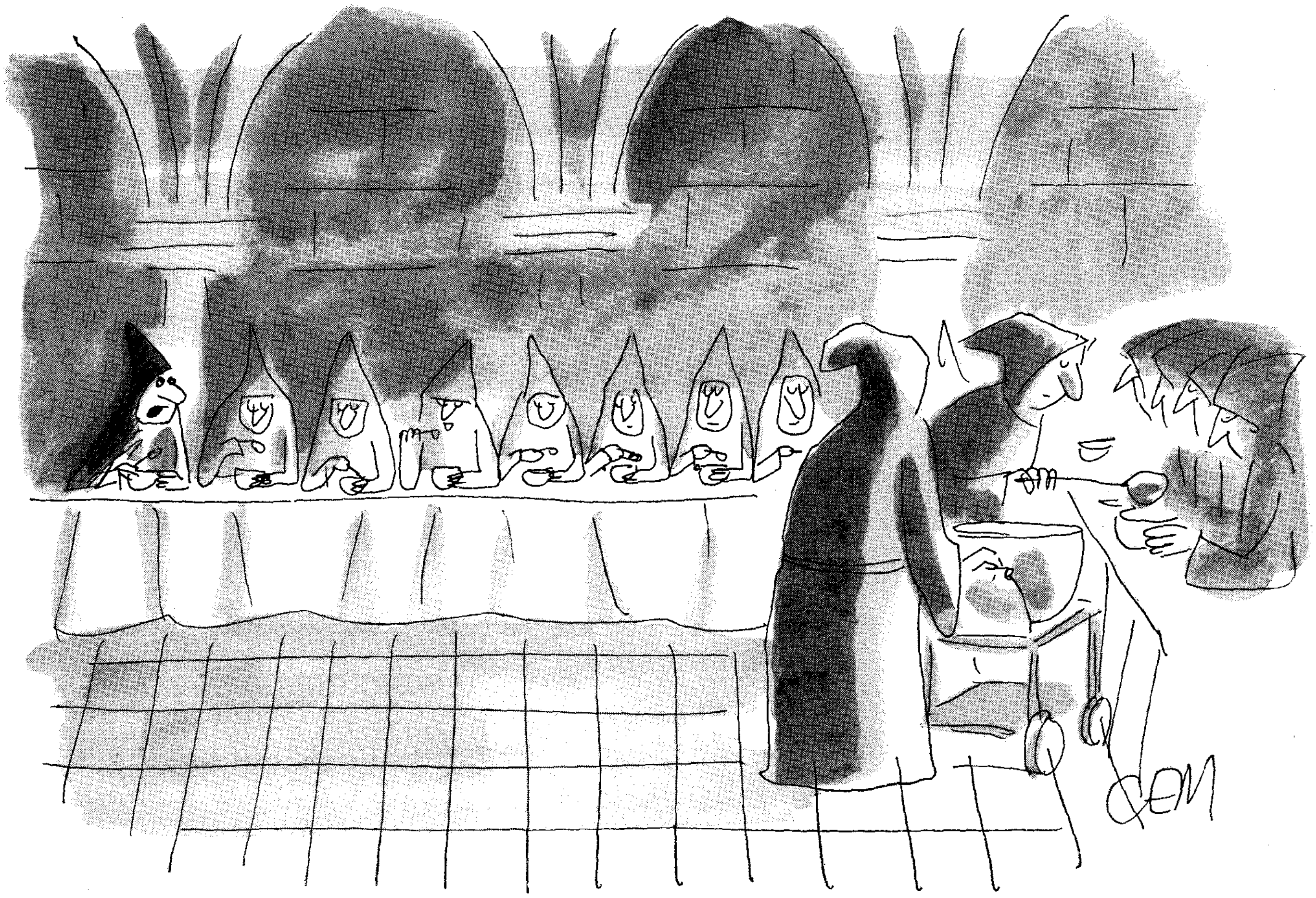
The other office seeker occupies
A lidded bed under the gritty eyes
Of gleaming notabilities, a guard
Of honor changed at each night hour; the eyes
Of those unknowns who, in a double line,
Reach backward out the great church doors, around
The block behind the buttresses; the eyes
Of early watchers high up in the sun-
Struck monolith across the street, who see,
At length, a coffin carried out; the eyes
Of mourners at the stops along a route
Just the reverse of Lincoln's; the dry eyes
Of the most high and lowly in the long,
Decayed, redounding concourse of the Un-
Ion Station; late, the eyes of Washington.

30. NEW YORK, 1968

The surf of traffic in the arteries
Of evening inundates all ears; in crosstown streets,
It is occluded by occasional
Yells, ashcans falling, Sanitation trucks
Regurgitating garbage, witching cries,
A crystalline lone footstep with a limp,
And Robinson's phone ringing in his flat.
Still, sometimes our small noise and voice are heard
Above the melancholy, long, advancing roar
Of transit reaching up the beach of our
Old ananthropocentric island, to
The bass of the night wind, and we come true
To one another, till the rising town's
Unhuman voices wake us, and we drown.

31. THIRTY THOUSAND GONE, 1968

In CONUS, whence all blessings flow, I drive
To Ayer for beer. On our road, amber flares
Ripen like grapefruit in a grove of air
Fast growing dark. Down in the valley, small-
Calibre guns begin long, gibbering
Dialogues out beyond the mock Perfume
River, really the smelly Nashua.
Tank engines ululate. In Vietnam
Village, street fighters infiltrate the set
Of simulated buildings, while fléchette
Canisters fired by 105s protect
The point with sheets of tissue-shredding darts.
The heavies enter. Flashes shatter night
And impacts puncture my unruffled drum
Roll of exhaust. In Ayer, the archetype



"Forgive me, brothers, for violating the rule of silence, but I, for one, am getting very tired of vichyssoise."

• •

Of post towns, with its scruffy yellow-brick
Two-story business blocks, shut shops, bright bars,
It's pay night. In the orchid neon light
Shed by the Little Klub, a herd of ponycars
Grazes an asphalt pasture. Feat M.P.s
Snuff out a flash fight at the Hotel Linc.
A Charger burns a little rubber to
Arrest two ready, wary, cruising girls
Whose buttocks counter-rotate down Main Street.
'Nam veterans in troop boots and a chest
Awash with medal ribbons stare down knots
Of new recruits, high on Colt 45.
The Package Store is all decorum. Men
In black bow ties wait coolly on the boys,
Their guns and clubs prudentially concealed
Behind the counter. With my six-pack, I
Leave town, passing an Army ambulance
With beacon on and siren winnowing
The road ahead. A yellow GTO
Has flipped atop the railroad bridge, and bare-
Armed viewers with mauve cheeks, purpureal
Eyes, lavender-green lips in mercury-
Vapor-lamp light look on in ecstasy
At others' errors. From the overpass
On the road back, I see a divisional
Convoy bound westward, double strands of lights
Strung clear back to the third ridge, coming on
Slowly, preserving prescribed intervals,
Diminishing the other way in one
Long red ellipsis, going, going, gone
Into the red crack that still separates
The blue-black air from blue-black earth: the gates
At the world's end. The battle on our hill
Still rants and tatters nighttime till a red
Flare, like a larger Mars, can supervene
And make a false arrest of everything.
The last burst dies; the battlefield goes dark;
Cicadas sizzle; towns away, dogs bark.

V. IN THE NEW YEAR

32 TWELFTH NIGHT, 1969

Snowbound on Twelfth Night, in the interact
Of winter, in the white from green to green,
I warm myself in isolation. In
The aura of the fire of applewood
With its faint scent of McIntoshes, in
The disappearing act of the low sun,
A marginally yellow medallion
Behind the white snow sky, under the in-
Undation of sharp snowdrifts like the fins
Of sharks astride our windowsills, I hide
Out in my hideout from the memory
Of our unlovely recent history,
And of those fresh divisions just gone west.
A sharp sound brings me back: perhaps a tree
Cleft by the cold, but likelier the crack
Of a gun down at Devens. Snow begins
To lance against the window, and I see,
By luck, a leisurely and murderous
Shadow detach itself with a marine
Grace from an apple tree. A snowy owl,
Cinereous, nearly invisible,
Planes down its glide path to surprise a vole.

—L. E. SISSMAN

PROFILES

THE MAYOR

I—YOUR CITY AS MUCH AS MINE

THE citizens of New York City are credited, rightly, with unusual resiliency, and so is their Mayor, but on certain days the city seems to be finally escaping from us all, in a slide toward irredeemable disintegration. It is a measure of the turbulence of John V. Lindsay's experience as Mayor of the City of New York that a sizable number of such days have occurred. I expect that the citizens would differ widely among themselves if each was asked to select the one day in the past four years on which he felt most deeply pessimistic concerning the future of the city. My own choice, in retrospect, is a cold Friday in February during the third year of the Lindsay administration. The Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association had then been on strike for seven days, and seventy thousand tons of garbage—in mounds, in dunes, in rotting drifts—was on the streets. At a meeting in City Hall at six o'clock the morning before, the Board of Health declared the first citywide health emergency since 1945. Fires originating in refuse were up seven hundred per cent from the normal rate; the rat population was presumed to be on the rise; and there was danger that garbage backing up in the sewers would lead to the spread of typhoid fever, dysentery, and hepatitis.

The strike had begun at a rally of sanitation workers in front of City Hall on February 2, 1968. The union's previous one-year contract had expired seven months before, and the head of the union, John DeLury, had finally agreed to a retroactive settlement recommended by two special mediators the Mayor had appointed. But, as has often happened since then in the city's relations with its municipal employees, the rank and file vehemently refused to go along with their leadership. At the rally, after ducking an egg thrown by a member, Mr. DeLury retained his leadership by following his members, urging them to undertake a strike that they had already determined on. Five days later, DeLury was jailed for violating a court order that had enjoined the strike under the no-strike provisions of the Taylor Law—a law that the state legislature had passed in 1967 at the strong behest of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who proclaimed the measure to be a model for harmonious civil-service labor relations.

The Mayor refused to continue negotiations while the union was on strike. To do so, he said, would be to yield to "blackmail." And, using language of a kind that has given him the reputation of being, at best, ingenuous in his relationships with organized labor and, at worst, haughtily insensitive to the rules of the game, the Mayor also declared, "Now is the time, and here is the place, for the city to determine what it is made of; whether it will bow to unlawful force or whether it will resist with all the strength and courage that eight million people can find within themselves." As part of the resistance, he asked the Governor to call out the National Guard to clean the streets. "I told him," Lindsay later said to me, "that it would have helped the city and possibly the country if the people in the slums could have seen the men of the National Guard—*their* National Guard, by the way—working constructively with their hands instead of patrolling the streets with rifles at the ready."

The Governor found the Mayor's vision of a calming, cleansing army in fatigues far less persuasive than a statement made by the chieftains of New York City's Central Labor Council—which represents one million two hundred thousand union men—that bringing in the National Guard would be considered strikebreaking and would lead to a general strike in the city. Rejecting the Mayor's plan, the Governor bypassed him entirely, appointing a five-man panel of his own to work out a settlement and releasing DeLury from jail to join the conferences it called. "My God!" one of the authors of the Taylor Law said. "This is just the thing we all had the horrors about. This is the Governor's law—he wanted it. Now it's going to be emasculated."

With all this in mind, I felt for the first time the next morning, Friday, that John Lindsay had probably made a mistake, that he should not have run for Mayor, that the highest office in the City of New York was no place for a man I had come to consider—not pejoratively—the last Puritan in politics. An editorial writer in that day's *Times* observed in furious gloom that the Governor had "cut the ground out from under the Mayor." Around eight-fifteen that morning, yielding to an impulse, I called Robert Laird, an assistant press secretary to the Mayor. "For what it's worth," I said to Laird, "tell the Mayor I think he's right." I wasn't sure that the Mayor was right in asking for the National Guard, but I respected his principled stubbornness, hoping at the same time that my building was not vulnerable to rats.

"How'd you like to inspect some garbage?" Laird asked. He told me that the Mayor was going out on an inspection trip and gave me the itinerary, and I decided to join the expedition at a point on the lower East Side.

On Ninth Street near First Avenue, I was walking behind two Puerto Ricans in their late teens. On our left was a boarded-up building. "You know how long this building has been shut?" one said to his friend. "Since I was ten years old." They turned north on First, and I went on east to Avenue D, passing smoldering trash cans and trying to avoid crusts of bread and less identifiable objects being blown against my feet by a sharp, hard wind.

The intersection of Third Street and Avenue D was a field of garbage, into which the Mayor—gaunt, grim, hatless, his hands jammed into his overcoat pockets—stepped from his official car. I had never before—nor have I since—seen him look so burned out. He had had no more than three hours' sleep in the past two days, Harry J. O'Donnell, who was then the Mayor's press secretary but who resigned recently, told me. But the Mayor was more than tired. "He finally got into bed at five this morning," O'Donnell said, "but he couldn't sleep. He just couldn't stop thinking about this thing."

"How do you figure Rockefeller?" one of the Mayor's young aides asked me. "Does he really think he's going to get the Republican nomination *this* way? George Meany and Harry Van Arsdale can't help him there."

I went up to the Mayor, and he acknowledged my mumbled expression of non-specific support by patting me on the arm. "Were you surprised at Rockefeller's rejecting your plan?" I asked.

"No, not really," the Mayor said. "I tried to help him out of a problem; he says I put a problem on him." He shrugged. "I'm afraid I'm screwing up someone's political plans."

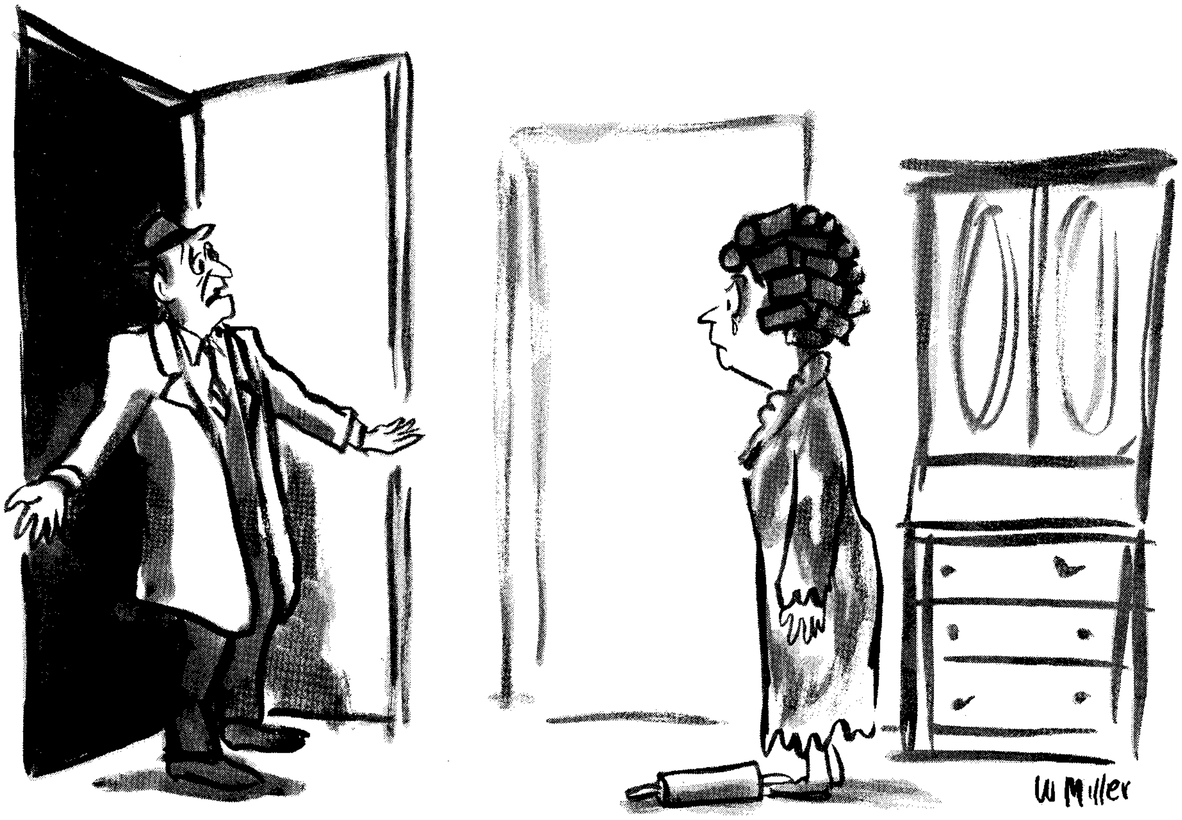
Television cameramen, press photographers, and reporters were tramping in the garbage. "What's next?" a reporter asked the Mayor. "Can you get federal help?"

The Mayor looked at him. "I can ask for paratroopers. How's that?" He stared at a fire in a trash basket as two girls on the sidewalk squealed in recognition of his presence.

"Do you have a strategy?" I asked the Mayor.

"Up to a point, but in a situation like this you have to make a lot of it up as you go along," he answered. "You don't know what the other guy is going to do to you until it happens." The "other guy" was plainly Rockefeller, not DeLury.

Our group all got into the cars of the Mayor's caravan and went on, first



"Ah, ma chère, would that I could cast off this unbecoming guise of assistant comptroller for Amalgamated Die Casting, Incorporated, and be your poet-lover for twenty-four hours of every day!"

to Bedford-Stuyvesant and then to Long Island City. In Long Island City, the Mayor, on foot again, stopped in front of a fallen garbage can from which an astonishing quantity of refuse had spilled into the street. "Oh, this is beautiful," he said to himself, and he stood the can upright. He was summoned to his car to take a phone call from the Health Commissioner. Across the street from us was the shell of a car heaped with garbage. The Mayor finished the call, and we resumed the walk, up a hill. There was no way to step around the garbage; it was a question of trying to pick the least repellent path. The Mayor, who had seemed to be in a trance for a few minutes, suddenly said to me, "It's the seventeenth century that most interests me in English literature. The people of that time walked through this, and worse than this, all the time, and they produced a great literature. They were better people, too, than we are." He moved on ahead.

Half an hour later, we drove to a shopping section in the Bronx, and everybody got out once more. A husky man in his fifties, his face red and puffy with anger, yelled at the Mayor, "You big stiff! What are you walking around for? You don't know what the hell you're walking around for!" The Mayor gave no sign of having heard.

Around a corner, a large number of youngsters were lined up in front of a theatre whose marquee bore titles in Spanish. "Hey!" one of the children shouted. "Is that Bobby Kennedy?" For the first time that morning, the Mayor smiled.

"Look at him," a woman said. She poked a boy on the shoulder. "That's the Mayor. You may never see him again."

"And if he doesn't," a man with her said, "so what?"

A Fire Department car sped around the corner and stopped, and First Deputy Fire Commissioner James T. Ward got out. Sidney Davidoff, an assistant to the Mayor, pushed the crowd of reporters and neighborhood people back, so that the Mayor and Ward could confer.

By early afternoon, we were in Central Harlem. The Mayor, in front of his entourage, alone, walked quickly through a few blocks. At the corner of 127th Street and Seventh Avenue, several men were chanting, "Get the garbage out of here! Straighten out the mess! Get the garbage out of here!" The Mayor walked past them without acknowledgment.

Half a block later, he suddenly turned and said, "The trouble with you reporters is that you're white. One night here last summer, I had to tell the press to fade, because they were all white that time, too."

"Does that intimidate you?" a reporter asked.

The Mayor frowned. "No, it doesn't intimidate me," he said. "What does that mean? But it keeps reminding me of all that's wrong in this country, and of what should be in that report by the Commission on Civil Disorders. That's going to be a damned strong report."

Farther on, two Negroes in their thirties came up and asked for the Mayor's autograph. "You realize," he told them as he signed, "that you're the only two people in New York who want this."

"Stick with it!" an old man shouted at him.

A boy about thirteen stood in front of us, shaking his head. "Are those cats the National Guard?" he asked, referring to the Mayor's party.

The Mayor roared. Then a group of people moved toward him to shake his hand, saying, "Welcome! Welcome!," and the Mayor, noticeably thawed, straightened his shoulders.

"O.K.," he said. "I'm recovered now. Let's go!" He spoke to an aide about getting more information on the fires breaking out around the city. "That's what I'm most concerned about right now," he said to me. "Whole blocks of buildings could go up."

The tour was at an end. The reporters surrounded him, and the Mayor gave his conclusions: "It's as bad as I thought it was. And the people have a remarkable amount of fortitude."

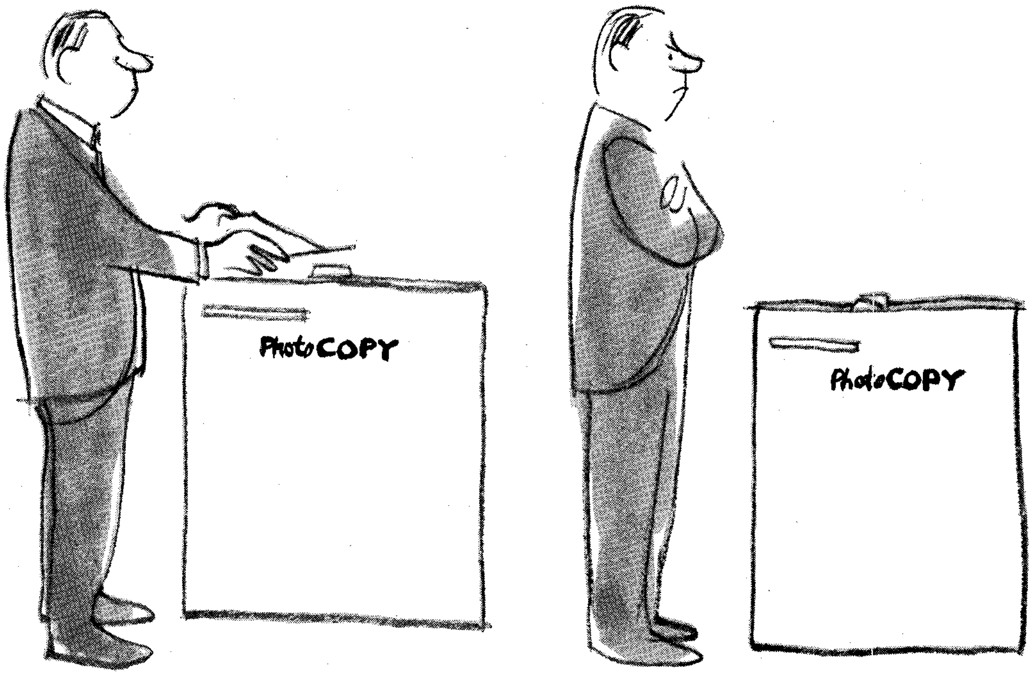
On Saturday, the Governor came to an agreement with the sanitation workers. They would go back to work, and he would send a special message to the legislature asking it to authorize the state to take over the Sanitation Department. A few hours before Rockefeller announced the settlement, he called Lindsay and asked to meet with him. The Mayor, not wanting to appear to be involved at all in the Governor's next move, refused.

"I am the Governor," Rockefeller said icily, "and I am inviting you to come."

"I am the Mayor," Lindsay responded, and he hung up.

After the Governor had made his public announcement on the strike, the Mayor reacted by declaring, "I had hoped that the Governor would join me in combatting the extortionist demands of the sanitation union. I deeply regret that he has chosen not to do so."

During the next few days, state legislators were barraged by telegrams, letters, and telephone calls supporting the Mayor's stand against what he called "capitulation." When the Governor asked to address the legislature on Monday, it refused to hear him, and by Wednesday it was clear that the



Governor would not be given emergency powers over the city's Sanitation Department. The conflict was finally resolved when both the city and the union agreed to abide by the recommendations of Vincent D. McDonnell, the Chairman of the State Mediation Board. On February 29th, the city agreed to a contract giving the sanitation workers a somewhat larger wage increase than it had previously been willing to offer, and the union, for its part, agreed to a fifteen-month contract instead of its usual one-year one.

Last fall, the sanitation workers were negotiating with the city again, along with the Uniformed Firefighters' Association and the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. At a particularly tangled juncture in the city's simultaneous contract deliberations with the three unions, the Mayor asked former United Nations Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg to mediate. "It was quite a time," a man who was present both before and during Mr. Goldberg's ministrations told me afterward. "At first, contrary to all you hear, John was getting along fine with Mike Maye, of the firemen, John Cassese, of the P.B.A., and DeLury. I mean on a personal basis. Why, DeLury even told him at one point how amazed he was the Mayor knew in such detail how rough and hazardous a sanitation man's job is. 'With all that you have to do,' DeLury said, 'I didn't think you'd have the time, let alone the inclination, to find out.' And there was genuine bargaining going on. But then the complications thickened, and it was smart of John to call Goldberg in. Goldberg really had things moving until, one day, John couldn't resist the old call to the civic colors. He started to make a speech during a bargaining session about the need to keep the interests of the city as a whole paramount. You know—we should all think in larger terms than our own narrow interests. Well, the room got very cold indeed. Goldberg asked John if he could have a word with him outside. In the corridor, Goldberg told the Mayor that if he came back into that room again he could find another negotiator. John stayed away. Fortunately, Nelson wasn't involved in that one."

THE Mayor and the Governor did engage in another duel last year, but it concerned the naming of a successor to the late Robert F. Kennedy rather than labor negotiations. On a Wednesday afternoon in mid-June, two weeks after the assassination of Senator Kennedy, I had an appointment with the Mayor at Gracie Mansion. The press had been quoting the Governor as saying that the Mayor was one of the men who were being considered for the Senate seat. The two had spoken about it twice on the telephone, the Governor told the *Times*, and once at a face-to-face meeting, the previous Sunday. The Mayor's only comment to the press had been, "The question is not before me. I've received no offer. There's nothing to accept or reject."

The Sunday meeting, I learned, had begun with the Governor's saying, "Tell me why I should appoint you to the Senate, John."

"Nelson, you're starting wrong," the Mayor had answered. "You're inviting job applications. I don't do business that way. The stakes are high. We're grown up, we're not children. Are you making me an offer?"

"I've told you that you're my first choice."

"Then that's an offer."

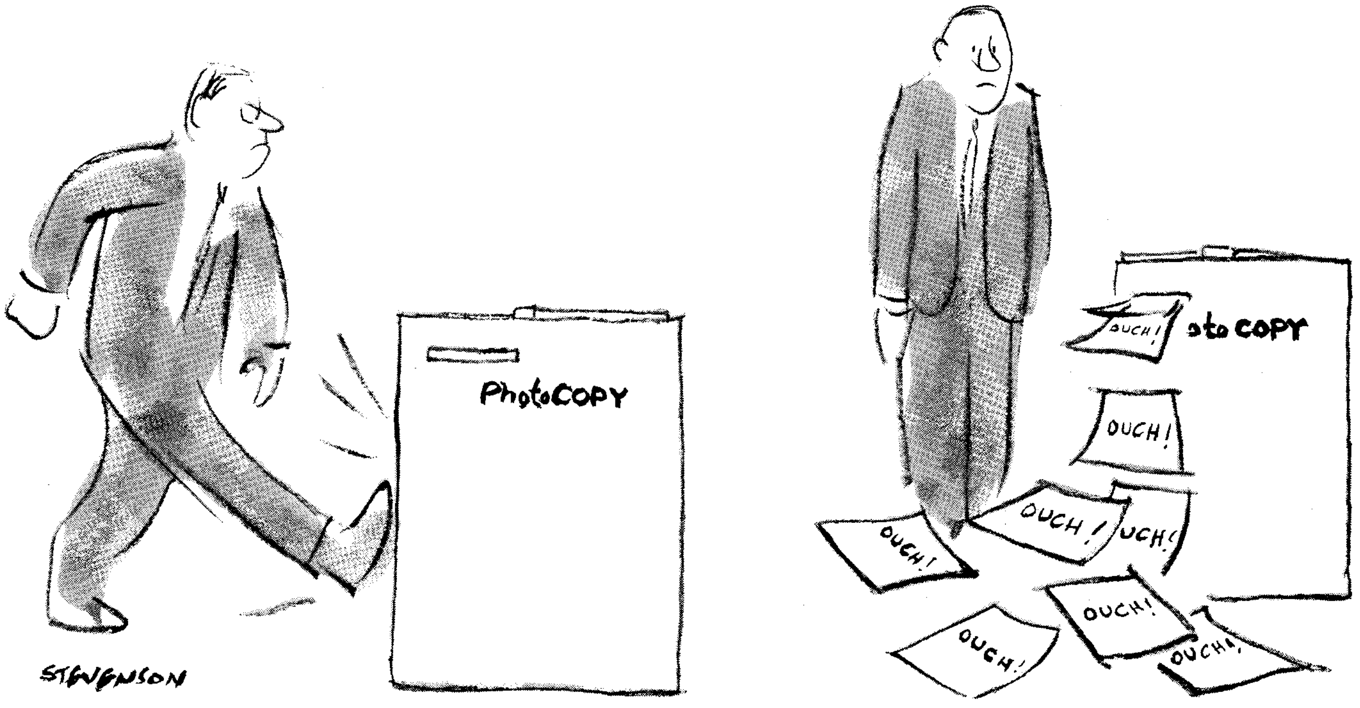
"No, it isn't."

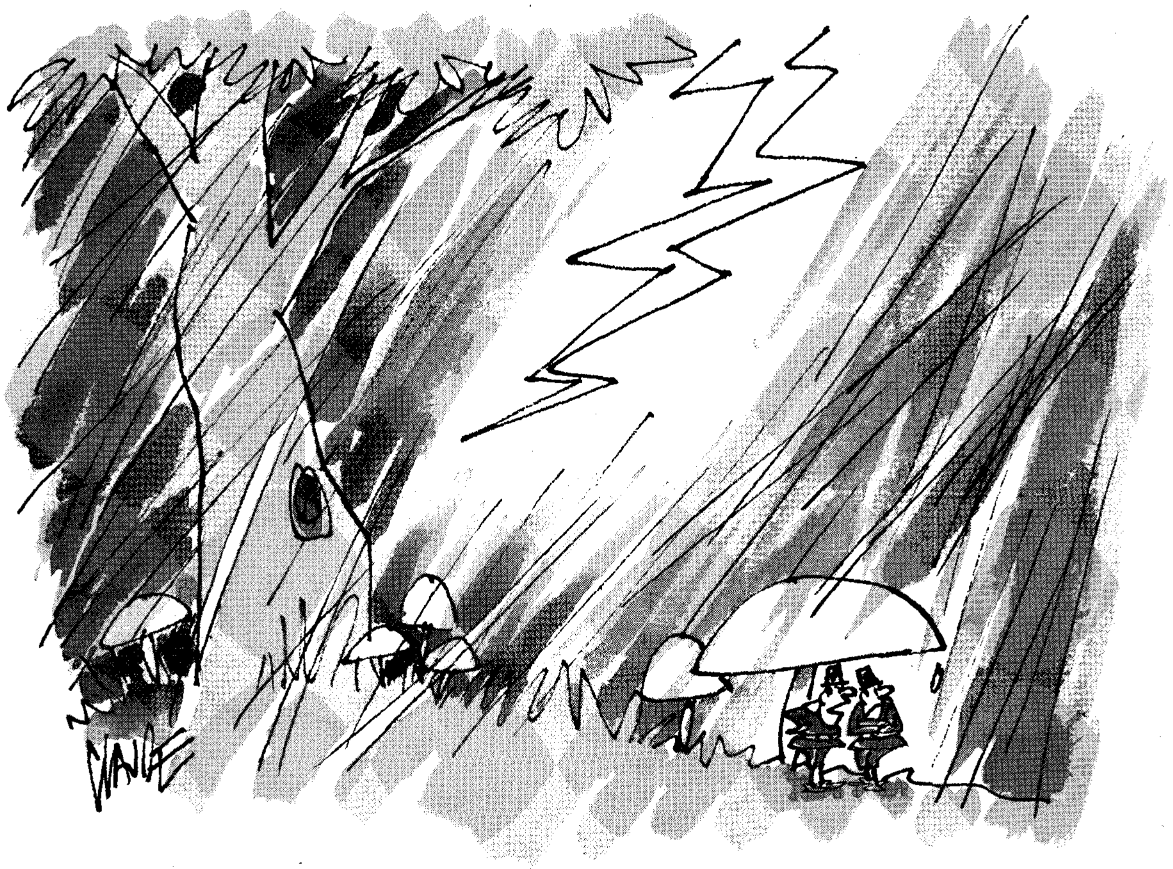
"O.K. That's the end of the conversation on this subject. We'll tell the press no offer has been made."

Before going to see the Mayor, I asked one of his assistants at City Hall for any additional information he could give me.

"First," the assistant said, "Rockefeller obviously wants to wait until after the Republican Convention, if he can get away with it. Anybody he chooses now, he figures, will alienate some section of the Republican Party. He's in a real spot about John. John told Rockefeller from the start, 'You're crazy if you think you can hide the fact that you've thought about me in terms of the senatorship.' But Rockefeller doesn't want to make an offer, not only because of the Convention but also because he's afraid that if he's finally forced by public opinion to ask John, he'll be turned down. What he'd like John to do is make a statement taking himself out of it entirely. But John wants to keep him on the hook."

A few hours later, approaching Gracie Mansion, I forgot for a time the jousting between the Governor and the Mayor. Because of Senator Kennedy's assassination, I had expected that security would be increased at the Mansion, and that a considerable number of police would be on duty


PhotoCOPY
otoCOPY
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!



"Oh, stop trembling! I've told you a hundred times it's not mushrooms you don't stand under, it's trees."

• •

there. But there was only one officer at the entrance gate, just inside of which John Lindsay, Jr., was playing with several friends. The policeman checked my name on a list and motioned me through without a search. I was surprised. Waiting in a room on the first floor, I looked out at Carl Schurz Park. Just a few feet away, people were walking past or sitting on benches.

The Mayor strode in, shook hands, and told me to follow him downstairs to his office. I said that I had expected to find the Mansion's security arrangements increased, and that he seemed quite casual about his safety.

"Oh," he said, waving the question away. "That's nonsense—the idea that you can prevent yourself from being killed. I travel with one guy, and he's useful for a number of reasons, few of them having to do with safety. Like someone asks me for a job, and I point to the detective and say he's the assistant who'll take down the information."

When we had settled down in his office, I asked the Mayor about the speculation concerning the successor to Senator Kennedy.

"The thing is," the Mayor said, "Nelson doesn't realize that if he did offer it to me and I turned it down, that wouldn't hurt him or the man who does eventually accept the appointment. My answer would be that I have to support the mayoring business—that the action is here. Sure, I'd turn it down. I've told Nelson that in power, complexity, and responsibility my job dwarfs even his, and that he ought to keep that in mind. But he still thinks I might accept, and that makes him fearful. I know what he's thinking: If I do make you a senator, would you still come up to New York this summer and walk through the ghettos? He's afraid there might be a riot while he's running for President, and he wants me in the city to cool it for him. That's an illusion he has—that my presence can guarantee quiet. He doesn't know the problems; he really doesn't. I can't prove it, but I'm sure he hasn't read this." The Mayor picked up from his desk a paperback copy of the "Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders." (He was vice-chairman of the group, headed by Governor Otto Kerner, of Illinois, that prepared the report.) "I'll grant him that he has reason for anxiety—precisely because he doesn't know the problems. He could make a mistake. He could use not enough force or too much. Anyway, what I finally said to him Sunday was 'Nelson, for whatever reason—whether it's for your own good or the good of the Party, or whatever—make up your mind and come to a decision.' "

There was nothing more to be said about the Senate appointment, and since Lindsay was definitely going to finish out his first term as Mayor, I asked him about the effects his job had had on him so far. "When you began," I said, "some people on your staff were concerned that in order to survive all the pressures you'd have to develop toughness until you eventually lost most of your sensitivity."

The Mayor looked solemn and said, "It hasn't happened." Then, unable to suppress a smile, he added, "Except that I don't trust anybody. I'm not counting Mary, of course, but otherwise there are very few people I fully trust. And I'm not entirely sure about those." He was no longer smiling. "This game is so big, the stakes are so high, that ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of the people out there"—he pointed vaguely beyond the confines of his office—"are going to look out for their own skins first. There are very, very few who will walk over the cliff with you. The rest go for themselves."

"Who would walk over the cliff with you?"

"That's a tough one." The Mayor thought for some time, and then said slowly, "Harvey Rothenberg. Don Elliott. Fred Hayes. Mitch Ginsberg—he's great. And Harry O'Donnell would. And maybe one or two others."

He frowned, apparently at the thought of how small the number of absolute loyalists on his staff appeared to be. I turned the conversation to the police, and the frown deepened. I had written him about what I had considered to be police violence at Columbia University that spring, and I mentioned other instances of police behavior that had bothered me in recent months. "What you don't realize," the Mayor

Super Sheen Make-up

for an instant summer look

A twist of the wrist and you have a glowing,
sun-blushed complexion…in shades of Pink, Peach or Apricot,
and for sun-bright highlighting—translucent Pearl.

Super-Bronze Make-up

in two shining depths to make you look tan, or even tanner.
All together—a great look!

Germaine Monteil

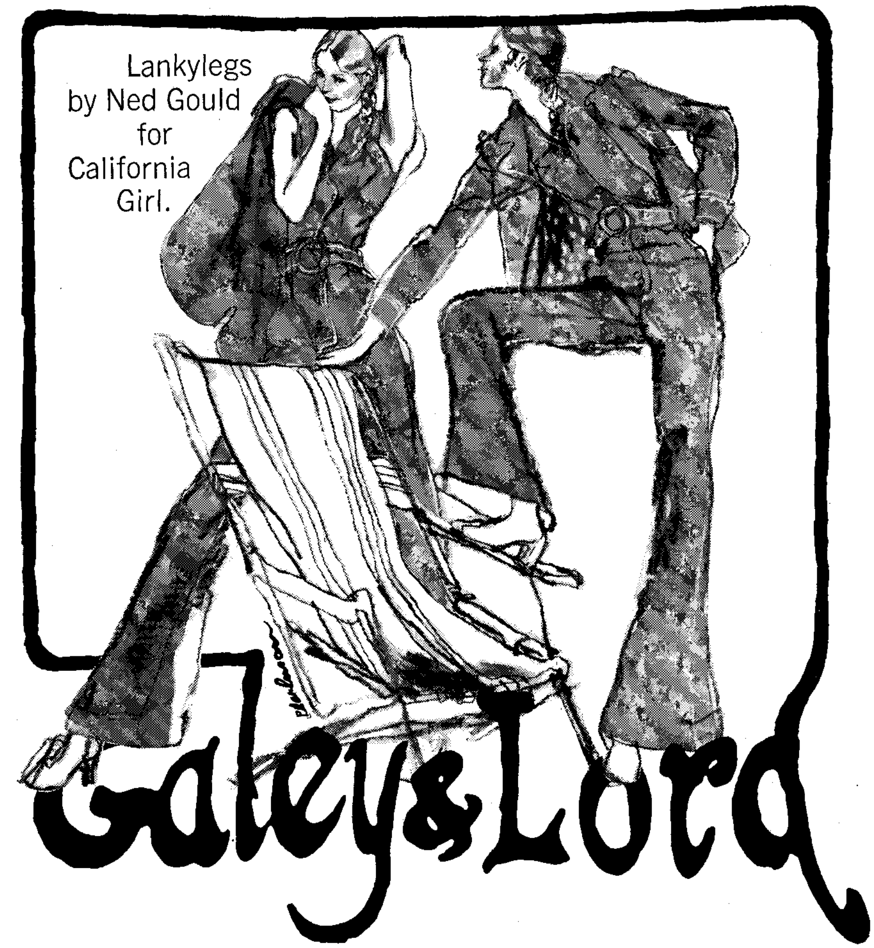
FINE BLUE ZOISITE
The new gem from Tanzania

$1950

$1250 Rings set with diamonds in platinum.

$625

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022


Lankylegs by Ned Gould for California Girl.

Galey & Lord

Polyester/cotton poplin woven by Galey & Lord,
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

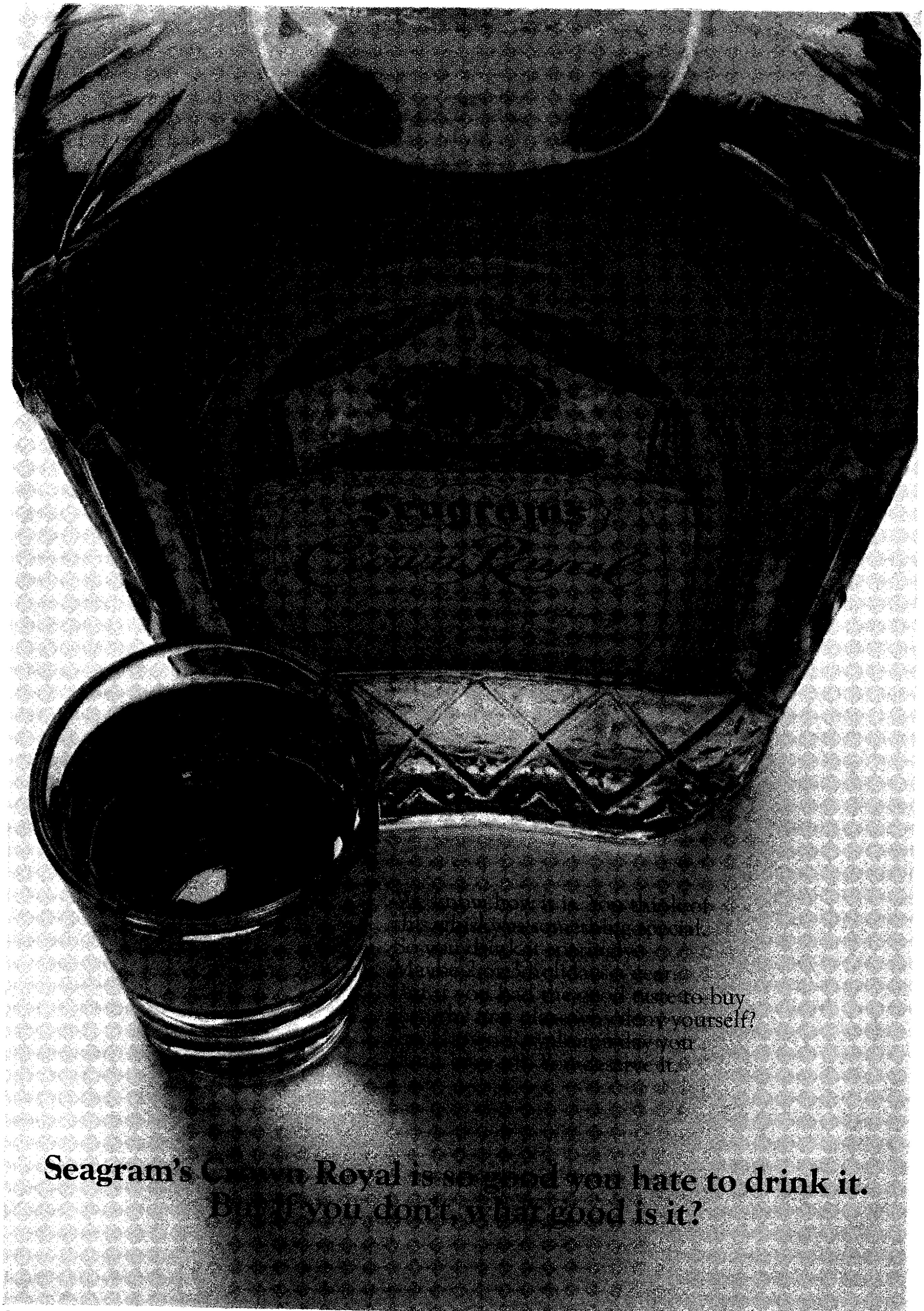
said, drumming his fingers on his desk as he spoke, "is that my job is to keep perfecting that department and to keep reasonable control over it—not to overthrow it. You remember that movie in which Bob Hope played Jimmy Walker? There was a scene in it with what looked like twenty-five thousand cops in front of the Mayor, and Walker's line was 'I don't know if I'm running them or they're running me.' You can't move that monolith overnight. You do it by constant pressure—push, push, push. The Police Commissioner has his problems, and I give him more every day, in private conversations, in private notes. Your eyes would pop if you saw some of our exchanges. He'll curse me out, and I'll come back to him with more. Sure, he gets his back up, but he comes around. Like, he'll bridle at the young Turks occasionally—Jay Kriegel, of this office, for one—but the next day he'll call up Kriegel and say, 'Let's go out for a drink.' I greatly admire that man. Howard Leary has been good for the city. What's come out of all this is that Howard has made some excellent appointments, and there has been a definite move in that department toward being more responsive to particular sensitivities in particular places in the city. I'd say that gradually we've got on top of the police problem.

"But I have to pick my battlegrounds on this whole subject of the police. In the long run, what's most important is the quality of the new leadership and the increased productivity of the department. As you know, we've been trying to make this damn government work, trying to make it more flexible by the use of modern management techniques. And so far this approach is working best in the Police Department, of all places. Our next step, by the way, is to make clear that *we* are in charge if the National Guard ever has to be called in. Leary and I have been having a big fight about that with the Governor's people."

"Have you won?"

The Mayor grinned. "Let's say we haven't lost yet."

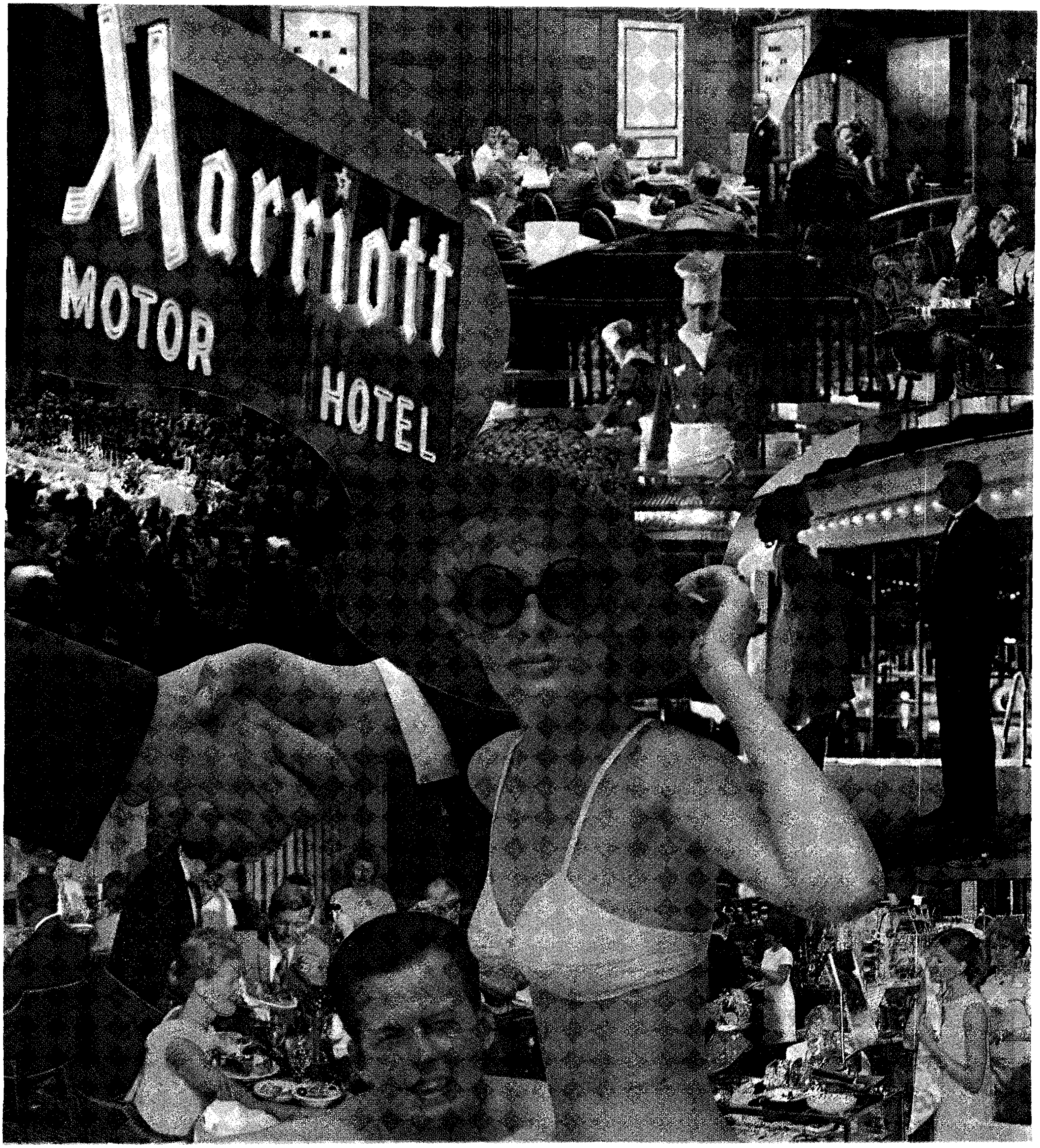
The Mayor took a telephone call. He was being asked about the job qualifications of an official who had recently left the Lindsay administration and was now being considered for an executive position in a private agency working with community-action groups. "He'd be just right for you," the Mayor said. He leaned back and put a foot on the desk. "He only left the other job because he was the wrong


Seagram's
Crown Royal
taste to buy
yourself?
you
it.
Seagram's Crown Royal is so good you hate to drink it.
But if you don't, what good is it?

Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian. In the purple sack. About $9 a fifth. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

MARRIOTT'S A WIFE TREATER. Bring the wives to your next meeting. While they swim, boutique, and relax, you tend to business. Then dine and dance by candle-light, sharing the fun, food and excitement. There's no pleasure like Marriott business.

THIS IS LIVING!



MOTOR HOTELS in Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Philadelphia, Saddle Brook, N.J., Washington, D.C., Boston ('69). Camelback Inn, Scottsdale, Arizona. Sales Offices in Washington (202) 223-5040; New York (212) 889-4910; Chicago (312) 693-2044.
COMING SOON: Marriott Inns . . . Nationwide.

THIS IS MARRIOTT!

color. At that place, at that time, you had to be black for that job. He's good because he can make decisions. You need some arbitrariness in this community-action field once in a while. Christ, you get so many power groups banging into each other, with some of them trying to stop *any* decision. He showed here that while he believes in maximum feasible participation of the poor, he's also convinced that there comes a point when the government simply has to act. I also like him because he took a chance coming into this administration. He's not of my party, he comes from a different world, and I know he took it on with a great deal of hesitation, because he didn't know me well. He thought, What the hell am I doing with a Republican Mayor? But we worked well together, I think. He was just the wrong color for where he wound up, that's all. He's your man."

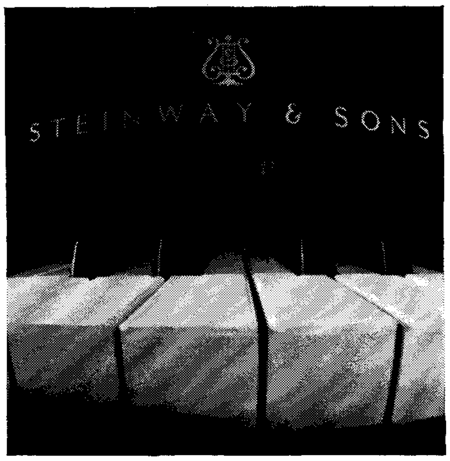
After the Mayor hung up, his appointments secretary, Harvey Rothenberg, came in and indicated that I didn't have much time left. I asked the Mayor about a news report that on the previous day he and Carl Stokes, the Mayor of Cleveland, had persuaded the United States Conference of Mayors, meeting in Chicago, to form a lobbying committee for a federal guaranteed annual income for the poor.

"Yes," the Mayor said. "It took some doing, but that's the direction in which we have to go. The whole welfare apparatus is falling apart. All that bureaucracy and red tape, and you can't live in dignity or decency under it. Meanwhile, the middle class is getting increasingly fed up with paying taxes for something that isn't productive and that isn't getting us anywhere. The federal government has to take the responsibility for income supplements, and within a greatly simplified administrative structure. But for that to happen we'll need a greatly changed Congress."

"How are we going to get that?"

"The young people in this country are going to have to accomplish that. It's one thing to get all fired up about Gene McCarthy and swarm into New Hampshire for him from all over the country. But they've got to focus that energy into working in their own communities for *ideas*, like the guaranteed income. Up to now, as with McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy, ideas have been translated into personalities. But now the ideas themselves have to take on personalities. You just can't bring change through building up single men anymore. People have to start think-

The economy, class piano.



Steinway® has a 115 year reputation as the class piano. But its economy is something many people forget about.

Start with the way it's made. Every one of the 12,001 parts that go into the Steinway was invented, designed and assembled to last for a lifetime.

That's why Steinway is the first, last and only piano you'll ever want to buy.

(After the Steinway, there's nothing to move up to.)

Then there's what it means to play a Steinway. Children who learn on this piano tend to take music more seriously. Because it has a kind of inspiration built in.

Every great pianist who will play nothing but a Steinway understands this inspiration. Even beginners feel it.

Perhaps that's the most economical thing about a Steinway.

Because you can't buy it in any other piano.

Steinway & Sons

For information, write: John Steinway, Steinway Hall, 111 West 57th Street, New York, 10019

ing about, and working for, fundamental issues."

"Do you think it's conceivable that we can get that different a Congress within the next ten years?" I asked.

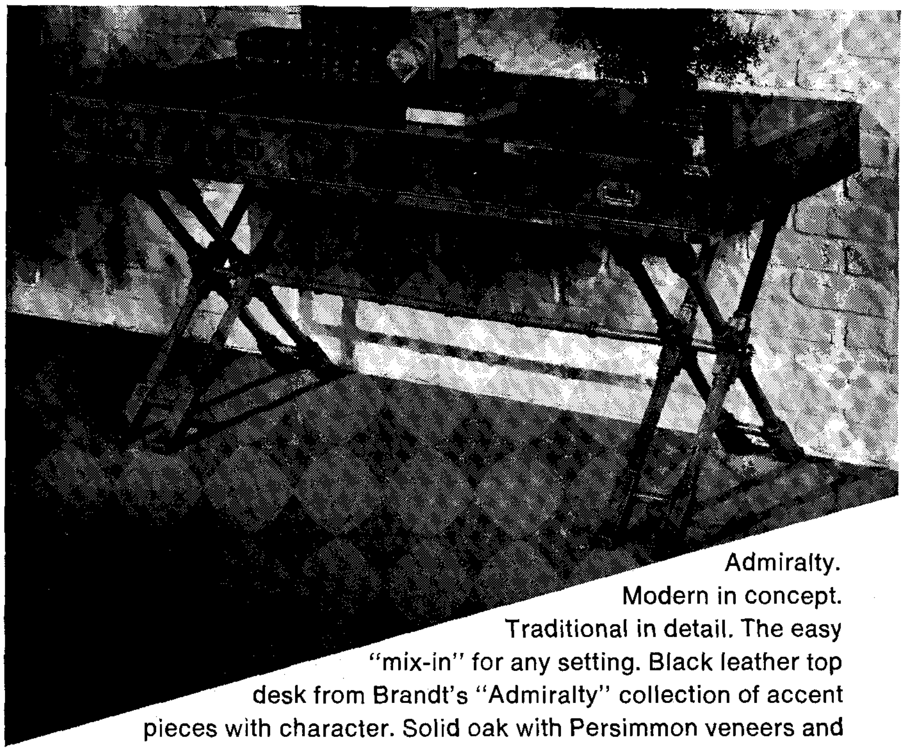
The Mayor raised his eyebrows. "Just barely," he said.

I DID not see the Mayor again until after the Republican and Democratic National Conventions. His role at the Republican Convention, in Miami, had been subject to diverse interpretations, many of them strongly critical of him. For instance, after initial reports that he might be willing to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination on a Nixon ticket, there was considerable dismay both among the members of his staff back in the city and among New Yorkers in general. A high-school junior wrote him a letter that the *Times* printed, which said in part:

> You will probably never see this letter. Still, I felt that I must do something to show my pure and utter disgust that you, a man I held in such high esteem, would even consider running with Mr. Nixon. . . . Assuredly you will disenchant many of your young and idealistic supporters. . . . What we need in this country are statesmen. People who will place personal integrity above personal ambition. We no longer need you.

When Spiro Agnew turned out to be the Vice-Presidential choice, the Mayor's agreement to make a seconding speech for his nomination was regarded by many liberal Republicans and independent voters as one of the least luminous acts of his career. One newspaperman, Jimmy Breslin, went so far as to proclaim, "The thing that allowed John Lindsay to get up and second Spiro Agnew for the office of Vice-President is the thing that is the matter with the country." And when Nelson Rockefeller, a defeated contender for the Presidential nomination, was asked if he disapproved of the Mayor's decision to second Agnew, he said, with a certain degree of merriment, "No, there was great pressure on him to be regular, and, besides, he's looking toward 1972."

The sensible course, it seemed to me, was to ask the Mayor himself about the events in Miami, and on the afternoon of the first Wednesday in September I went to Gracie Mansion. I noticed more policemen there than I had seen on any of my previous visits. Four were stationed at the front gate, two of them with walkie-talkies, and when I walked around to the porch at the back of the Mansion, I saw two more patrolling the grounds. I sat on the porch, looking at the first fall leaves



Admiralty.
Modern in concept.
Traditional in detail. The easy "mix-in" for any setting. Black leather top desk from Brandt's "Admiralty" collection of accent pieces with character. Solid oak with Persimmon veneers and antiqued brass ornaments. Top 60″ x 29″, height 29½″.
At better stores everywhere. Send $2.00 for catalogue of complete Brandt line. Brandt Cabinet Works, Inc., 686 Pennsylvania Ave., Dept. #NY95, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

crafted with care by Brandt

UNIVERSAL BLENDER RECIPE FILE

Give generously.
Give Universal.

Our deluxe solid state blender may cost a little more, but it's worth it, because it does more. So go ahead. Give generously.

The Gift Line...
Universal by General Electric

Avis does it twice a year.

Those shiny new Plymouths at Avis ought to be shiny and new. We trade in almost all of them as soon as they're 180 days old.

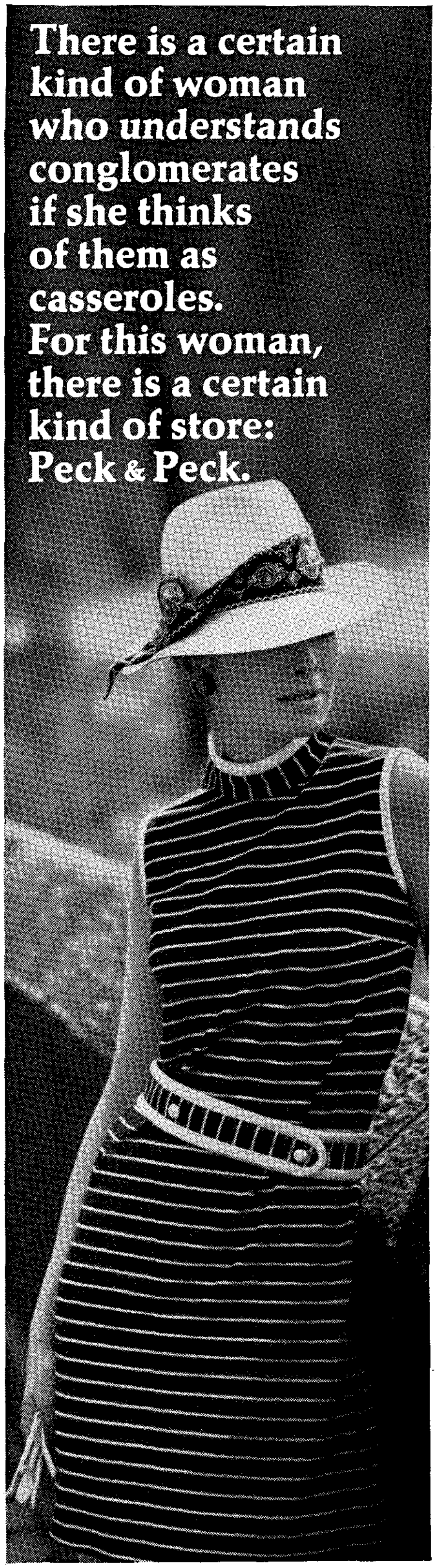
Which means that twice a year we've got brand spanking new cars to rent.

So, may we ask you a simple question?

Would you rather rent a car that's been driven hard, or one that's hardly been driven?

AVIS

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT


There is a certain kind of woman who understands conglomerates if she thinks of them as casseroles.
For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

It's so easy to figure out why this knit is a dream. Made of Trevira® polyester, it's washable—as well as sittable, packable and just plain wearable. Navy or green with white stripings, buttons and banding. 8 to 16, 36.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/San Francisco/Boston
St. Louis/Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland
Rochester/Baltimore/Chicago/Providence
Philadelphia/Buffalo/Kansas City/Hartford
Detroit/Washington, D. C./Springfield
Newport/Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

near the flower beds, at a red hula hoop on the grass, and at a squirrel that was looking at the policemen. The Mayor came out onto the porch, and, after greeting me, answered my question about Miami.

"There was no mystery about what happened there," he said. "Sure, I was under terrific pressure to go for the Vice-Presidency from liberal governors, senators, and congressmen who are up for election this year. They were very much worried about their chances on a Nixon ticket, and they thought I could help if I was part of it. But I kept telling them I didn't want the job. From the very beginning, my strategy was to make myself as unavailable as possible without becoming obnoxiously obvious about it. And there did seem to be a possibility that Nixon might ask me. I was talking to Herbert Brownell at the start of the Convention, and he was absolutely cold-blooded about it. 'Nixon may turn to you,' he said. 'It would be the smartest thing for him to do politically. And if he does, only you and Mary can decide what the answer will be.' Well, I didn't want it to get to that point. Accordingly, that speech of mine introducing Dan Evans, the Governor of Washington, as the keynoter was specifically designed to put everyone on notice where I stand, and thereby keep me off the ticket. I came on strong not only about Vietnam—the phrase was 'deadly folly'—but also about black demands. One paragraph in particular was not about to get me on that ticket."

I had brought a folder of Miami material with me, which included the Mayor's speech introducing Evans. He pointed out the paragraph, which went:

> Others of our citizens are prisoners, too—not just of fear but of that persistent injustice which denies their decency. These black Americans have told us *that they are unwilling to accept this* indecency as their legacy; that generations of unfilled pledges are enough; that generations of welfare dependency are enough; that another generation of ruined lives is too much.

It didn't seem to me to be as strong a statement as the Mayor thought it was, but, still, the paragraph could hardly be said to reflect the convictions—let alone the order of priorities—of the majority of the delegates.

"As it happened, I got blackballed, I'm told, early in the game in the talks about the Vice-Presidency," the Mayor continued. "It was my stand on Vietnam they landed on. O.K., then Nixon announced it was Agnew. As soon as I heard that, I called Nelson and we chatted about it. 'As sure as I'm sitting here,' I told him, 'I'm going to get a call tonight. I don't know whether it'll be to nominate him or to second him.' Nelson said that if I was going to discourage last-minute attempts on my behalf for the Vice-Presidency on the floor, I had no particular choice in the matter. As for him, he was going to ask the New York State delegation to support the man Nixon wanted, because he didn't want to look like a spoiler, a sore loser. And also because if *he'd* been nominated he would have demanded the same right to pick his own man. It all made sense to me. I was certainly not going to encourage any last-minute battle for *me* that night, and I was certainly going to support the ticket. So it seemed consistent to do what I was finally asked to—second Nixon's choice."

"That was some seconding speech," I said. "As I recall, you only mentioned Agnew's name twice."

Mary Lindsay had come out onto the porch with a tray of soft drinks. She smiled now and said, "Kathy [the eldest of their three daughters] says you didn't mention his name once."

The Mayor grinned and made no comment.

I asked the Mayor if he thought he had accomplished what he wanted to in Miami and had accomplished it without harming his political future.

"Yes, on balance," he said. "I'm *not* running in 1968—which I didn't want to do—and I'm free to say what I have to about the war and the cities. I certainly wouldn't have enjoyed being the Vice-Presidential nominee. First of all, I would have been under some restraint. Second, the press would have kept looking for the slightest deviations between Nixon and me and would have blown each one way up. So if Nixon lost, who'd be to blame? Me. You know, Dewey talked himself into believing that the real reason he lost in 1948 was that Earl Warren was on the ticket. Also, it wouldn't have been a joy for Nixon, either, if I'd been running with him. Deviations between us *would* have been inevitable. And if you're the candidate for the Presidency, it's tough to pick up the newspapers and see that your running mate is on another tangent entirely. He would have been on his heels every day—defending, explaining."

"Tell me," I said. "What if Nixon had asked you?"

"If the crunch had come, I would

This makeup costs $20 an ounce. And women have been buying it for 20 years.

Until you try it on your own skin you'll never really know whether they're on to something or are just impressed by the price.

Go ahead. Try it on your own skin. You won't risk a thing but temptation.

Go to the cosmetic counter of the finest store you know. Once there, ask for, if necessary even wait for, the woman who specializes in Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics.

This is important. Because, like perfume, our Countess Isserlyn Make-Up does different things on different people. You'll need a specialist's trained help to find your Countess color this first time.

Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jaw-line. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

From here on, we think you'll be astonished. By how much that one finger-touch covers. By the way it seems to slip itself over your face.

You've heard of velvet complexions. Now we think you'll see one. Your own. With just enough clean shimmer left on the surface so this newly-made-up patch of your skin seems unobscured by any makeup at all.

At this point, we think you'll want to claim your own bottle at once, take off the rest of your makeup, and do your whole face over right, then and there.

But if you're not quite sure, just very tempted, wait. Look again hours later. See if you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff

Countess Isserlyn
MAKE-UP
Alexandra de Markoff

© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1969

If you're pressed for time...

...does it have to look like you're pressed for time?

There's almost no way you can make a meal-in-a-hurry look as if you had spent a lot of time with it.

Almost.

Try serving it with Spode china and crystal. They not only make the meal look better, they may even make it taste better.

You see, Spode has been making fine bone china for 200 years. And it's made to be used. And used. For any occasion. It's the finest, whitest, translucent bone china you can buy. But it also wears well—so well, in fact, you can wash it day after day in the dishwasher.

And notice how beautifully our elegant crystal goes with the china. It carries the Spode name, too. Because it's made with the same fine craftsmanship that has made Spode a traditional symbol of fine quality. And it's made in many lovely patterns in the only shapes you need: water goblet, wine, dessert-champagne.

Imagine. If Spode can make a frozen dinner look good, think what it can do for something special!

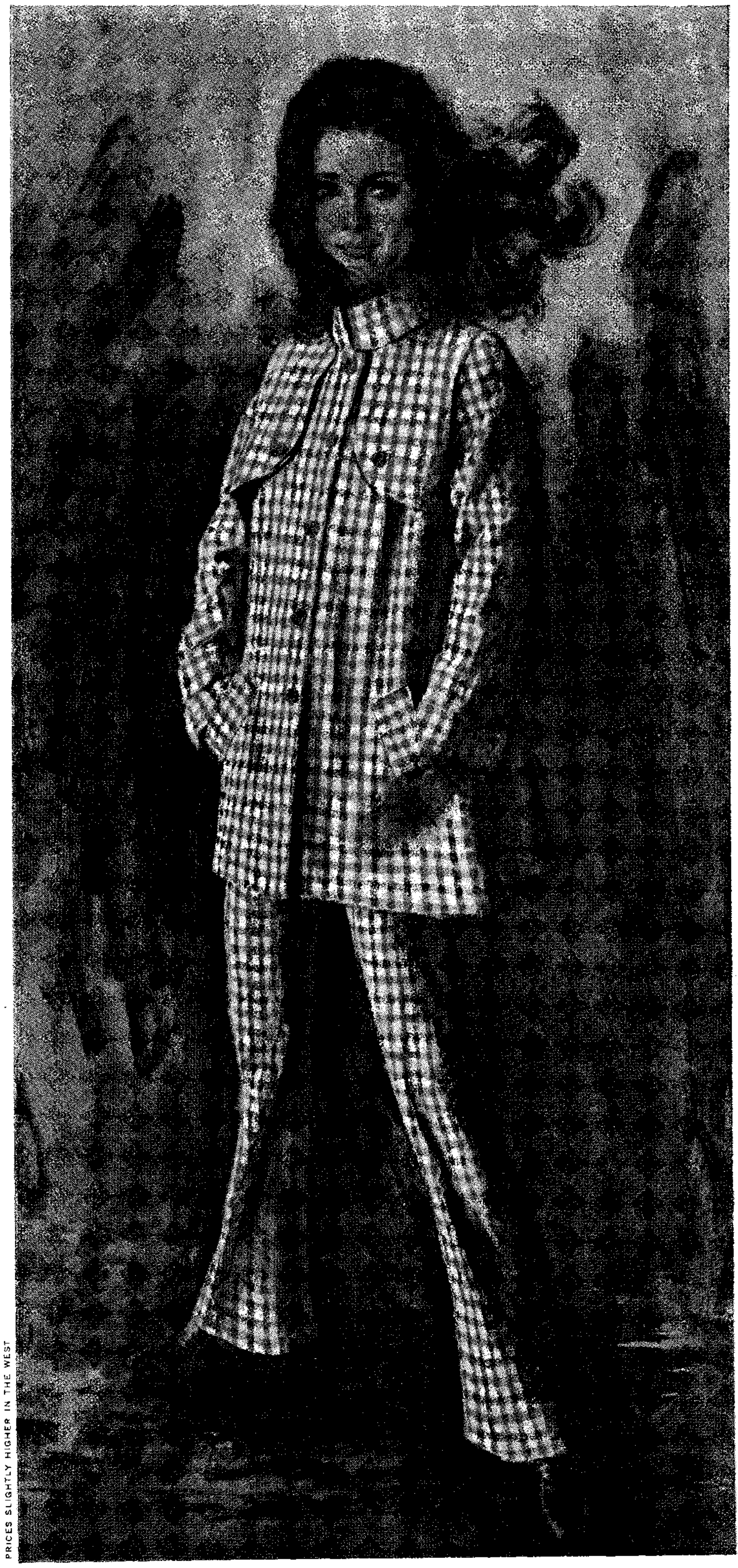
Bone china: "Camelot," 5-pc place setting, $32.95. Hand-blown lead crystal: "Sonata," 3-pc place setting, $16.50.

We'd like you to have our exciting color booklet. It tells you all about Spode china and crystal—in beautifully illustrated color pages. For the fine store in your area that has one just waiting for you, phone any time, no charge: (800) 243-0355. In Connecticut, call collect: 853-3600. Or write to Spode, Inc. Dept. NYT, 206 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010. In Canada: Spode Ltd., 120 Wellington Street West, Toronto 1.

Spode

CHINA CRYSTAL

All it takes is a pretty girl, Sport Sophisticates and Mooresville Mills



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Sport Sophisticates' "rain suit" is of Mooresville Mills' 50% Fortrel® polyester, 50% combed cotton Villamoor™ fabric. Raincoat, about $100; rain pants, about $40. At Bloomingdale's, New York City; Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.; Halle Bros., Cleveland, Ohio; The Denver, Denver, Colo.; Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal.; Jordan Marsh, Miami, Fla.

Mooresville Mills
1345 Ave. of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10019.
A Division of
Burlington Industries

have made a deal with him," the Mayor answered. "He would have had to let me say exactly what I think is needed concerning Vietnam and the cities. But it never came near that."

"It has worked out so that your standing in the Party hasn't been hurt," I said. "But I wonder if you'll ever have a real chance at the Republican nomination for the Presidency." I read the Mayor part of a column that Clayton Fritchey had written shortly after the Miami Convention. In this article, which appeared in the New York *Post* on August 12, 1968, Fritchey said, "Lindsay is simply too outspoken, too sophisticated, too liberal, too intellectually and morally impatient for a party which, while possibly moving toward moderation, is still moving slowly. It is doubtful if Lindsay will ever have a better chance nationally than he had last week, and nothing came of it."

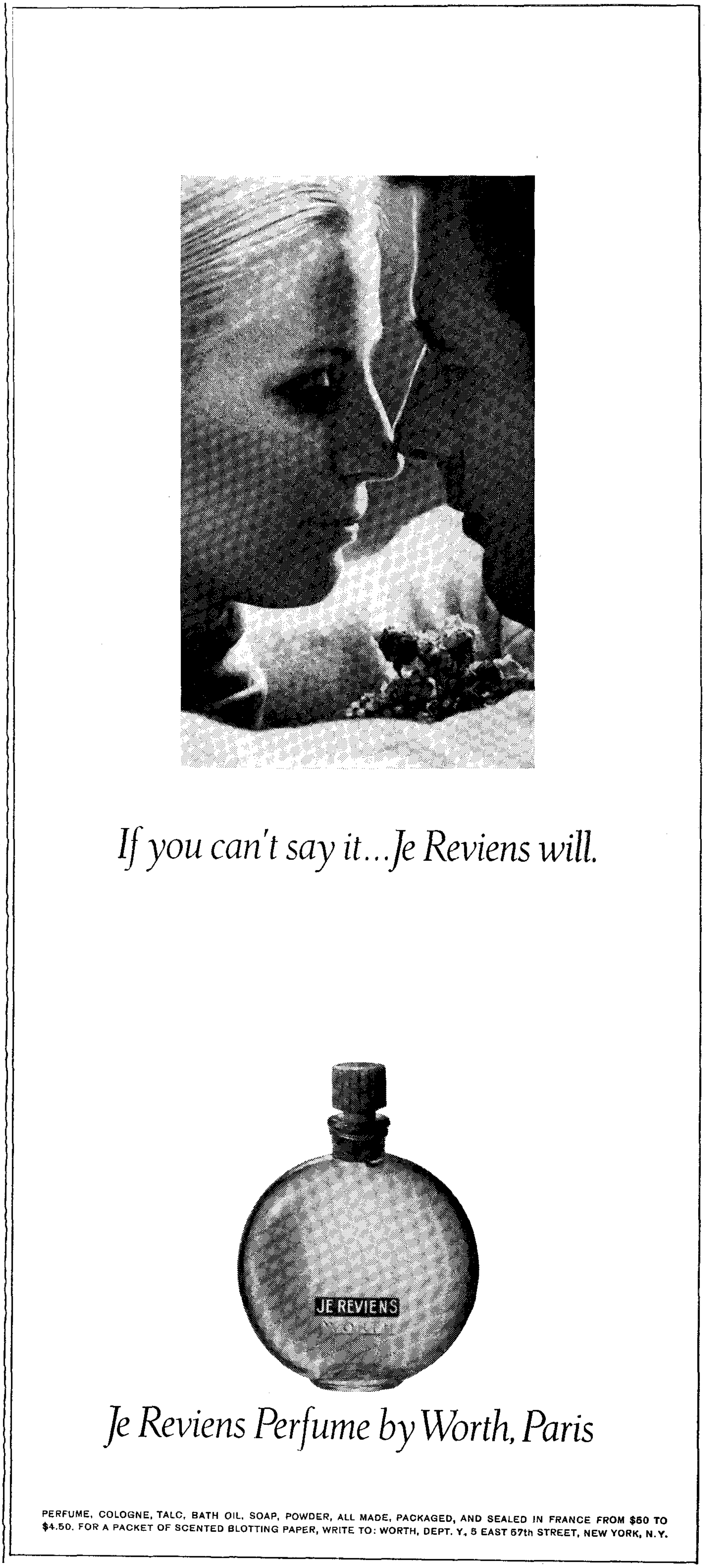
The Mayor made no immediate response. He looked out at the East River, and then shrugged. "You never know what's going to happen," he said. "Who would have been able to foresee a Republican Convention, four years after the Goldwater nomination, applauding the kind of speech I made in introducing Dan Evans? Actually, I was surprised that the response to me that night was so good, particularly since I followed Goldwater himself. They had themselves a little orgy for him, but most of it, of course, was sentiment. It happens to anyone who has run on a national ticket. But, in answer to Fritchey, I say again that anything can happen. I still do think, in any case, that if a liberal Republican is serious about running nationally in the years ahead he's going to have to go into the primaries and be very candid about bringing the issues to the people. I've always done that. I've had to; I've never had any organizational support. I made clear where I stood and told the Republican Party to come along with me."

With regard to the more immediate future, I asked the Mayor if he had decided whether or not to run for reëlection in 1969.

"I can put that one off for several months," he said. "I haven't had any long talks with Mare about it."

"Whom else do you consult with about political decisions these days?"

"Herb Brownell. He has very good judgment—completely dispassionate. Of my brothers, Rod has never enjoyed politics that much. George is a good combination of practicality and idealism. And Dave is especially useful. He's



If you can't say it...Je Reviens will.

Je Reviens Perfume by Worth, Paris

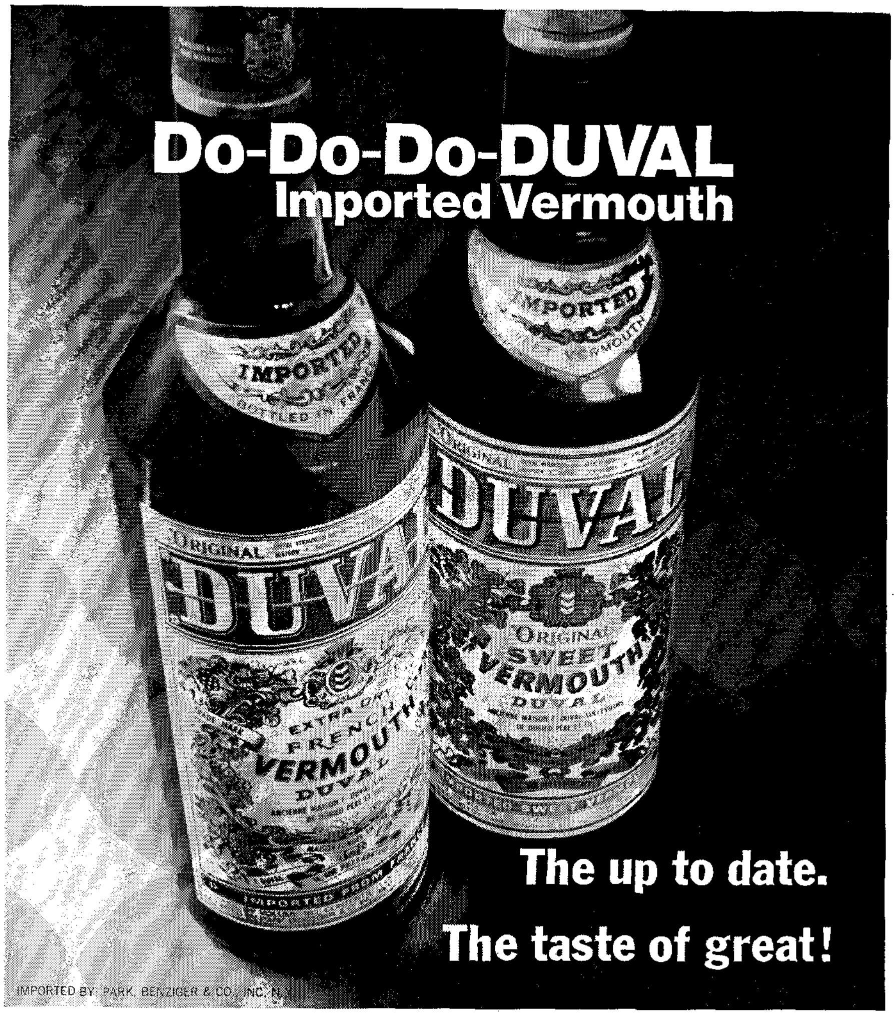
PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP, POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50 TO $4.50. FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. Y, 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

a natural-born politician." Robert Lindsay, the Mayor's younger brother, who is called Rod, is a banker with Morgan Guaranty; George, a few years older than the Mayor, is an attorney for a New York law firm, as is David, the Mayor's fraternal twin. "And, increasingly," the Mayor continued, "I've been consulting with the Mayor's cabinet on purely political questions and on issues that have political overtones. I used to be quite diffident about bringing up that kind of question at one of those 8 A.M. cabinet meetings, but now it's no problem. We occasionally talk about the political effects of certain moves, the right timing for them, the political relationships between the state and the city, and how we can get the things we need for the city no matter who's elected President. In and out of the cabinet, we've developed a good, mostly young team, and it has marvellous political acumen. Bob Sweet is chief of staff, and the team also includes Lee Rankin and several assistants to the Mayor—Jay Kriegel, Lew Feldstein, Peter Goldmark. I've recently added Jeff Greenfield, who was an assistant to Bobby Kennedy, and there's Peter Tufo, who runs our Washington office."

An aide had been standing in the doorway for a few minutes, and now he signalled to the Mayor that a phone call was waiting for him.

"And we're about to add a new guy," the Mayor said as he rose. "Gordon Davis, from the Bureau of the Budget. And, of course, there's Harry O'Donnell. He's in on all the political decisions. It's a very useful team. I don't hesitate to bounce really sticky questions off them, and they appreciate being asked."

"About that team," the aide said when the Mayor had left. "I'll give you an example of how it works. There's trouble in the P.B.A., and it's going to get worse. There's a group to the right of President Cassese and Norman Frank, the P.B.A.'s public-relations counsel, and it's growing. In trying to accommodate it, Cassese has been charging that it's City Hall policy, implemented through the cops' superior officers, to tell policemen to go easy on looters and demonstrators. Then, if you remember, Cassese publicly told his membership to disregard any such orders from superior officers. Well, Leary can handle that kind of thing, provided that the team of Rankin, Goldmark, Kriegel, and Lindsay is there to give him the proper help. Did you read that statement Leary made on August 15th that was sent



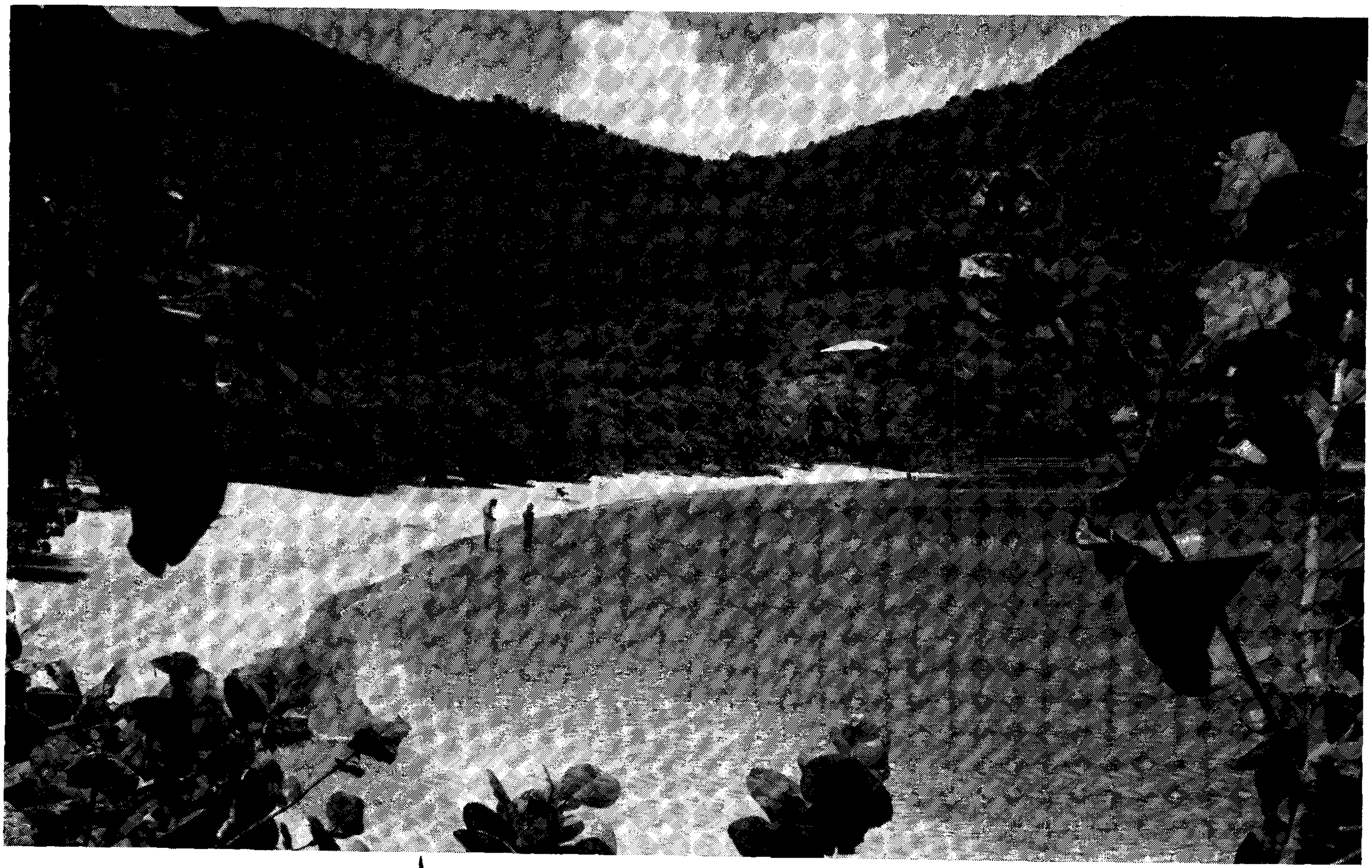
Plaids:
sport coat preference
of men at ease

Plaids mark the leisure-minded man this spring. Blue, green or tan plaids crisply contrasted on light grounds in coolweight sport coats. Graham & Gunn tailoring expertise is immediately sensed in the natural fit and subtly apparent in the meticulous line-by-line joining of the plaid.

Graham & Gunn, Ltd.

Graham & Gunn suits $120 to $185, sports coats $80 to $125 at these and other fine stores: F. R. TRIPLER & CO., New York • CAPPER & CAPPER, Chicago, Detroit • JACK HENRY, INC., Kansas City • HUBERT W. WHITE, Minneapolis, St. Paul • LITTLER, Seattle • ROOT'S, INC., Summit • MacNEIL AND MOORE, Milwaukee, Madison • EVERETT HOLZAPFEL INC., Nashville.

Mountains, rivers, vast reaches of land and sky...islands floating on tropic seas. These are the gateways to Nature's world, inviting all to enter, relax... to refresh body and soul.



Dorado Beach Hotel
DORADO BEACH • PUERTO RICO

Mauna Kea Beach Hotel
KAMUELA • HAWAII

Caneel Bay Plantation
ST. JOHN • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Little Dix Bay
VIRGIN GORDA • BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

Fountain Valley GOLF COURSE
ST. CROIX • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

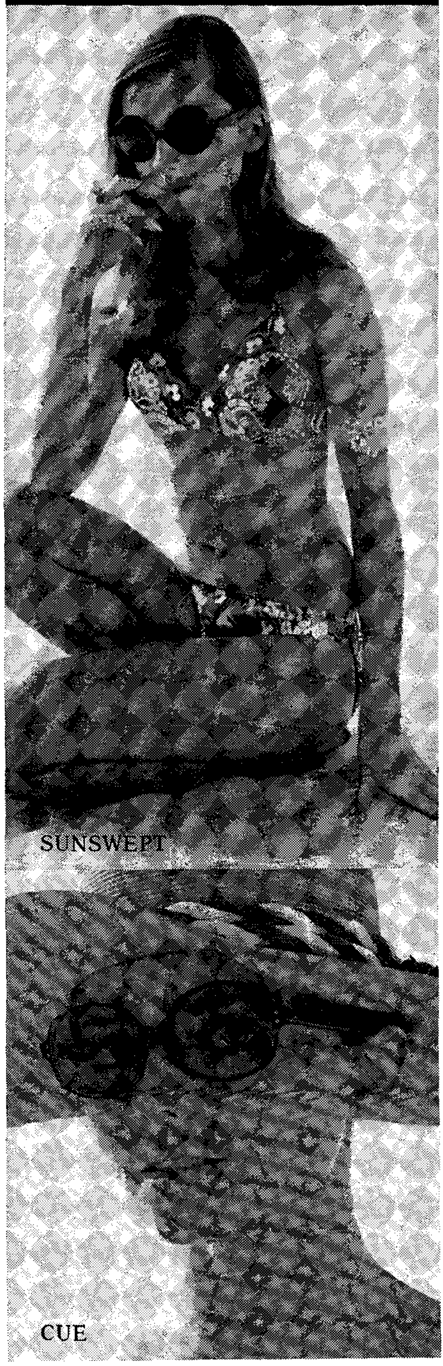
Woodstock Inn
WOODSTOCK • VERMONT
(New Inn Opening Fall, 1969)

Jackson Lake Lodge
GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK, WYOMING

Rockresorts, Inc., which manages these facilities, is a development corporation jointly owned by Mr. Laurance S. Rockefeller and Eastern Airlines, reflecting a mutual interest in the expansion of travel and resort recreation. Eastern Airlines has a direct participation in the ownership of Dorado Beach Hotel and Mauna Kea Beach Hotel.

ROCKRESORTS·INC
1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK

When you want
to see
as well as you look



Wear SUNVOGUES—the serious sunglasses. Many sunglasses are only dark glasses that shut out light. SUNVOGUES *filter* out harmful infrared and ultraviolet rays. The lenses are ground optically correct to prevent distortion. Over thirty designs for men and women. Through the Eye Care professions and at finer stores. From eight to twenty-five dollars.

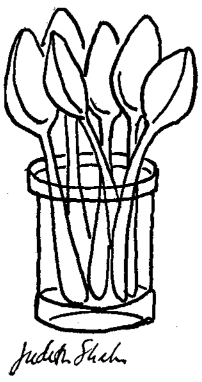
SUNVOGUES
The Serious Sunglasses
AMERICAN OPTICAL
CORPORATION

over the police teletype to every unit in the department? The press carried it. It was a hell of a fine statement, and it was drafted by Rankin, Kriegel, Goldmark, and Lindsay. Leary accepted it."

The aide later sent me the statement, and I thought it indeed a model of hard-edged clarity:

> The members of the Police Department are charged with the duty of enforcing the law and maintaining order. This has been and will continue to be the clear policy of this Department.
>
> The Police Commissioner has the duty to run the Police Department, which is also according to law. The Commissioner alone has the lawful authority to direct the operations, administration, and discipline of the Department.
>
> Any member of the Department who has been instructed not to enforce the law is hereby directed to provide full information and a detailed report to the Commissioner. It is the duty of every member of the Department to report in writing immediately to the Commissioner any such instruction.
>
> Every member of the Police Department will adhere to the policies of the Department and will follow the Department's military chain of command as set forth in the Rules and Procedures. Any member of the Department who fails to respond to the orders of a superior officer will be promptly subjected to disciplinary action.
>
> This Department will continue to enforce the law and to be run according to the law....

"Before that statement went out," the Mayor's aide said, "Cassese announced that the P.B.A. was going to issue its own guidelines on law enforcement to its members. This statement stopped that."



The Mayor returned, and I asked him if he had done any thinking lately about the violence at Columbia University earlier in the year and about how to avoid more in the fall and winter.

"Mitch Ginsberg has been my rabbi on that," the Mayor answered. "He was associate dean of the School of Social Work there, you know. Oh, there's been an awful lot of conversation about it, and messages back and forth. Mitch feels it's not a good idea for me to pull Columbia in to Gracie Mansion and read the riot act—like telling them, 'There's more to be done, and you haven't done it.' Pronunciamentos have little importance, and, besides, that approach just wouldn't work in this case. Columbia, as a private institution, has to figure out its own destiny."

John Lindsay, Jr., aged eight, was now on the porch. "Could you come here for a second?" he asked his father. "I can't get the kickstand up on my bike."

The Mayor stepped off the porch, solved the problem, and returned to his seat.

"I'm still bothered by what happened at Columbia," I said as John, Jr., went back out on the lawn. "Do you think Leary learned anything? I haven't seen any strong statements from him condemning what the department reluctantly calls 'excessive use of force.' "

"Yes," said the Mayor. "I think he learned some important things. He learned a lot more about his own police force. He knows more about their strengths and weaknesses now. He knows which commands are better than others. And, increasingly, he knows who's good and who isn't in the ranks. He knows more and more of the men by name. Leary has been steadily gaining in knowledge and confidence. And he doesn't do it by being one of the boys. That's not his nature. He's a lone wolf. He really needed that added confidence. I'd read the stuff in the papers, but it took me quite a while to realize how deep the impression in the Police Department was that Leary wouldn't last—that they'd get him somehow."

"They?"

"The Establishment in the department. All down the line, the prediction was that either they'd so corner him that he'd be wrapped in cotton, stuffed like a mummy, or they'd force him out. By golly, the guy has overcome all those attempts, and he's won the respect of the force. Also, I think that what happened in Chicago during the Democratic Convention had a profound impact on Howard. It reaffirmed, but very deeply, what he already knows: you can never let the cops go for themselves. It's like war; you can't leave it to the generals."

Standing at the entrance to the porch was a visitor, J. Robert Schaetzel, the United States Ambassador to the European Economic Community. The Ambassador, tall and self-assured, appeared to be in his mid-fifties and he was in bearing and dress the very model of the career diplomat. My time was up, and I rose to leave.

"You don't have to go," the Mayor said. "Stay and have a drink."

Mrs. Lindsay appeared and asked

If you paid $3,000 for your last car, your next car could be the great new Chrysler.

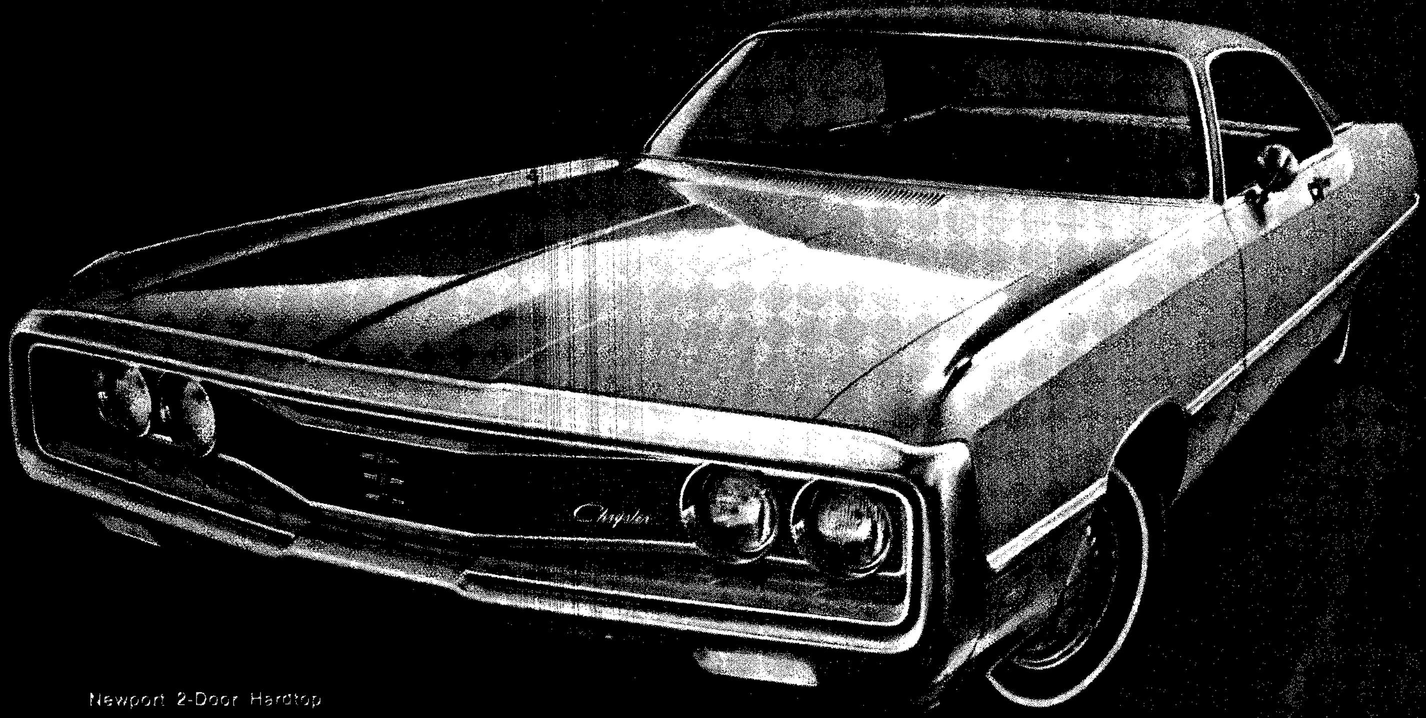
A Chrysler Newport, one of the great new Chryslers, is priced just a few dollars more per month than the most popular smaller cars comparably equipped.

Just a few dollars more for Chrysler style. For Chrysler luxury and performance. For the comfort that comes with the roomiest car in the industry. For engineering excellence and investment assurance.

Newport gives you all these qualities and more. During our Special Value-Equipped Chrysler Sale you'll also get Torqueflite automatic transmission. Power steering. Power brakes. Pushbutton radio. A 290 hp V-8 (330, 350, or 375 hp V-8s are also available). Courtesy light group. Electric clock. 3-speed wipers. Whitewall tires. Bumper guards. Remote control mirror, and a vinyl roof. And all of these features come to you for a surprisingly low sale price.

And remember this, the only thing more special than the options included on these value-equipped Newports or Newport Customs is the deal your Chrysler dealer can give you right now.

$3000 for your last car? Just a little more buys a Chrysler. And that's a lot more.



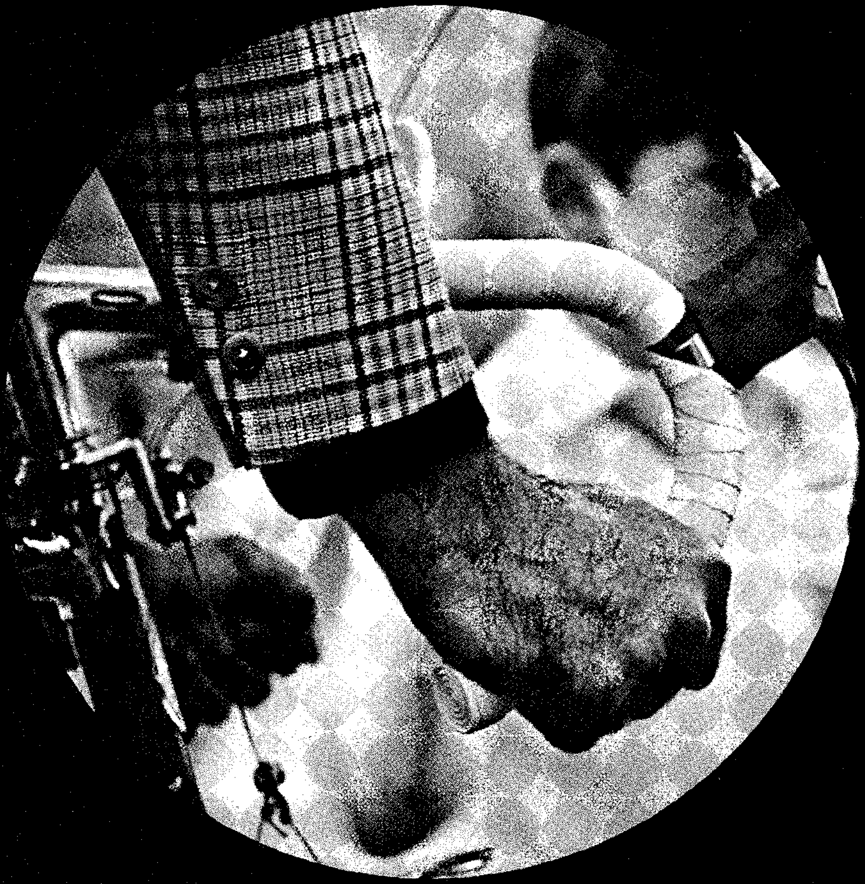
Newport 2-Door Hardtop

Your next car: The great new Chrysler.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

© DEANSGATE, INC. 1969



Your first bike.

How free-wheeling you were. How proud. This is the "stuff" this Deansgate plaid sport jacket is made of. It's tailored to bring out the boy in man...and isn't that what a sport jacket is supposed to do? In a cool blend of Dacron® polyester *and fine wool.* About $65 at stores that cater to men who are fastidious about fabric and fit.

Are you interested in an informative booklet on men's *fashions?*
Write: 950 Poeyfarre Street,
New Orleans, La. 70150.

Deansgate®

what we wanted, and soon returned with drinks.

"I heard what you were saying about Chicago, John," the Ambassador said. "But it seems to me that a lot of us in this country forget that cops are people, too. They're bound to respond when they're provoked."

The Mayor looked toward the river, and said softly, "But it's the cops who have guns."

The Ambassador switched the subject. "I saw George Ball the other day. He said, 'I don't know who the next President will be, but I know his name—Mendès France. Whoever he is, he'll have to get us out of Vietnam.' "

The Mayor nodded in agreement.

"The main reason I came back to the States for a while," the Ambassador went on, "is to assemble answers to some of the questions Europeans are going to be asking me once the campaign is over. The primary question is whether America is going to overreact to the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia and its aftermath. Will it say, 'Forget Europe—they're a bunch of slobs'? And sophisticated Europeans also fear that if America does say, 'To hell with Europe,' it will go over their heads and make deals with Russia at their expense."

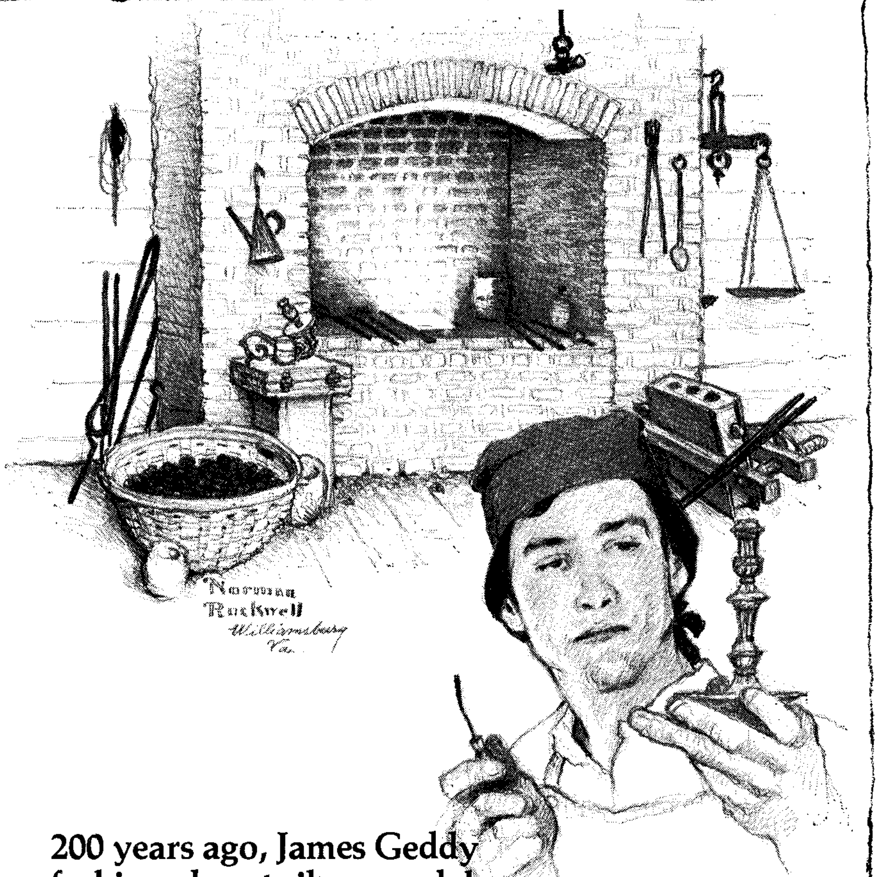
"There's always been that fear," the Mayor said. "That's why there's a *force de frappe*. That's why the other countries there want to have a mobile European atomic force."

"And what happened in Czechoslovakia intensified that fear," the Ambassador said. "A number of European ambassadors in Washington told me they were greatly disturbed by the ambiguity of our reaction to the invasion. To them we appeared to be more concerned about our relationship with Russia than about what was being done to Czechoslovakia."

"I understand how they feel," the Mayor said. "But they can't really have expected us to take unilateral action on that, any more than we did when the Russian tanks went into Hungary. I'll tell you what I think is going to happen, and it will reassure Europeans more than anything else, because they'll be the driving force. The one positive result of the invasion of Czechoslovakia is that it now provides a focus for NATO to reassemble itself."

"To do what by reassembling?" the Ambassador asked.

"To do what you and I used to talk about when I was chairman of the political committee of the NATO Parliamentarians Conference," the Mayor



200 years ago, James Geddy fashioned neat silver work here. Just as we do today.

James Geddy lived and worked in a two-story house on the edge of Palace Green, a little removed from the center of activity in Williamsburg.

So he wooed customers with resourceful salesmanship. "The walk may be thought rather an amusement than a fatigue," he advertised in the Virginia Gazette.

And his customers must have been amused, for they came to Geddy for teaspoons and tongs, spurs and shoe buckles, buttons and brooches and brandy warmers.

Come to the handsome Geddy house and see how a colonial silversmith lived and worked 200 years ago.

We think you'll still find it rather an amusement.

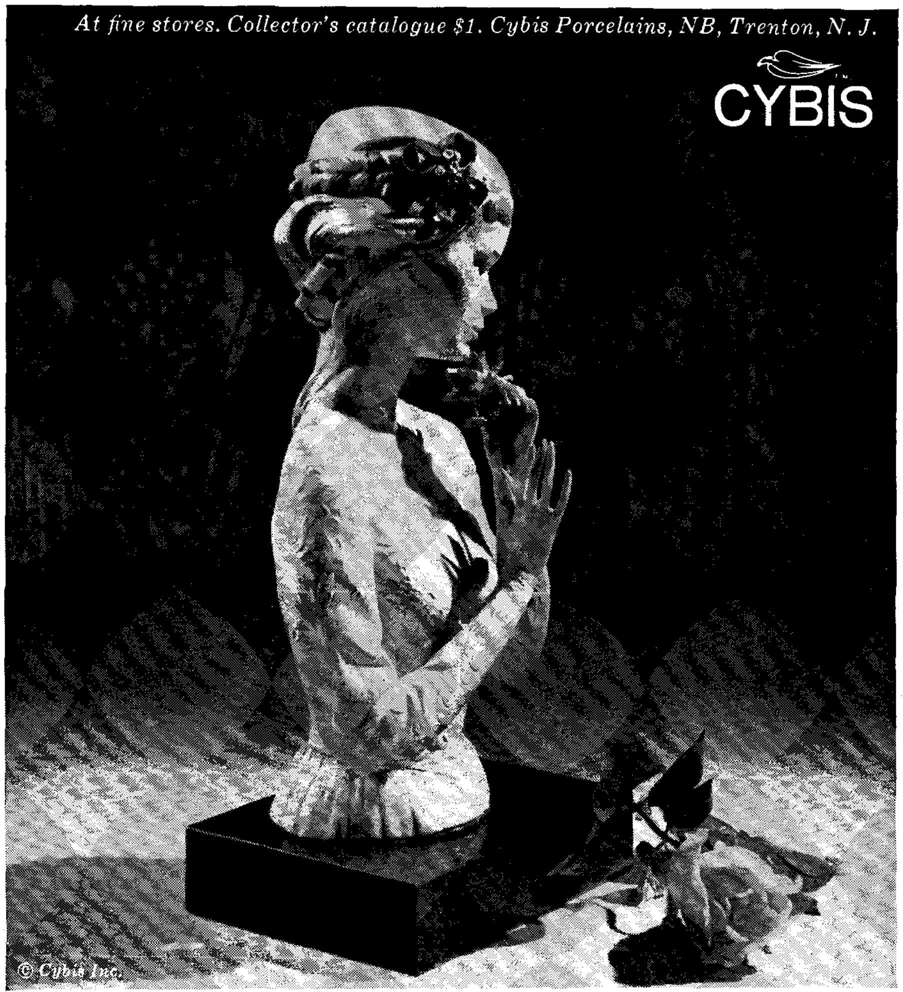
COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $24 double; its Colonial Houses, from $15 double. The Lodge, from $15 double. The Motor House, $19–$21 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write T. N. McCaskey, Box C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or call Reservation Offices: New York, 246-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Baltimore for Enterprise 9-8855; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Westchester County, Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805.

The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices, presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
305 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NB, Trenton, N. J.



See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Institute of Arts, Flint, Michigan, May 14–June 4.

answered, referring to his position as the United States delegate to the conference from the fall of 1961, when he was in his second term in the House of Representatives, until 1965, when he resigned his House seat to run for Mayor. "To broaden its base, to get away from the notion that military alliances last forever, to get an economic footing under itself, and to set up a new institutional framework that will take in the neutrals. The old Jean Monnet theory was to create an organic framework in the Atlantic community which would capitalize on the natural tendencies of nations in a given area to link together—militarily, economically, socially, culturally, politically. Obviously, there's a lot more to be done in that direction, and it seems to me that for Europe the answer to the Russian invasion is to get itself together. And, after the election here, whoever is President can help, once we're no longer bogged down in Vietnam. That's part of the sadness of these last years—so little moved forward *anywhere* because of that morass."

They began to talk about the Presidential candidates, and the Ambassador expressed doubt about the stature of Senator Eugene McCarthy. The Ambassador had obviously expected Lindsay to agree with his position, but instead the Mayor said seriously, "I don't agree at all. My brother Dave gave McCarthy five hundred dollars, and he's a solid Republican. He's a more regular Republican than I am."

"Well, whatever your views of the club you used to belong to, I myself take the judgment of the best men in Congress about McCarthy. They don't take him seriously. They figure that he'd make a good professor somewhere but that he's not Presidential material."

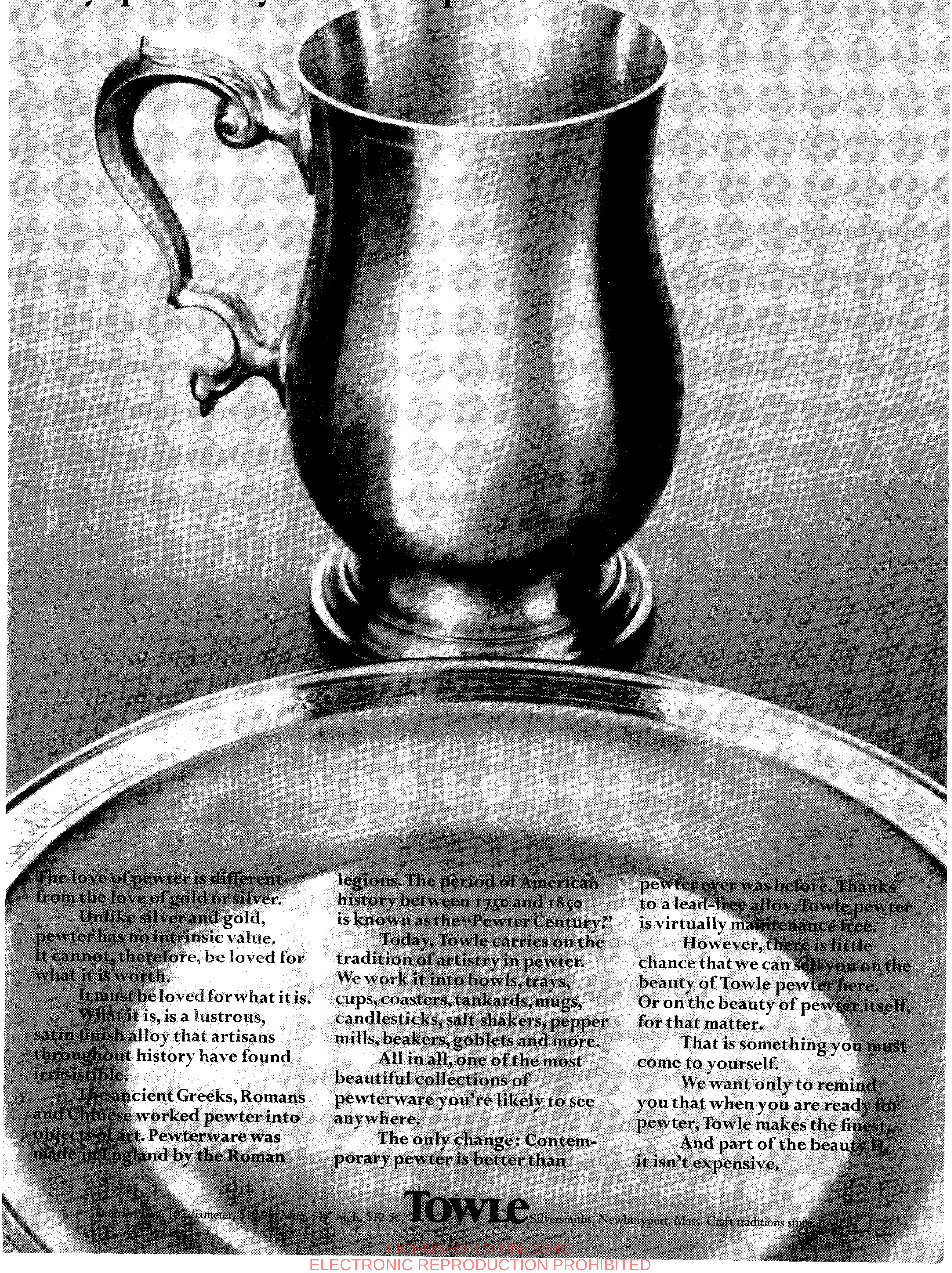
"I don't agree with that, either," the Mayor answered. "The best men in Congress didn't take Jack Kennedy seriously, either, when he was a senator."

"But I do see in the papers," the Ambassador said, "that now that the Conventions are over you're going to be a heavy campaigner for the Nixon ticket."

The Mayor was annoyed, not at the Ambassador but at the press. "You've been reading fiction. That was in the *Times*. They got that from Nixon headquarters. Since when are the Nixon people running *my* schedule? No, whatever campaigning time I do take will be mostly for friends of mine in trouble in marginal districts. They're

©TOWLE 1969

Pewter is not a precious metal. If by "precious" you mean "expensive."



The love of pewter is different from the love of gold or silver.

Unlike silver and gold, pewter has no intrinsic value. It cannot, therefore, be loved for what it is worth.

It must be loved for what it is.

What it is, is a lustrous, satin finish alloy that artisans throughout history have found irresistible.

The ancient Greeks, Romans and Chinese worked pewter into objects of art. Pewterware was made in England by the Roman legions. The period of American history between 1750 and 1850 is known as the "Pewter Century."

Today, Towle carries on the tradition of artistry in pewter. We work it into bowls, trays, cups, coasters, tankards, mugs, candlesticks, salt shakers, pepper mills, beakers, goblets and more.

All in all, one of the most beautiful collections of pewterware you're likely to see anywhere.

The only change: Contemporary pewter is better than pewter ever was before. Thanks to a lead-free alloy, Towle pewter is virtually maintenance free.

However, there is little chance that we can sell you on the beauty of Towle pewter here. Or on the beauty of pewter itself, for that matter.

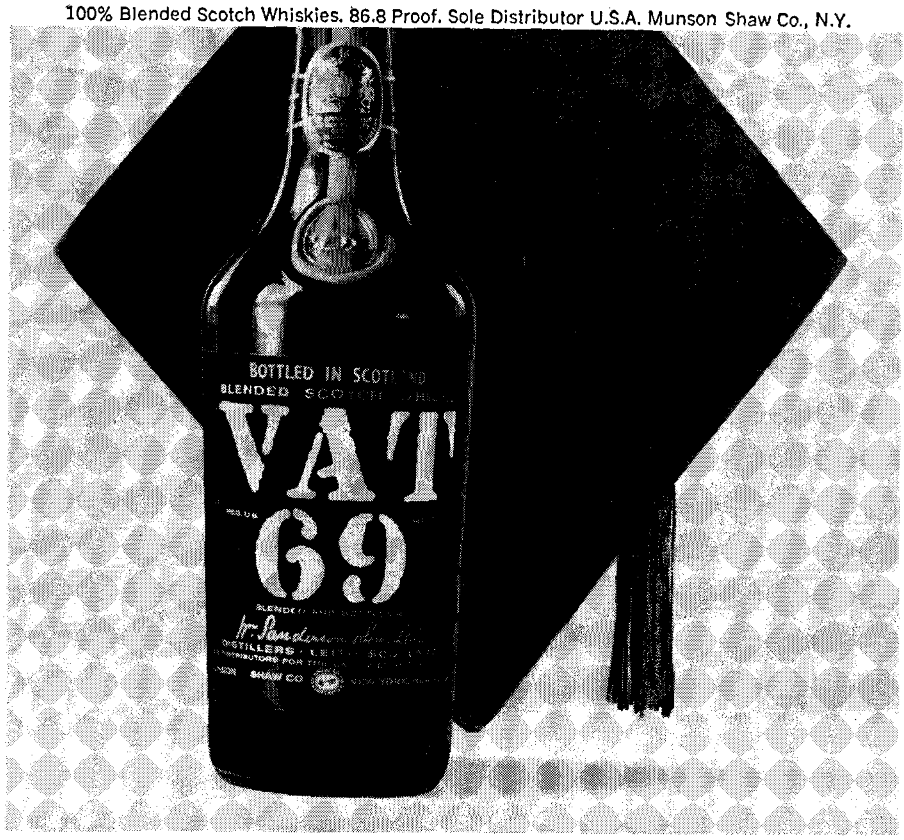
That is something you must come to yourself.

We want only to remind you that when you are ready for pewter, Towle makes the finest.

And part of the beauty is, it isn't expensive.

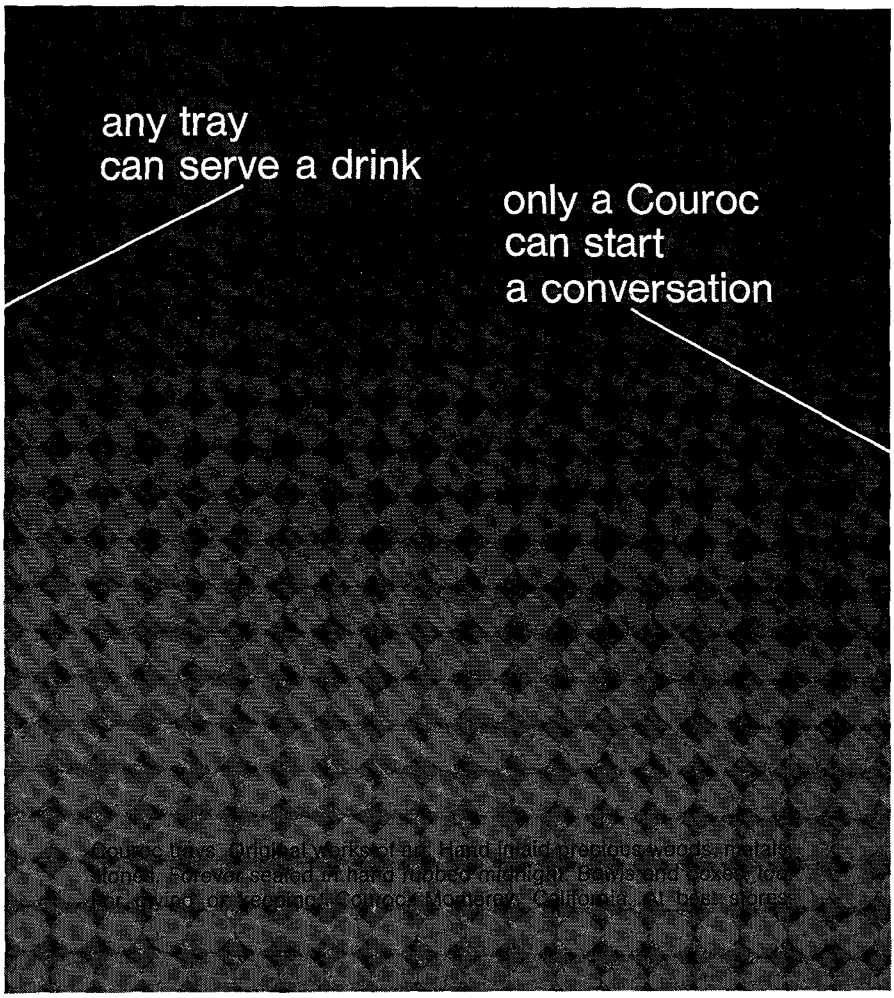
Knurled tray, 10" diameter, $10.95; Mug, 5¾" high, $12.50. **TOWLE** Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. Craft traditions since 1690.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.



The class of '69–or any other year.

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY


any tray
can serve a drink

only a Couroc
can start
a conversation

Couroc trays. Original works of art. Hand inlaid precious woods, metals, stones. Forever sealed in hand rubbed midnight. Bowls and boxes, too. For giving or keeping. Couroc of Monterey, California, at best stores.

in trouble for good reason—they're damn good liberal Republicans."

The Ambassador rose to leave, and asked, "Will I see you in Brussels in the fall?"

"I'm thinking of it, but I've got to look at the money situation," Lindsay said. "My wife has a short leash on me. She likes to travel, too, especially to Europe, so Mare would come along. But, on the other hand, we rented a place this summer and paid too much for it. And the kids all want to go to Aspen this winter."

The Ambassador and I left the Mayor weighing his economic options. At the front door, Rothenberg, the Mayor's appointments secretary, stopped me. "Remember what I told you my first day in this job?" he said. "That if this was a business I'd sell it? Well, I wouldn't sell it this year."

THE Mayor never did get to Brussels, and he was not able to spend much time campaigning for his friends, because by the fall of his third year in office New York City seemed to be disintegrating at such a rate that I suspected Rothenberg might again be eager to sell. An intensifying conflict between the United Federation of Teachers and the local governing board of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Demonstration School District, in Brooklyn—one of three vaguely empowered experimental school districts in the city—had led to a series of citywide strikes by the U.F.T., and more than a million children were out of school. The original dispute had centered on the local board's attempt to transfer out of its district a group of union teachers it had charged with being detrimental to its attempt to transform the schools of Ocean Hill-Brownsville. The union had said that the teachers were being denied due process and that it had to use its power citywide to protect them. By October, the struggle had split the city. Negro and Puerto Rican groups accused the U.F.T. of trying to destroy any possibility of making ineffective ghetto schools accountable to their communities. The U.F.T., on the other hand, charged that "Nazi" and "vigilante" tactics were on the rise among its opponents, and circulated huge quantities of leaflets tending to prove that anti-Semitism, in particular, was an inevitable corollary of the kind of local control exemplified by Ocean Hill-Brownsville.

Meanwhile, the police and the firemen were threatening "job actions"—work delays—if the city did not meet

"Now"...is always the hardest time to invest

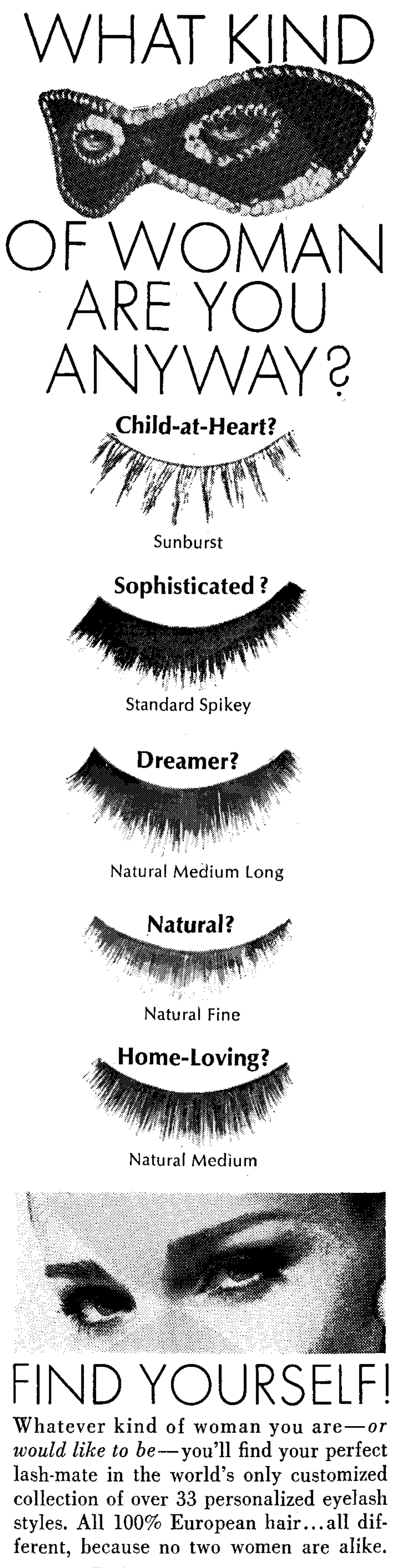
Has there ever been a single day when all of the major factors—business, labor, politics, money rates, Federal budget, international relations—were so predictable that the investor could go about his work with assurance?

Investment decisions are *always* difficult, but always *necessary.*

To meet that necessity, investment judgment must be combined with imagination, as well as understanding of individual requirements.

With these essentials, our Trust Company's specialized work—managing investments—adds immensely to the investor's peace of mind and financial well-being.

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
45 Wall Street • Telephone 212-425-4500



WHAT KIND OF WOMAN ARE YOU ANYWAY?

Child-at-Heart?
Sunburst

Sophisticated?
Standard Spikey

Dreamer?
Natural Medium Long

Natural?
Natural Fine

Home-Loving?
Natural Medium

FIND YOURSELF!

Whatever kind of woman you are—*or would like to be*—you'll find your perfect lash-mate in the world's only customized collection of over 33 personalized eyelash styles. All 100% European hair...all different, because no two women are alike.

Andrea
FOREMOST INTERNATIONAL SPECIALIST
IN FASHION'S FINEST LASHES
HELEN CARO, Cheltenham (Philadelphia), Pa.
and other fine stores everywhere
© 1969 Andrea Raab Corp. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234

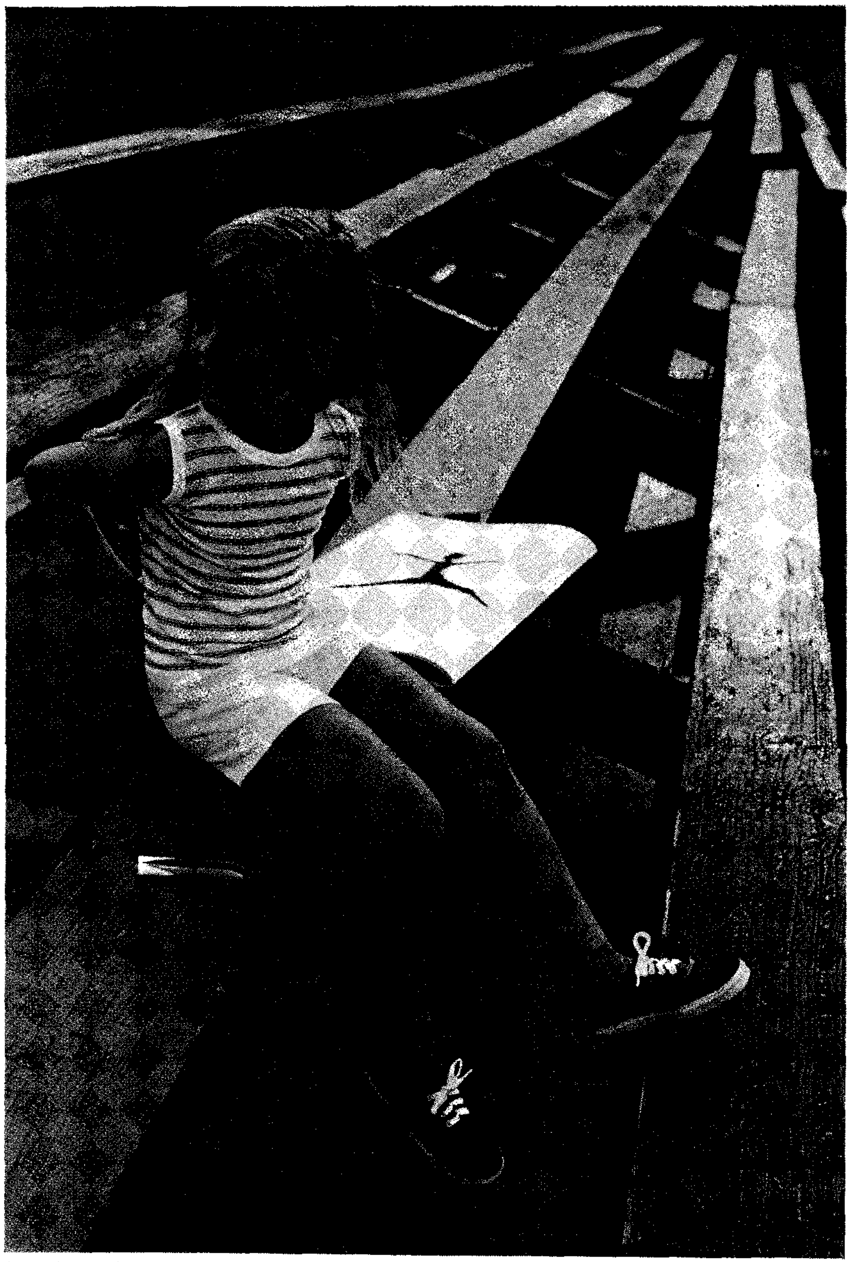
their new contractual demands. And, among many other unhappy groups, welfare clients were sitting in at, and otherwise disrupting, welfare centers owing to an accumulation of grievances. Because most public attention was focussed on the conflict over the schools—slightly deflected on occasion by anxiety that the police and firemen might be serious about their threats—the intermittent rebellions by welfare recipients were a source more of annoyance than of concern among those citizens who considered themselves beleaguered taxpayers. Yet by that fall, as I realized with some degree of shock (even though I had seen projected statistics to that effect in the past), the number of welfare recipients had skyrocketed. More than ten per cent of the people in the city were on relief, the figure having doubled between 1965 and 1968. And the Mayor was predicting that by June, 1969, one New Yorker in every eight—one million persons—would be receiving welfare payments. As it turned out, that figure was reached six months earlier.

The man who had been in charge—from February, 1966, to December, 1967—of what was then called the Department of Welfare was Mitchell Ginsberg. (It has since been renamed the Department of Social Services and become the responsibility of Jack R. Goldberg, who holds the title of Commissioner.) Ginsberg's responsibilities and worries had greatly increased in the third year of the Mayor's term, since he now served as head of the Human Resources Administration, which, as one of the ten super-agencies that have been created to run the city since Lindsay took office, oversees many programs, including welfare. I had talked with Ginsberg from time to time since he joined the Lindsay administration, and had been impressed by his intelligence, his wry wit, and his resiliency. "Mitch's problem," one of his assistants had said, "is that he can't turn his mind off when he leaves his office. The job is with him all the time—and, Jesus, what a job!"

Commissioner Ginsberg and I met for dinner early in October. He preferred not to take time out during the day for interviews, but since he did have to eat, a conversation at Casey's, a restaurant in Greenwich Village, seemed to him a pleasant way to meet my request for another talk with him. I have never seen Ginsberg when he didn't look tired, and he looked so this time, too, but the low-keyed atmosphere of the restaurant appeared to relax him. I was planning to ask him about welfare, but the school strike turned out to be very much on his mind, as were the tensions between Jews and Negroes that the strike had exacerbated. "Trying to do something about those tensions has been one of my jobs for the past six months—since before the strike," Ginsberg said. "Sometimes with the Mayor, and sometimes by myself, I've been meeting with representatives of Jewish organizations. There's been a feeling among some of them for quite a while that the Mayor looks out primarily for the interests of the blacks. That concern was revived—and it's connected, of course, to fears of anti-Semitism—after the assassination of Martin Luther King. There has been growing criticism by Jewish groups of what they considered police restraint in dealing with looters immediately after King's death. They've emphasized that it was Jewish shopkeepers in Harlem who were hit hardest. So those anxieties fed right into the controversy about the schools—blacks and Puerto Ricans against a largely Jewish union. I've met with the leadership of the Board of Rabbis and its lay advisory groups, as well as with other solid groups of citizens, who keep on stressing that the Mayor has overidentified with the blacks and has not expressed himself clearly or forcibly enough about the needs of Jewish New Yorkers. 'This is the way it started in Germany,' they say, 'and we are not going to let it happen here.'

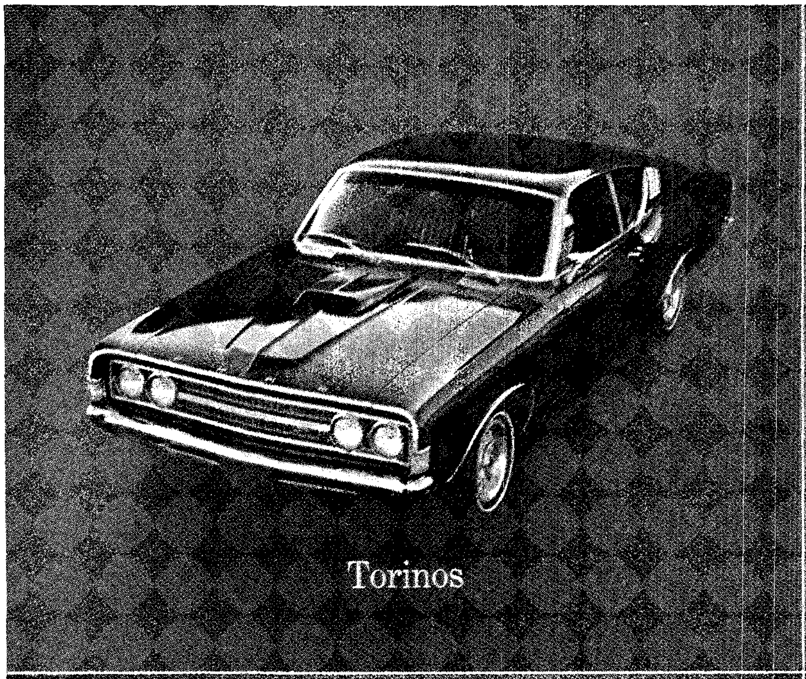
"In talking with them at first, I tried to present the school situation on its own terms. I pointed out that many of them came from suburban communities where locally elected boards do indeed have control of the schools. That approach had some impact. At another meeting, with the Mayor present, I also suggested that they should be *for* some things. They hadn't supported the poverty program as firmly as they might have. And the Mayor added that they also hadn't spoken up for a bigger budget or for a police civilian review board. That was a rather unsatisfactory meeting. There have been others since. None of the meetings have gone particularly well, and the Mayor is taking the complaints of these groups more and more seriously—as his advisers tell him to. The membership

DANSKINS
ARE
NOT JUST
FOR
DANCING



They're for spring practice,
summer nonsense and all those
warm weather antics
of your out and out child.
Since Danskin started out making
tights and leotards for the
loftiest leapers in the ballet world,
it's no wonder they understand
every young body. This full-fashioned,
no-iron sweater is nylon
striped with Dacron® polyester.
In sizes 2-6x, 4.25.
Sizes 7-14, 5.25. Full-fashioned,
stretch nylon shorts, sizes 2-6x, 3.50.
Sizes 7-14, 4.00.
DANSKIN®

Write for brochure NY5. Danskin, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Div. of Triumph Hosiery Mills.



Torinos

Cougar Convertibles

Mercury Montegos

Continental Mark III's

Man cannot live by four-

There's no denying that the four-door sedan is a sensible, practical institution.

However, we feel that since you most likely have a sensible, practical institution sitting in your own garage, you might like to try something a bit different when you're on a business trip.

Consequently, at Hertz we give you a choice of cars Henry Ford never envisioned in his wildest dreams. Everything from $8,000 Continental Mark III's to Mustang

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1969

Thunderbirds
Ford LTD Hardtops
Mercury Wagons
Mustang Mach I's

door sedans alone.

Mach I's. And not just Fords but other makes as well.

And—much to the joy of your company bookkeeper—they don't cost much more to rent than a regular standard sedan.

After all, while we understand that man cannot live by four-door sedans alone, we also understand that bookkeepers are not noted for their humanitarian instincts.

Hertz®

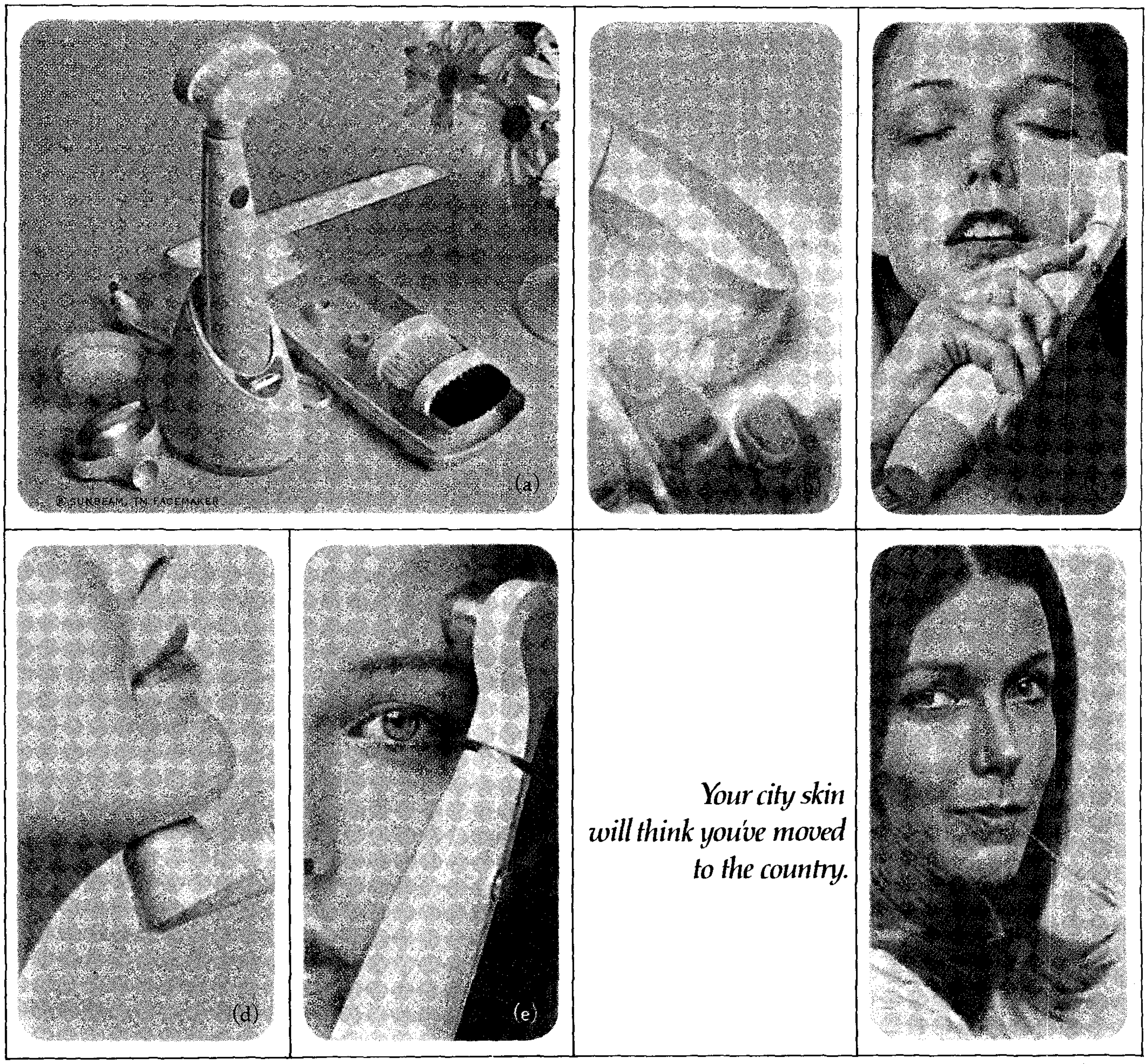
The biggest should do more. It's only right.

Introducing the Lady Sunbeam Facemaker Complexion Care Kit

(a) Face-Age idea! New Lady Sunbeam Facemaker. (b) Remarkable complexion care kit that turns everyday soap and water into an everyday beauty treatment. (c) Furry-soft brush that vibrates gently. Tingles deep into pores. Lifts out makeup. Scoots city soil away. (d) Ingenious massager. Leaves you blushy and relaxed. A delicious way to apply creams and lotions. (e) Refreshing Cold/Hot pack. Two face-making treatments in one.

New Lady Sunbeam Facemaker Complexion Care Kit. Cordless, waterproof and rechargeable. With beautiful travel case.

Like all Sunbeam products, built with integrity, backed by service. Sunbeam


(a)
© SUNBEAM, TM FACEMAKER
(d)
(e)
Your city skin will think you've moved to the country.

of the groups represents a very significant part of the population, and there's no doubt of the depth of their concern. You find it everywhere—you don't need to learn about it from representatives of organizations. And so, in the last month, the Mayor has been giving more weight to that concern, a degree of weight that reflects itself subtly in the way he's been approaching the Ocean Hill-Brownsville situation."

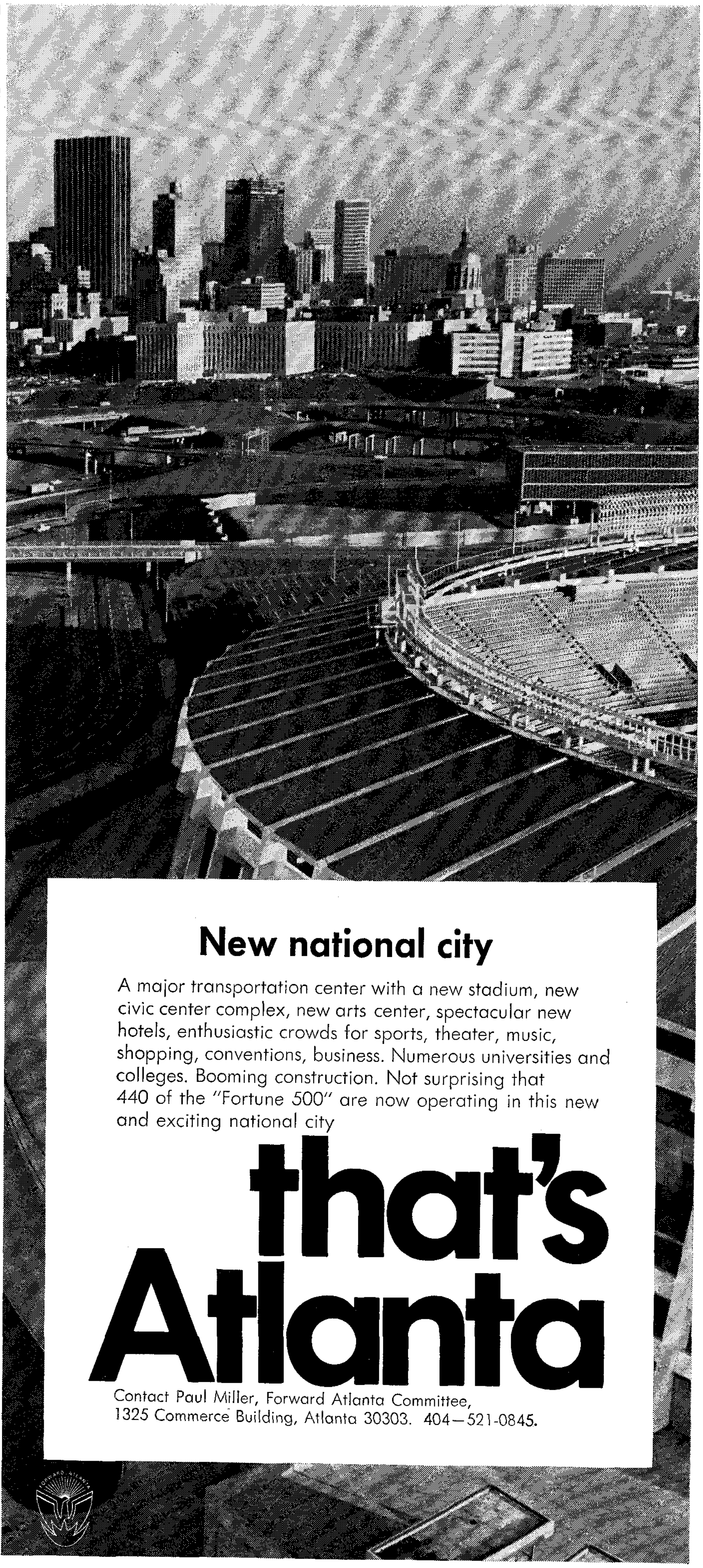
"Maybe not so subtly," I said. It was my feeling that from the very start of the conflict the Mayor could have been much more forceful in publicly clarifying the issues, and I said so now.

Ginsberg looked at me and smiled. "But it's the Mayor's intent to be the bridge between various groups. That, however, is getting to be more and more difficult. At this moment, I don't know how it's going to come out. As for him, there's no question he's been badly damaged politically, but there have been times before when he's been hurt for the moment and then eventually wound up having gained. It's never been as rough as this, though."

I knew that Ginsberg had been present at many of the negotiating sessions at City Hall during the teachers' strikes and in the course of other impasses with labor unions. "Aside from all the bitterness in this strike," I asked, "is it becoming easier for the Mayor to deal with labor people?"

"He's much better in negotiations than he used to be," Ginsberg said. "Oh, he still has trouble with the typical labor leader. When John says, 'The city belongs to all of us,' they look at him as if he's crazy. 'What's that got to do with it? How much money do we get?' When he talks like that, they think he's trying to put something over on them. But he means it. He really does. He believes everybody has a stake in everything that happens in New York. So in that sense he and the average labor guy continue to talk a different language. My guess is that in three years the Mayor hasn't had an informal drink with a labor leader. It's hard for both him and them to get together on those terms. But I will say that he lectures them less than he used to, and they are not by any means unaware that labor unions have done very well under Lindsay."

Ginsberg suddenly laughed, and said, "I was just thinking. You always have that foundation of the Puritan in him, even as he does get more skillful in dealing with labor people. Two of the top negotiators—Vincent McDonnell and Harold Israelson—have told me how increasingly effective the Mayor



New national city

A major transportation center with a new stadium, new civic center complex, new arts center, spectacular new hotels, enthusiastic crowds for sports, theater, music, shopping, conventions, business. Numerous universities and colleges. Booming construction. Not surprising that 440 of the "Fortune 500" are now operating in this new and exciting national city

that's Atlanta

Contact Paul Miller, Forward Atlanta Committee,
1325 Commerce Building, Atlanta 30303. 404—521-0845.

A few things are sacred at the new Biltmore.

We spent $4,000,000 for our New Look... from the front door to the furniture...from the basement to the bathmats...front to back, top to bottom.

Fine.

Then a crew started after our Clock...and that's when the manager went through our new roof.

If you haven't checked in...or even stopped by for a drink...at the New Biltmore lately, do. A lot's changed...but the solid walls that guarantee you a sound night's sleep, and the Men's Bar, and the Clock...are all very much still there.

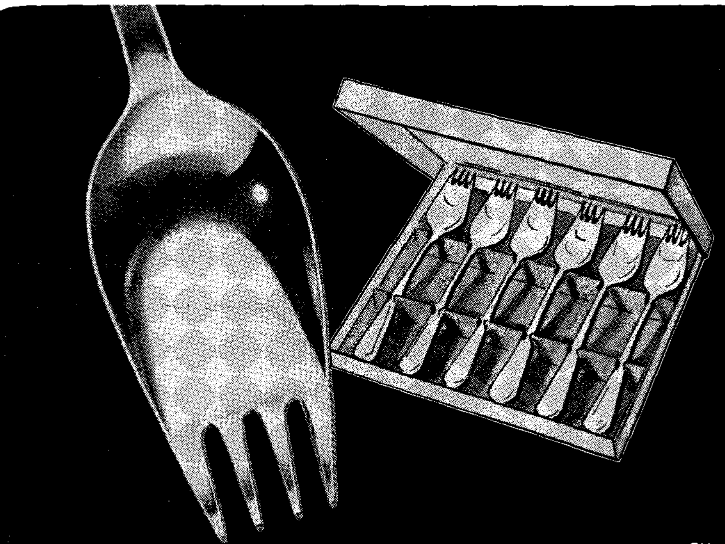
And "Under the Clock" is *the* place to meet in New York.

Realty-Dial-Direct Reservation Service lets you make direct reservations *free* from anywhere in the U.S.A.: 800-221-2690. New York State: 800-522-6449, New York City: (Local) 340-2776.

"A FAMOUS HOTEL WITH GREAT TRADITION"

MADISON AVE. AT 43RD ST., The Biltmore NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Other Realty Hotels in New York The Barclay • Roosevelt • Commodore



SPOONIK™

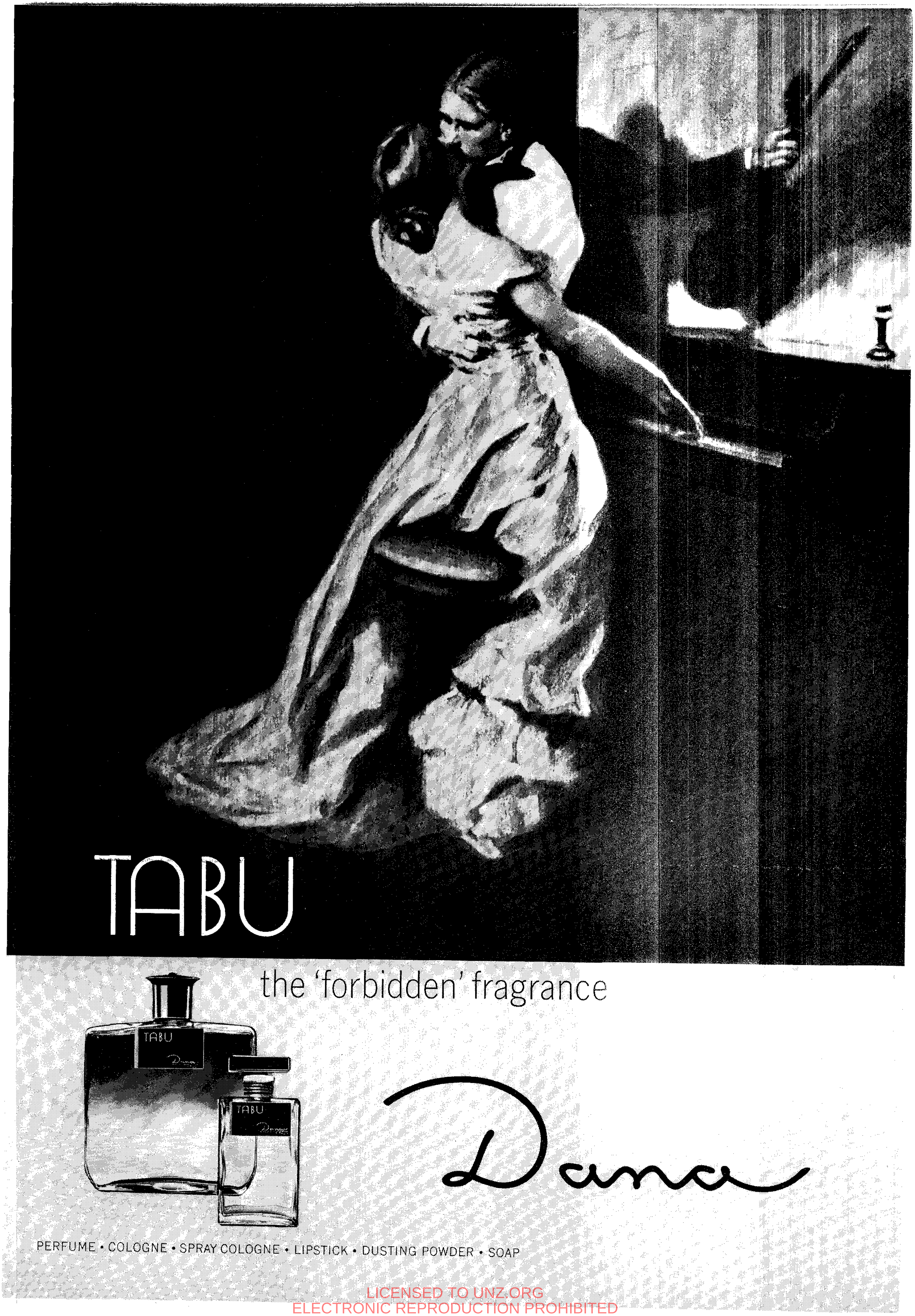
An ingenious design combining a spoon and fork with fine serrated cutting edge, inspired by an antique eating utensil, first used in England in 1630. Stainless steel for informal pleasures. Thoughtful gift for your host or hostess. Set of 6, only $12.50. Mass. Residents add 3% (or if delivered in Mass.) Please add 75¢ for shipping.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON Boylston at Arlington, Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100

is during contract talks, but at the same time they mentioned coming to him during those simultaneous negotiations with the policemen, firemen, and sanitation workers. 'Well, we've got something for you,' they said. 'I assume,' the Mayor responded, 'that you've been protecting the people's interests.' They stopped dead in their tracks. 'What does that mean? We're talking about a settlement.' He wasn't trying to put them on, you know. That's his job—protecting the public interest. He still uses the term 'power brokers' to describe those concerned only with their own interests. I remember the day he was trying to get me to take the job as Welfare Commissioner, he told me of an exchange he'd had with the late Mike Quill, the head of the Transport Workers' Union. 'It's your city as much as mine,' he'd said to Quill. 'Actually, it's more important to you. I can go to the Sorbonne or someplace, but you've got to stay here. That's why you've got to give a little.' Quill thought he was crazy, too."

"You mentioned the Puritan in him," I said. "In what other ways does that manifest itself?"

"I don't know if he takes kindly to the term," Ginsberg said. "After the mess of that sanitation men's strike last February, the Mayor said, rather hopefully, 'Well, now they can't call me Mr. Clean anymore.' But basically he *is* a Puritan. There's his whole attitude toward women, for example. He really thinks women ought to be in the home. Look at how few women are high up in his administration. And the only woman commissioner—Marta Valle, Commissioner of the Youth Service Agency—was appointed by me. Not that he doesn't like women, mind you. But he's an old-fashioned guy. Women ought to look nice and cook well. And maybe they ought to have key secretarial posts. There are a lot of good-looking girl Fridays in his administration. But he distrusts women in relatively high office. He was talking about it the other day. 'They'll make their judgments on the basis of emotion,' he said. 'They don't think like men.' Yes, he's an old-fashioned man in many ways—especially with regard to his sense of ethics. He's the honest Puritan, and in this day and age I find that refreshing. I grew up in Boston, and I remember how it was the real Yankees who were especially strong on civil rights and liberties. They respect other people's integrity as well as their own. He's like that. There's a New England thing about him. There's a stubbornness there and, I suppose, a certain


TABU
the 'forbidden' fragrance
TABU
Dana
TABU
Dana
Dana
PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

MONT
BLANC

Brings out the hidden best in a man's handwriting

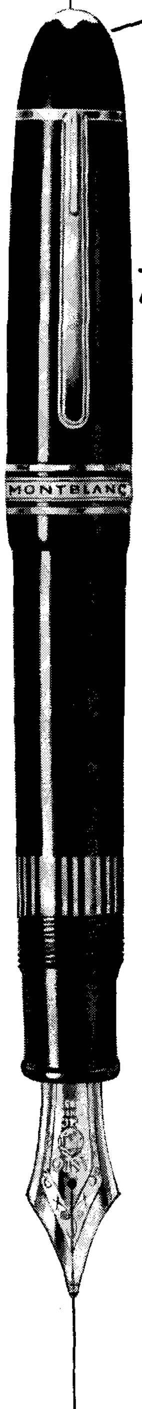
The Magnificent Diplomat

No other fountain pen is "built" like the magnificent MONTBLANC! Man-size—big enough to fill a man's grip and take a man's handling. Exclusive, extra-large, 14-karat gold point with etched facing assures super-smooth writing action, responds to pen pressure, and gives a man a new "personality on paper". Its giant ink capacity is a man-pleasing feature too!

Many pen experts here and abroad consider the MONTBLANC to be the finest pen ever designed. It's Europe's most prized pen, classic in beauty, unmatched in writing ease. There's a MONTBLANC point, from extra fine to triple broad, to suit every hand.

$33 is a small price for this superb writing instrument—a lifetime gift imported by KOH-I-NOOR, Inc., 201 North St., Bloomsbury, N.J. Beautifully gift boxed. Engraving optional at low cost. Other MONTBLANC pens at $7.95 to $178. Also desksets in choice onyxes from $27.50 to $95.

At fine stores and pen shops everywhere, including **Abercrombie & Fitch,** *N.Y.C., Chicago & San Francisco;* **Bloomingdale's,** *N.Y.C.;* **Bullock's Wilshire,** *L.A.;* **Dayton's,** *Minneapolis;* **Higbee's,** *Cleveland;* **Eastman Co., Haverhill's,** *San Francisco;* **John Wanamaker, A. Pomerantz,** *Philadelphia;* **Filene's** *and* **Shreve, Crump & Low,** *Boston;* **Marshall Field,** *Chicago;* **I. Magnin,** *Calif., Ore., Wash.;* **Fahrney's,** *Wash., D.C.;* **Hudson's,** *Detroit,* **and at leading college bookstores and stationers.**



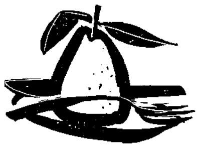
stiffness, too. I expect there are very few people he relaxes with."

"Are you one of them, would you say?"

"Not in that sense, I think. He trusts me more as a professional. There are certain things he can expect of me."

"How does he take disagreement?"

"He's certainly never tried to prevent me from disagreeing with him. He's never cut me off in any way at all. Sure, sometimes he's been angry with me, to put it mildly. When we disagree with particular sharpness and he gets really angry, I'm likely to have very little to do with what's going on for a week or so. You might say that at those times he values my opinion from a distance. But that never lasts long. It seems to me that what he does suffer from is not having *enough* people around him who'll disagree. Some of them are so committed to him they'll go along whether they agree with him or not."



Ginsberg smiled and went on, "Maybe I'm *expected* to disagree, because I'm a Democrat, and known to be. He's never raised the question of my politics, but there was a period, I think, during which he felt that my first loyalty was to Bobby Kennedy rather than to him. And there are certainly people around him who are still convinced that no Democrat would be interested in the Mayor's political future. That's simply not true in my case. I'd like to see him President eventually. The only reason I took this job is Lindsay. I wouldn't have taken it under anyone else. And my judgment of him was right. He's supported me on programs that do not win votes. Like when I stopped what were called midnight raids—sudden visits to the homes of women on welfare to see if there really was a man in the house. And he backed me on the statement-of-need experiment we started in April, 1967, in welfare districts covering parts of East Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. The concept is that people simply declare their need for public assistance, and, instead of running an intensive investigation of each applicant, we accept that declaration. Then, as Internal Revenue does with income-tax returns, we audit ten per cent of the applications at random. We save time and paperwork; we free caseworkers from being detectives; the dignity of the applicant is respected; and, as we've discovered, the percentage of ineligibles turned up by the audits is about the same as it was under the old system. But this approach—which has led to my being called Giveaway Ginsberg in certain circles—is hardly a vote-getter. The welfare Establishment told me I didn't have a chance of getting it approved and working. But all the Mayor asked me was 'Mitch, do you really think it's a good move?' I said it was, and he told me to go ahead.

"I'll give you another example of why I respect the Mayor so much. Last summer, I was asked to testify on welfare reform before both the Democratic and the Republican platform committees. By chance, a man in the city administration who is very close to the Mayor, and is in charge of his political destiny, heard about it. He asked me rather firmly not to testify. 'The identification with a flaming liberal like you,' I was told, 'can't do anything but hurt the Mayor politically.' I pointed out that I had already told the Mayor of the invitation and his reaction had been 'Great, lay it on them.' 'Ah,' this political tactician said. '*He'll* say that, but *I* don't.' Well, the next day the Mayor told me, 'I don't know what you're going to say and I don't want to see your testimony in advance. But after you testify, if you're asked, tell them the Mayor agrees with you completely.' 'But your political man says I'm not to go,' I said. 'Listen to me carefully,' the Mayor said. 'To hell with that. You go ahead and do what you have to do.' It's that kind of thing which keeps me in the administration."

"When he's no longer Mayor—and his first term could be his last—what do you think he'll have left behind that may have lasting effect?" I asked. "How will we remember that he has been here?"

Ginsberg waited some time before answering. Then he said, "Provided he's not entirely torn apart by this school thing and what comes out of it, I think he'll have left behind strong reminders of his presence. For one thing, he'll have left a spirit and a style very different from what characterized the Mayoralty before him. I think style is important, because it carries other meanings as well. I remember being at Gracie Mansion around nine-thirty one evening in the summer of 1967. The Mayor kept getting telephone reports of disturbances in Bedford-Stuyvesant. As they increased in frequency, the Mayor got more and more uneasy. Finally, he said, 'Come on, Mitch, let's go.' We went in an unmarked car and came to a precinct

Round tires are not as safe as The Flat Tire.

Under the stress of high speed driving, a round tire lifts off the road. In fact, it often winds up just as much off the road as on.

All of which means you don't have anywhere near the control of the car that you should have.

And if just the thought of this is enough to make your skin crawl, glance over at the diagram on top and see how it looks.

That's as much contact as a round tire has with the road while taking a 60 MPH turn.

The other tire in the diagram, the one that's eating up the road, is the Pirelli Cinturato CN72—The Flat Tire.

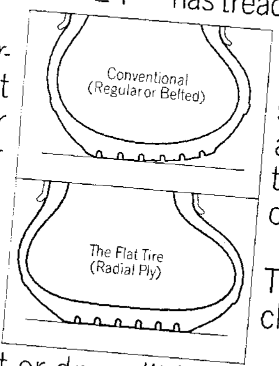
Because of its radial ply construction, it flattens out and grips the road like the treads of a tank.

Even on the sharpest of turns.

In fact, so fierce is its gripping power, many people use it as a snow tire.

But The Flat Tire doesn't just out-grip ordinary tires.

It out-drives ordinary tires. The Flat Tire can do a blinding 130 MPH . . . for 24 hours straight.



It out-corners ordinary tires. The Flat Tire can cut a corner at speeds that other tires can't.

It out-handles ordinary tires. The Flat Tire is less prone to skid than any other tire on the road. Wet or dry.

And it out-stops ordinary tires. The Flat Tire can stop faster than any other tire made.

What's more, The Flat Tire rides smoothly and silently on any surface. At any speed.

The Flat Tire costs anywhere from $40 to $65 for American cars, depending on their size.

For foreign cars, there's the Cinturato 367 Flat Tire. It has tread patterns specially designed for European and Japanese suspensions. And it sells for anywhere from $21 to $48, depending on their size.

Sure The Flat Tire doesn't come cheap.

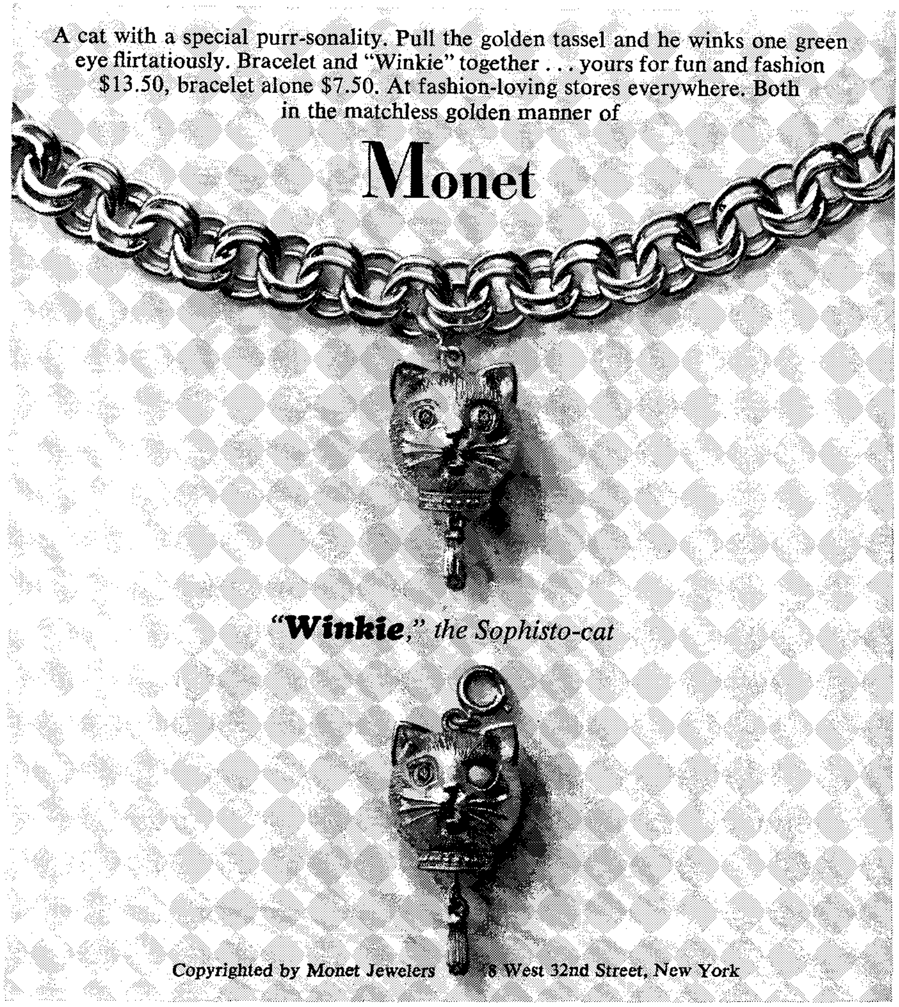
But it's worth a little more money out of your pocket to keep a little more tire on the road.

The Flat Tire. It puts more rubber on the road. **PIRELLI**

PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION, SIXTY EAST FORTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

A cat with a special purr-sonality. Pull the golden tassel and he winks one green eye flirtatiously. Bracelet and "Winkie" together . . . yours for fun and fashion $13.50, bracelet alone $7.50. At fashion-loving stores everywhere. Both in the matchless golden manner of

Monet



"**Winkie**," *the Sophisto-cat*

Copyrighted by Monet Jewelers 8 West 32nd Street, New York

Sometimes mothers are so worried about keeping your playsuit clean, they forget you're supposed to play in it.

"bits 'n' bytes" playsuits are the kind of playsuits that make you look like a little angel. But that doesn't mean you have to act like one. They're 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber. And they're guaranteed for one year's normal wear. (Refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.) Sizes from 12 months to 12 yrs. And all kinds of colors.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE
WEAR DATED
YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR OR WE PAY FOR IT
Monsanto

"bits 'n' bytes"® playsuits. You can play in them.

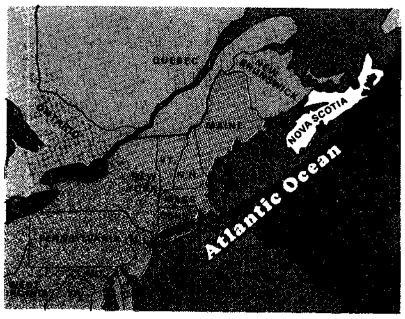
house with a crowd outside. The people there were furious about an incident of what they were convinced was police brutality, and I had a strong feeling they would have torn the Mayor apart if they could have got at him. Commissioner Leary and Chief Inspector Garelik were inside. We stayed in the precinct house for an hour and a half—the tension building, large numbers of police being deployed outside. Word came that a group of the protesters were demanding to see the Mayor. A discussion started as to whether he should meet with them, and the Mayor cut through it: 'Sure I will.' Eight of them came in, with fezzes and African dress and all that. For an hour and a half, the Mayor took a terrific tongue-lashing with great patience—a quality he doesn't always have. He didn't *do* anything; he just listened and showed very clearly that he was concerned. Then they left, and the antagonism in the crowd outside dissipated.

"I've seen that sort of thing happen with him at other times. Now that Bobby Kennedy is dead, nobody in American political life comes close to the Mayor in his ability to make himself believable in the ghettos. And it's more than the concern he shows. Here's this Ivy League, Puritan type, and on the face of it you'd say, 'What's the *connection between him and the black* poor?' But something's there, and it gets across. Not only in New York but also in all those cities he went through to do research for the Kerner Report. So there'll be that element of style he'll have left behind when he goes, and, as a result, whoever takes his place will have to be believable in the ghettos in his own way. What I mean is that I can't imagine it possible for a mediocrity to succeed him—the traditional politician who, whatever his rhetoric, has the traditional attitude toward the ghettos.

"Nor is Lindsay's legacy—if that's the word—going to be only one of style," Ginsberg continued. "For better or worse, he has consistently encouraged the idea of community people participating in affairs that directly concern them. Although he sometimes gets furious at the delays and conflicts this causes, he really believes in it."

I mentioned that Charles Abrams, the housing expert and city planner, had told me recently that he felt there was a point at which community participation could hinder progress, because of the time needed to reconcile competing factions.

"Sure, that's a problem," Ginsberg said. "But once you start, you can't


QUEBEC
NEW BRUNSWICK
ONTARIO
MAINE
NOVA SCOTIA
VT.
N.H.
NEW YORK
MASS.
PENNSYLVANIA
Atlantic Ocean

this is Nova Scotia...
snug woodland paths salt edged breezes
the homely charm of cosy resorts
heavenly hash and cherry winks
only moments away in time

NOVA SCOTIA

Canada's
Ocean
Playground

for NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL INFORMATION write:

New York 30 West 54th St., New York, N.Y.
10019 Tel: 212-581-2420

Boston 607 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
02116 Tel: 617-267-1431

Name____________________
NY-3-5-69
Address____________________
City____________________
State________________Zip Code________

or Nova Scotia Travel Bureau
P. O. Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

The 1969 Canada Games
2700 athletes - gold medal competition - Halifax - Dartmouth - Aug. 16 to 25

Dacron.® In knock-em-dead colors.

AUSTIN HILL says name your color—and you've got it in these new slacks! There are 18 great colors in all, every one as stand-out as this Kelly green. And these slacks are 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% flax. So they've got the crisp look and feel of linen—but none of the hang-ups. Creases last, wrinkles don't! About $19 at fine stores. Ask for Austin Hill slacks with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

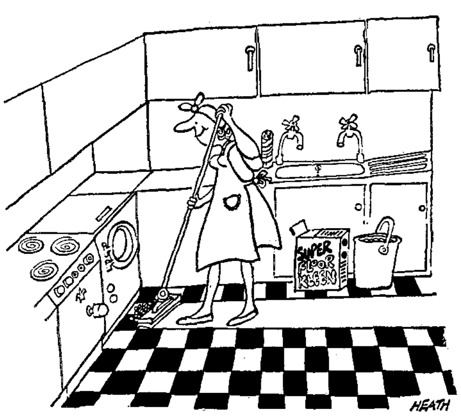
*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers,
not fabrics or clothes.

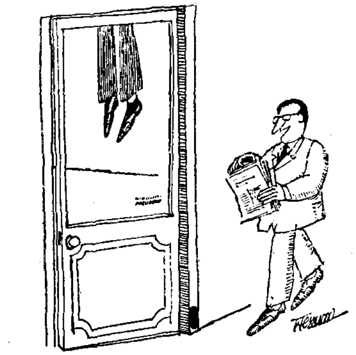
DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT OFF
Better things for better living
...through chemistry

say, 'We'll have them involved up to a point and no further.' If you do that, you show you didn't mean it in the first place. Whether Lindsay is Mayor for a second term or not, community involvement in decision-making has taken root in this city. Hell, we've financed welfare groups that put pressure on the Welfare Department itself, and we've turned over some sixty-two million dollars, including federal funds, to the Council Against Poverty. That's the city's policymaking body for the anti-poverty program, and the largest single bloc in the Council consists of people elected by the poor around the city to represent them. I don't control a dime of the funds allocated to the Council. No other city in the country has given that degree of spending authority to a group outside the regular structure of city government. The Council decides priorities and allocates funds to activities such as the organizing of parents around the school-decentralization issue and the forming of consumer co-ops and credit unions. It also finances programs by which tenants are informed of what their rights are against landlords and of how to demand code enforcement from city agencies. And on the school thing the Council provides money to set up courses instructing parents how to act if they become members of local boards. Now, that's a lot more than just talking about community involvement. As a matter of fact, when somebody urges me to try to see that a certain anti-poverty project gets financed, I tell him that the most effective thing for me to do is to go before the Council Against Poverty and attack that particular project. I'm the Establishment to them, and they're likely to do the opposite of what I want.

"Certainly there's waste and inefficiency as people learn to make decisions and implement them, but even at the worst moments the Mayor has never said, 'Take that authority away from them.' Every once in a while, a community group under the umbrella of the Council Against Poverty will do or say something that antagonizes the City Council, and the Mayor will ask me about it. 'They had the right to do that,' I tell him, and that's enough for him. People in the poverty neighborhoods have become used to having a say, and no successor of Lindsay is going to be able to turn that all the way around.

"Another definite impact the Mayor has made," Ginsberg continued, "has been on the police. Leary is a Lindsay product. The Mayor has taken a lot



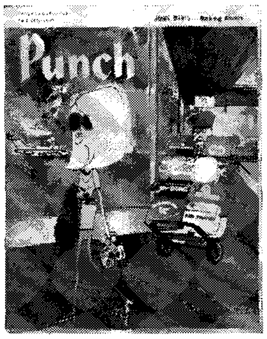


"Nothing to be worried about, sir—I just made a little mistake in the calculations."

If you subscribe to Punch today, half the laugh is on us.

"I'll make a complete recovery if I can get used to walking backwards!"

"If we don't find water soon, it's all up with my geranium!"



It's getting pretty hard to laugh at the world these days.

So, *Punch* would like to help—and we're willing to meet you part-way with the first half-price offer to the American public in our 128 year history:

A full year's subscription to the world-famous magazine of wit and satire—52 weekly issues, usually fifteen dollars—is now available for only $7.50.

Such things aren't done in Britain. But we think your American idea of the "introductory offer" is jolly good! Eminently fair. And we've adopted it as the very best way for you to get to know us . . . inexpensively.

At *any* price, of course, there is nothing quite like *Punch*. In its coverage of politics and books, the cinema and current affairs and business, there is nothing to match *Punch's* crisp critical essays or its luminous articles. And nothing to match its renowned cartoons.

In *Punch* you'll meet many people you know—Mr. Nixon, Mr. Agnew, possibly even Mr. Ted Williams—but seen, refreshingly, from the British point of view. You'll also have the fun of discovering a whole new group of brilliant writers—men and women with provocative ideas and different viewpoints.

For example, crusty William Hardcastle. He writes—never gently—about the world of communications. And Alan Coren: his regular column is about pleasure. Just that. Pleasure. And Mr. Punch would not be complete without Judy—the sprightly, new feature for women.

Both in cartoons and commentaries, *Punch* makes laughter the ultimate weapon—*your* ultimate weapon—against the absurdities and abominations of our time.

So, if you'd like to put more *Punch* in your life, congratulations. You're halfway there already—thanks to this unique, money-saving invitation to our American friends. Won't you come the rest of the way today? It will be fun to have you with us.

HALF-PRICE SUBSCRIPTION/DIRECT FROM LONDON

To: **Punch** Dept. 1, 30 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please enter my subscription to receive a full year of *Punch*—52 weekly issues—at $7.50. This is a fifty per cent saving from the usual rate, and it is available only to residents of the United States of America.

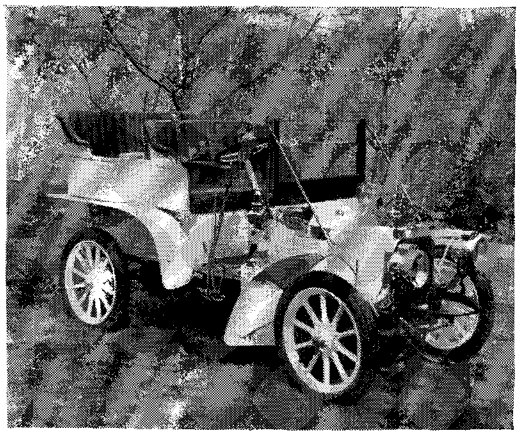
I enclose: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order.

Name ____________________
(Please Print)

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

ANTIQUE AUTO AUCTION



sponsored by and conducted for
THE ANTIQUE AUTO MUSEUM
OF MASSACHUSETTS
to be held on:
Saturday, May 24, 1969
exhibition:
Friday, May 23, 1969
to be held at:
The Antique Auto Museum
of Massachusetts
Larz Anderson Park, Inc.
15 Newton St.
Brookline, Mass.
Dozens of antique and classic autos, many specimens in fine condition.
conducted by
RICHARD A. BOURNE
CO., INC.
Auctioneers and Appraisers
P.O. Box 141
Hyannis Port,
Massachusetts 02647
Send $3.00 for complete illustrated catalogue.

Great excuses for giving yourself a present:
MAY 3: RUNNING OF THE KENTUCKY DERBY

The official julep: bourbon, ice, mint, and our thread-bordered sterling julep cup. 3¾ inches high, $29.50.
®International Sterling
Made by International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. Price subject to change.
At fine jewelers and silverware departments.

of time and effort with him. Leary himself is a very able, interesting man, and he's now in command of that force—so far as anyone can be. But I *am* worried about what happens to the police after Lindsay leaves. They may well slide back. The man after Lindsay is likely to let them run their own show again, because that's the usual practice. And it's much easier. You know, this attempt to make over the police has not been easy for Lindsay. A couple of weeks ago, he was about as devastated as I've ever seen him. He'd gone to Queens for the wake of Henry Barnes, the Traffic Commissioner. There was a police guard there, and the Mayor went up, as he always does, to shake hands with the police. But one cop said, 'No,' and turned away. That hostility goes all the way back to the Mayor's fight for the civilian review board, but the incident shows how tense some of the force has become. The Mayor was really crushed. He kept talking about it in the car all the way back. 'Did you see that?' he said to Bernie, a detective with him. 'I'll get his number and crack down on him,' Bernie said. 'No.' The Mayor shook his head. 'He has a right not to shake my hand.' But that whole night he was in despair. Of course, he snapped back. He always does."

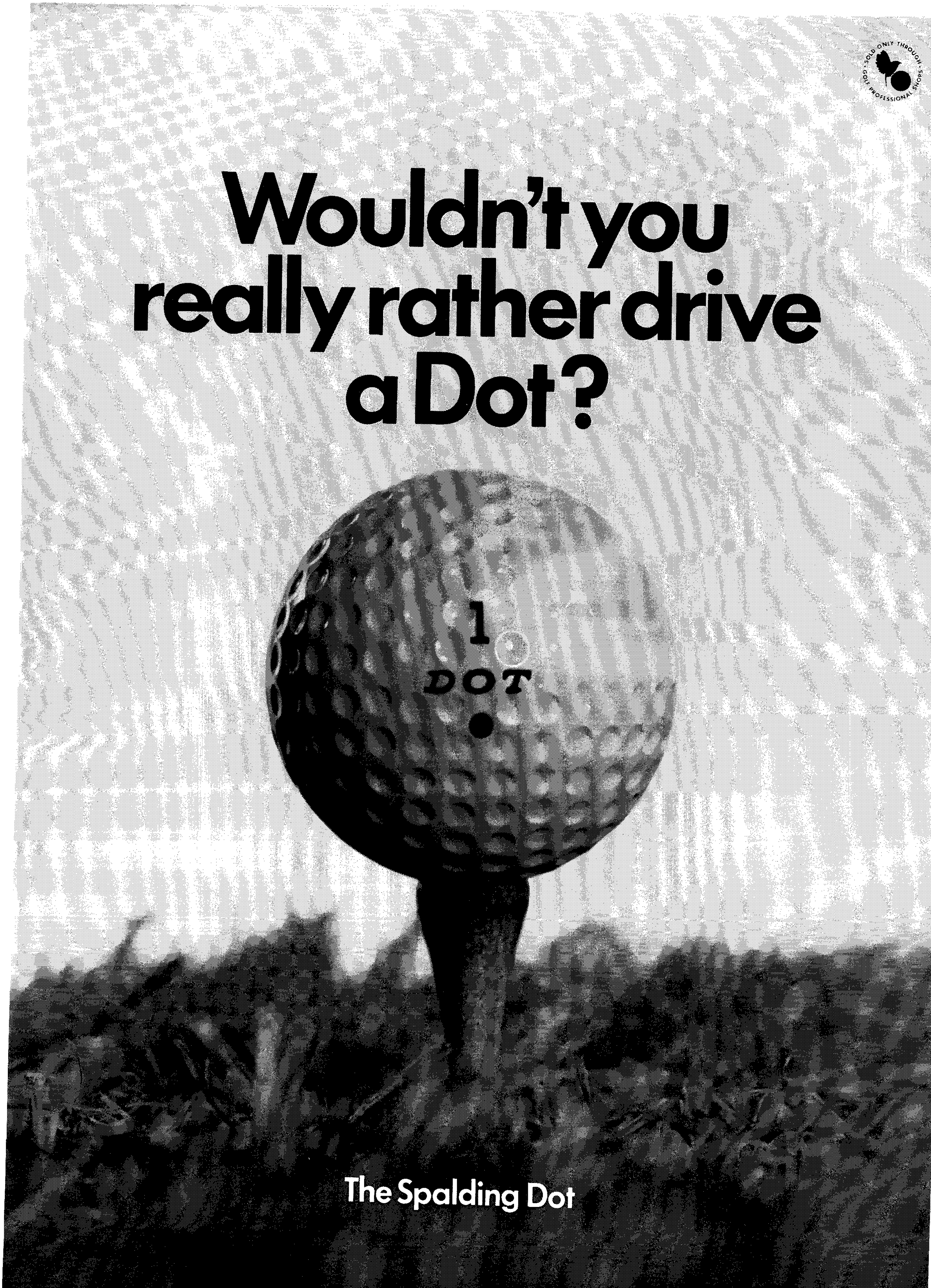
"Aside from that resiliency," I asked, "what about his capacity for intellectual growth? Bobby Kennedy, you remember, once called him a 'lightweight.' "

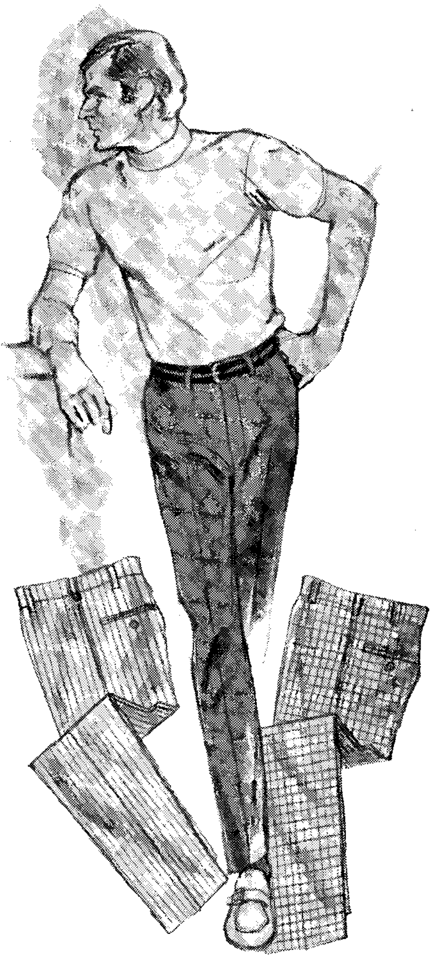
"I worried about that when I first met him. He's increasingly won my respect. I like him, but, more than that, I respect the way he's developed and matured on this job. Two years ago, when I started working for the city, I was not impressed with the talk of his being Presidential material. I didn't think he was anywhere near ready. Not because I'm a Democrat, and not because I think so highly of many who have become President. He just didn't seem to have the stature a President should have. I didn't think he was a subtle enough man, nor did I think him knowledgeable enough in areas in which he should have been knowledgeable. Also, he blew up too easily.

"Now, however, he is more subtle, although he still tends to see some things starkly—in terms of black and white. Well, that's a bad term now. I mean, for instance, he defines people as good guys or bad guys, and once he's put you in the latter category it takes a lot to get out of it."

"You haven't indicated much of a change in him in two years," I said.

"I think particularly about his


SOLD ONLY THROUGH GOLF PROFESSIONAL SHOPS
Wouldn't you really rather drive a Dot?
1
DOT
The Spalding Dot



The Linen Look

Washable slacks with that crisp cool linen look, achieved by a blend of polyester and flax. Styled with plain front and belt loops

Solid shades of marine blue, mustard yellow, Shannon green, sun red

Striped and checked patterns in off white with marine blue, mustard yellow, Shannon green, sun red

Sizes: 32 to 42

$18.50

PLEASE ADD 75c FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

growth in knowledgeability," Ginsberg said. "He knows more about issues. He does his homework more conscientiously than he used to. He used to be more casual, and sometimes made decisions without having explored a specific problem deeply enough. Now he sometimes does too much exploring. There'll be ten or fifteen people around him for hours on a problem, and he'll be pushed many different ways. But I should say that nobody makes decisions *for* him. Of course, he's influenced, but the final decision is not arrived at by consensus, and that I appreciate. It's made, moreover, on his own substantial knowledge of the situation. And, as I've said, if he thinks something ought to be done he'll go ahead even if he has nothing to gain politically—and, sometimes, a lot to lose."

"Do you consider him an intellectual?"

"Well," Ginsberg said, "the few times I discussed a welfare issue with John Kennedy or juvenile delinquency with Robert Kennedy, it was on a different level from such discussions with Lindsay. They were more intellectually curious than he is. Lindsay is much more pragmatic. He's primarily interested in what he needs to know to handle a current situation. But although he doesn't go into things with any great intellectual depth, if you provide him with that kind of analysis as a guide to action he'll accept it, if he has confidence in you personally. So he doesn't resist intellectual analysis.

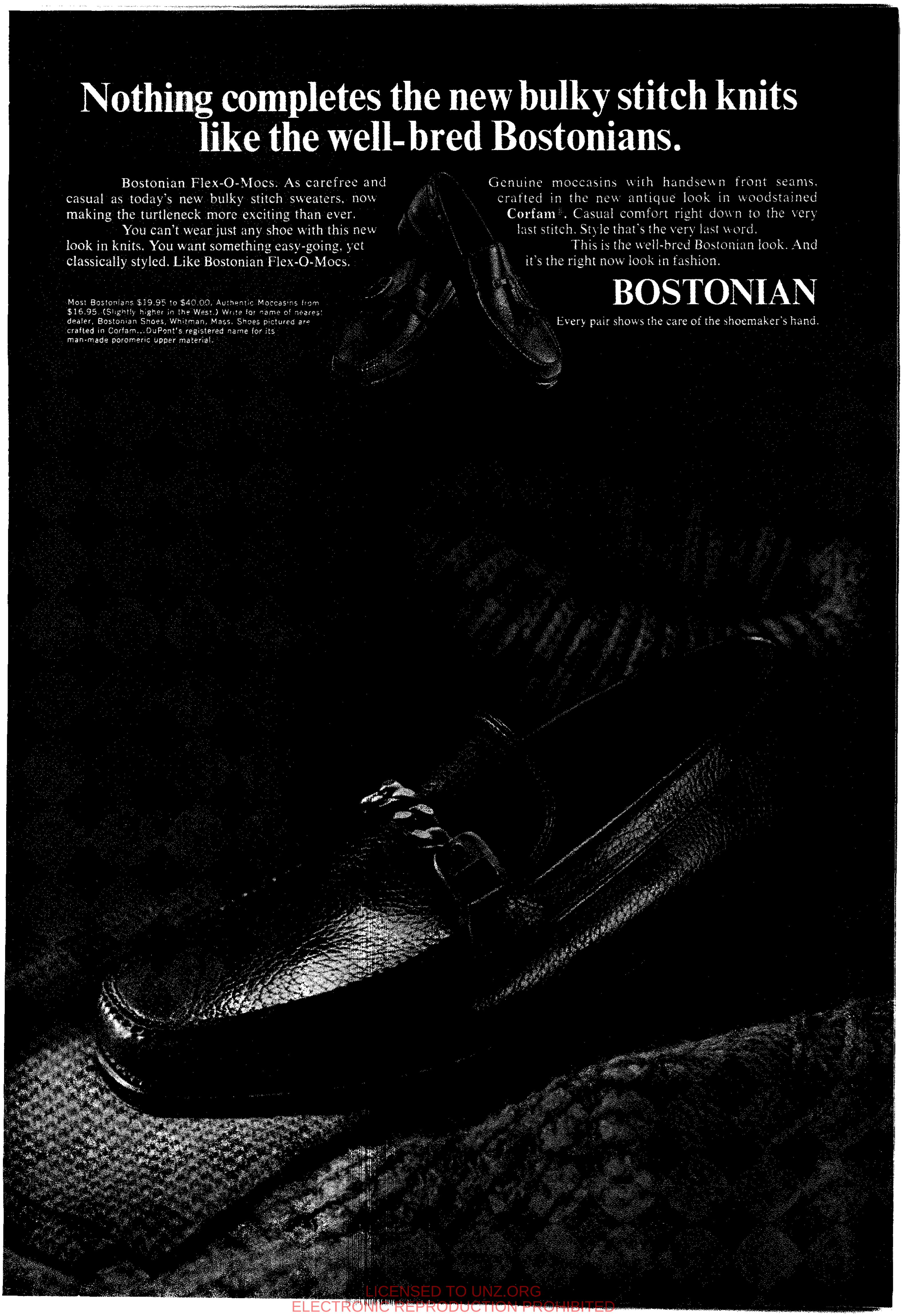
"Although it's academic now, I would say he does have the capacity to be President. Maybe it's not academic. Who can predict what'll happen in four years or eight years? Anyway, I don't know that being an intellectual is an essential quality for the Presidency. Lindsay cares, and that's important. He understands enough about people and about issues. He listens to others. And he has what a successful President most depends on—the ability to lead and to inspire people. People need that in a President. They haven't had it under Johnson, and I don't think they're going to have it during the next four or eight years.

"It's not that I'm a hero-worshipper. Quite the opposite. And there have been times when I've been bitter and close to resigning, but then John talks about the enormous needs and problems of the city and convinces me again that this is the place to be. As a matter of fact, I offered my resignation this week. There's been a fight in the administration about a certain program I'm going to start. I can't give you the details. There was a final meeting, and that political tactician I told you about headed the opposition. He wanted me to handle this program a certain way, and I told him it was possible to do that but not with me as administrator. I left. Meanwhile, the stories have been breaking about missing funds, about embezzlement, in the Human Resources Administration. Last night, at twelve o'clock, I was discouraged, exhausted, depressed, and there's a call from the Mayor: 'I'm going to Chicago, but I wanted you to know before I leave that in that policy argument I back you completely.' It says something about a man. He goes against his political adviser—a man utterly devoted to him, and a man much closer to him in point of view than I am. I'm not even a close personal friend. But in this case, as in others, he somehow felt that my program and my way of shaping it were right even though they weren't going to be politically popular. He may not have understood it completely, but he wants to do what's right. He's a man who actually believes in right and wrong."

By then, we had had dinner and coffee, and now Ginsberg ordered more coffee and continued, "I'm not saying that doing the right thing is usually an easy, instant decision—for him or for me. That Willie Smith episode was a rough one."

The previous July, members of the Neighborhood Youth Corps had demonstrated in front of City Hall for funds to provide more summer jobs for young people in poverty areas. The demonstration had become violent. Several cars and other property had been damaged, bystanders had been roughed up, and fifty of the protesters had been arrested. Willie Smith, the director of the Neighborhood Youth Corps, who is a black man with strong support in the city's black communities, was accused of helping to organize the demonstration. There had been a strong adverse reaction to the demonstration in white sections of the city, and the Mayor later told me that he had been very disturbed about it.

"It was clear to me that Smith had to be suspended," Ginsberg recalled. "I had written evidence that he'd set up the demonstration. The night it hap-



Nothing completes the new bulky stitch knits like the well-bred Bostonians.

Bostonian Flex-O-Mocs. As carefree and casual as today's new bulky stitch sweaters, now making the turtleneck more exciting than ever.

You can't wear just any shoe with this new look in knits. You want something easy-going, yet classically styled. Like Bostonian Flex-O-Mocs.

Most Bostonians $19.95 to $40.00. Authentic Moccasins from $16.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) Write for name of nearest dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass. Shoes pictured are crafted in Corfam...DuPont's registered name for its man-made poromeric upper material.

Genuine moccasins with handsewn front seams, crafted in the new antique look in woodstained **Corfam**®. Casual comfort right down to the very last stitch. Style that's the very last word.

This is the well-bred Bostonian look. And it's the right now look in fashion.

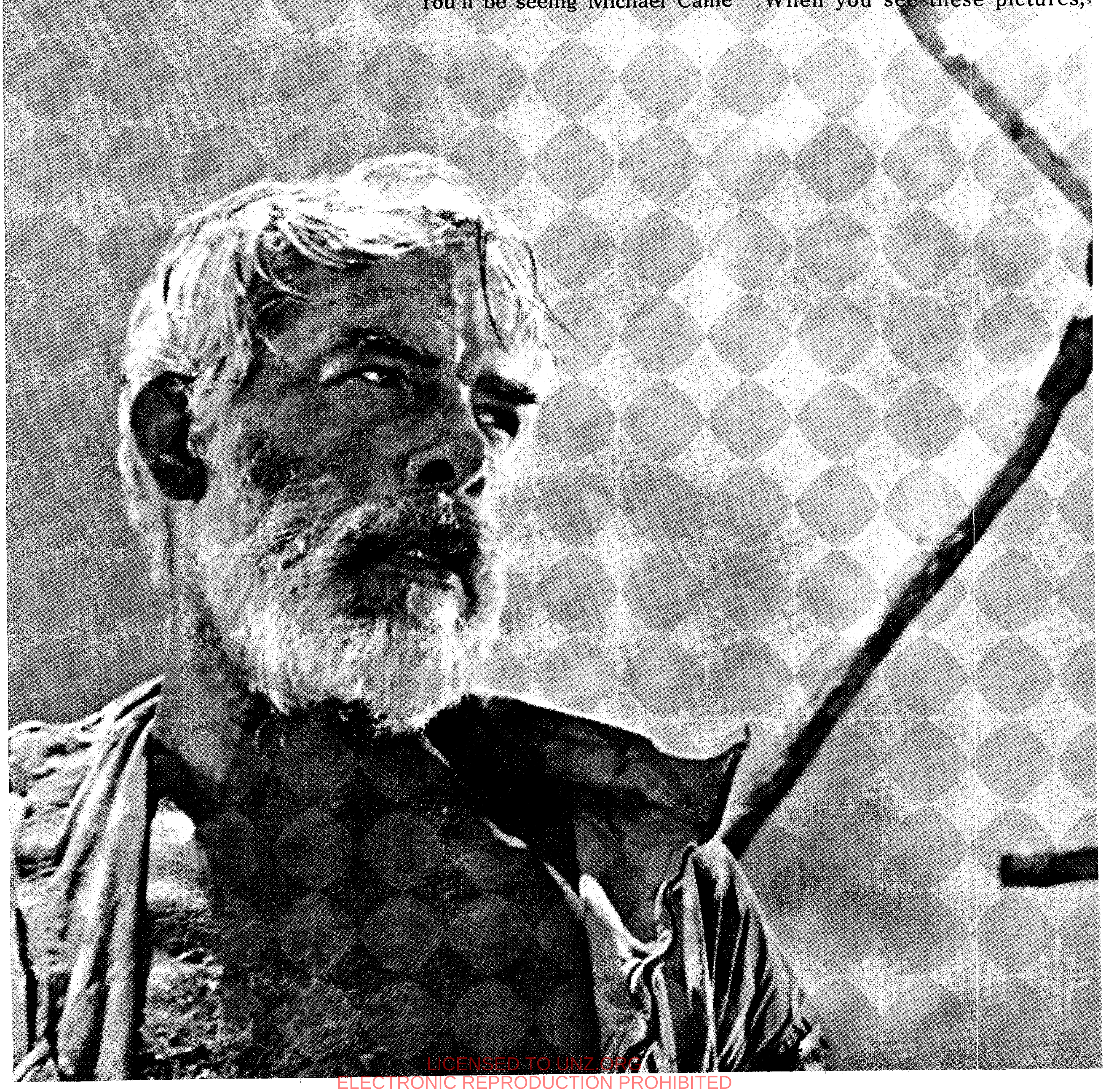
BOSTONIAN

Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand.

When you live through you're watching

Because ABC is on the big silver screen, too. We are now a major theatrical motion picture producer. With outstanding films like "Hell in the Pacific," a remarkable tour de force with Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune as its entire cast. We plan to make ten or twelve fine pictures like this every year. Movies that entertain and involve people.

This will be a big year at the movies for ABC pictures. You'll be seeing Michael Caine and Cliff Robertson in "Too Late the Hero." Jane Fonda and Susannah York in "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" Woody Allen's "Take the Money and Run." "Ring of Bright Water," starring Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna. And many others. When you see these pictures,

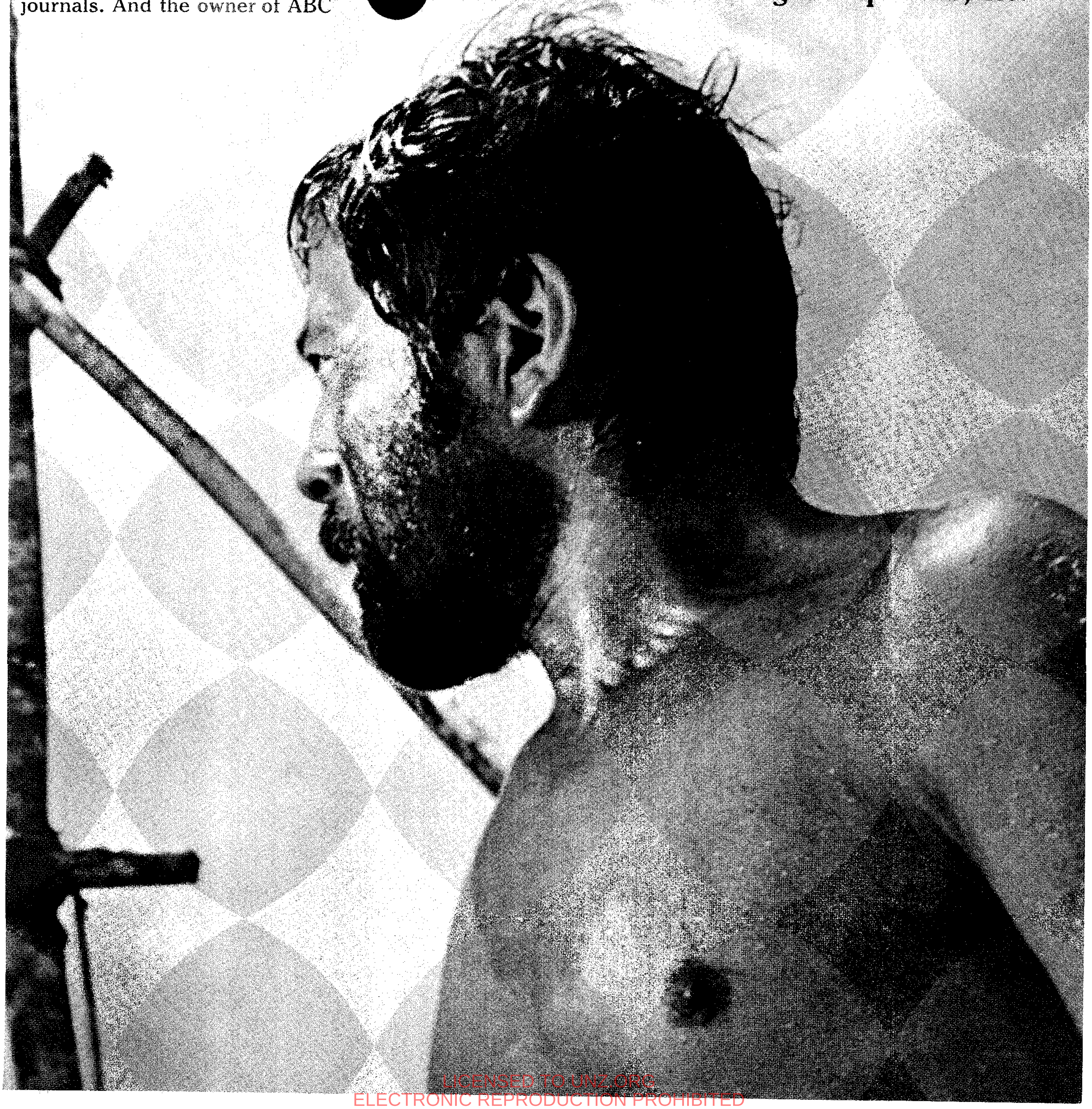


"Hell in the Pacific," ABC.

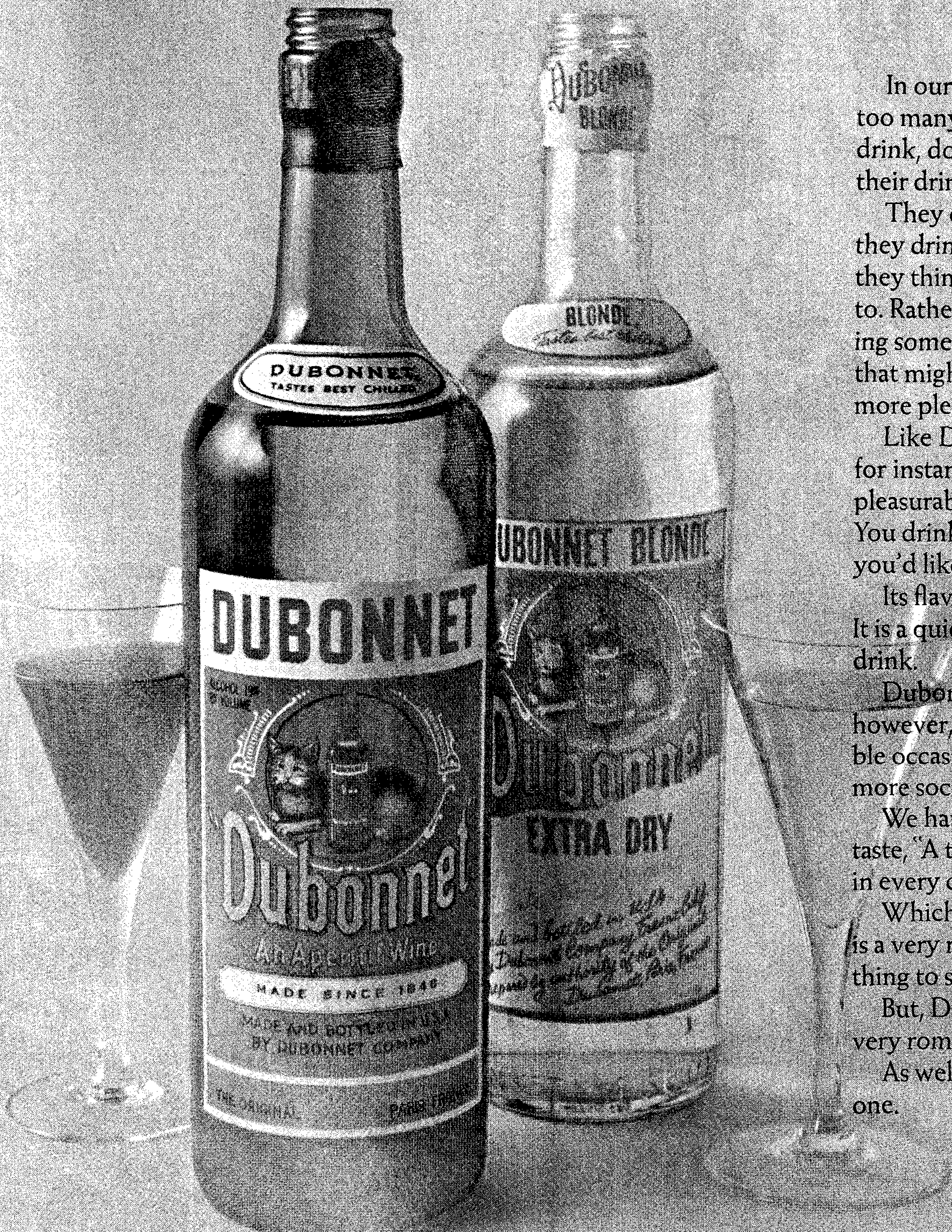
you're watching ABC. When you hear a new top ten record, you are also watching ABC. Because ABC is a major record company. And the largest chain of motion picture theatres in the world. And a publisher of three leading farm journals. And the owner of ABC Marine World, Silver Springs and Weeki Wachee — three unusual scenic attractions.

We're many companies doing all kinds of entertaining things you probably didn't know we did. There's a lot more to the American Broadcasting Companies than broadcasting. Watch us. **We're not quite as simple as ABC.**

abc American Broadcasting Companies, Inc.



A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.


DUBONNET
TASTES BEST CHILLED
DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE 1846
MADE AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY DUBONNET COMPANY
THE ORIGINAL
PARIS-FRANCE
DUBONNET BLONDE
BLONDE
DUBONNET BLONDE
Dubonnet
EXTRA DRY

In our society, too many people who drink, do not enjoy their drinking.

They drink what they drink because they think they ought to. Rather than drinking something else that might give them more pleasure.

Like Dubonnet, for instance—a very pleasurable drink. You drink it whenever you'd like a cocktail.

Its flavor is subtle. It is a quietly civilized drink.

Dubonnet will, however, make sociable occasions slightly more sociable.

We have said of its taste, "A touch of Paris in every drop."

Which, admittedly, is a very romantic thing to say.

But, Dubonnet is a very romantic drink.

As well as a sensible one.

Dubonnet. A touch of Paris in every drop.

pened, I saw the Mayor. He asked me what I wanted to do, and I said I was going to suspend Smith. The political tactician was there, and several other advisers to the Mayor. They disagreed vehemently with me. 'The black communities will blow up if you do that,' one of them said. So we all got into the Mayor's car, rode into Central Park, and talked there for an hour and a half. I told the Mayor that I didn't underestimate the dangers involved but that I couldn't let this pass. If I did, there'd be more and more incidents like it. 'If you stand by this decision,' the Mayor told me, 'there may be riots and burning and killing. Again, what do you want to do?' 'I'm going to suspend him,' I said. Then I had a sleepless night. It's one thing to know what you have to do; it's another thing to fear what the consequences will be. I suspended Smith the next morning. That was a Thursday. By the following Wednesday, I had decided to put him back in. Smith and I had discussed the matter, and he had agreed that if the time came when he felt he had to engage in public action inconsistent with or contrary to city policy he'd leave his job. He'd been doing a good job with the Youth Corps, and now that he'd made that pledge there was no reason not to reinstate him.

"But now there was trouble again. The very advisers to the Mayor who had most strongly urged that Smith not be suspended now insisted that he not be unsuspended. It was too short a time, they said. Actually, the Mayor gave the real reason: 'We've got a tremendous positive response nationally as well as locally by being firm. A very good response politically.' 'That may be,' I said. 'But the fair thing now is to put him back in.' Later that day, I got a call from the Mayor: 'Mitch, *all* my advisers are against reinstating Smith. Do you still think it's a good idea?' 'Yes.' 'O.K. Go ahead and do it.' "

Smiling slightly, Ginsberg said, "I should point out that although the Mayor did let me do what I thought best throughout that situation, I was aware that I might have to pay if my decision turned out to be wrong. Right after I suspended Smith, the Mayor's political man came up to me. 'I want to tell you something,' he said. 'No,' I told him, 'let me tell you what you were going to tell me. If this goes badly, the Mayor has to be free to reverse my decision and then fire me.' 'That's right.' I'm sure the Mayor didn't tell him to come to me and say

Our computer in The Oak Room

Stores information about thousands of patrons. Their likes and dislikes, their favorite wines and preferred cuisine . . . even their anniversaries and birthdays. Our computer is "Mr. John," maitre d' in The Oak Room, restaurant extraordinaire at The St. Regis-Sheraton. Mr. John feels computerized service has its place in the world, but not in a hotel like this. Personal Service is his golden rule, as it is the spirit and dedication of every member of the staff in these sophisticated restaurants, as well as in the glittering banquet halls, and in the aristocratic suites above. Come escape the anonymous world of computers for a while, and enjoy a renewed sense of individuality at The St. Regis-Sheraton. *Reservations direct, or through Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns throughout the world, or your favorite Travel Agent.*

OAK ROOM Pre-Theatre Dinner a la gourmet nightly, including Sunday

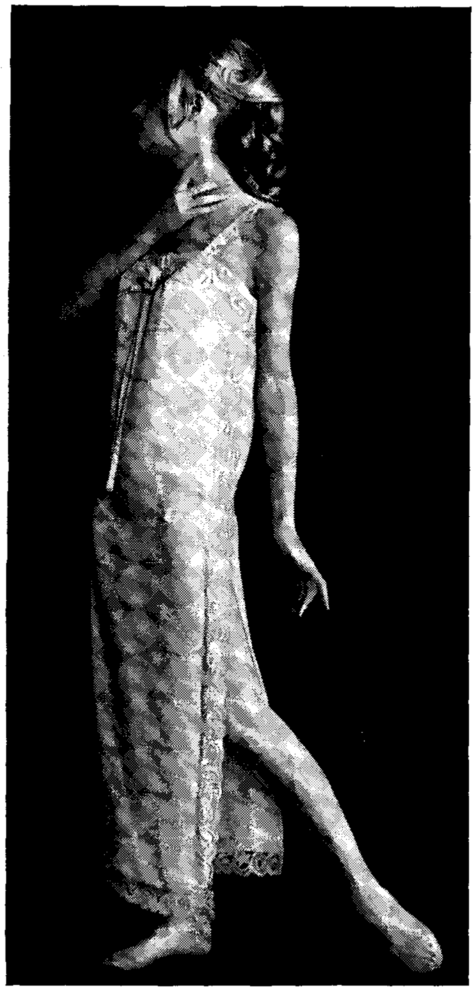
St-Regis-Sheraton
Fifth Ave. at Fifty-fifth St./New York 10022
(212) PLaza 3-4500

A Worldwide Service of ITT

that. I doubt whether he even knew it had happened. But this man was acting as the Mayor's political protector, and in that respect he was right. Just as, now, if there are two or three more scandals in H.R.A. I will resign. Nobody will have to tell me to do it. It's all very nice that everybody knows I'm honest and nobody blames me for them. But ultimately, politically, I am responsible. I know that. Knowing it, however, is not going to make me so cautious that nothing can happen. In an agency like H.R.A., we have to take a certain amount of risk. We have to hire people who don't meet all the usual standards. We have to hire some people, for instance, with police records. If there are too many safeguards, the program can't work, and I won't have that. But I have to balance the risk-taking against the credibility of the program. If enough wrongdoing were to take place, the program would be so discredited with the public that it would have to have a new head. The Mayor's loyalty to his people might make him resist my resigning, but I wouldn't let him. I would simply leave." Ginsberg looked at his watch and added, "Anyway, Mike Sviridoff, who was my predecessor as head of H.R.A., was quite right. 'There is no way,' he used to say, 'of winning in this job. The question is how rapidly you lose.' "

"Do you feel that way about the welfare system as a whole?" I asked.

"Of course. Look at the figures. As of the fiscal year ending last June 30th, welfare costs had risen to 26.6 per cent of the city's expense budget of 5.9 billion dollars—the largest single item in that budget. Education used to be the largest. By contrast, five years ago welfare costs accounted for eleven per cent of a three-billion-dollar budget. Next year, we're going to need more money; we're adding about twenty thousand people to the rolls every month. You have to keep losing, with the system as it now is. That system has no future. It'll be out in ten or fifteen years. It won't disappear as fast as it should, because of the conservative tide now running in the country. But, for a variety of reasons, many different kinds of groups have concluded that welfare just doesn't work. Nobody likes it—the taxpayers or the recipients. What we'll get instead, in the long run, is some form of guaranteed income—either a family allowance, which I'd prefer, or some variation on the negative income tax. I prefer the family allowance—a payment on the basis of the number of children you have—because it eliminates the means test. Any


The Olga toga...the word for it is shapeliness. It's all done beneath the surface with hidden shell cups lightly backed by **Lycra*** spandex. In the purer shades of nylon tricot, banded by platinum nylon lace. Her Sleeping Pretty™ gown, 32 to 36, 25.00. A shorter two-layer shift, 20.00. At stores with fashion spirit. *DuPont's Reg. T.M.

behind every

OLGA®

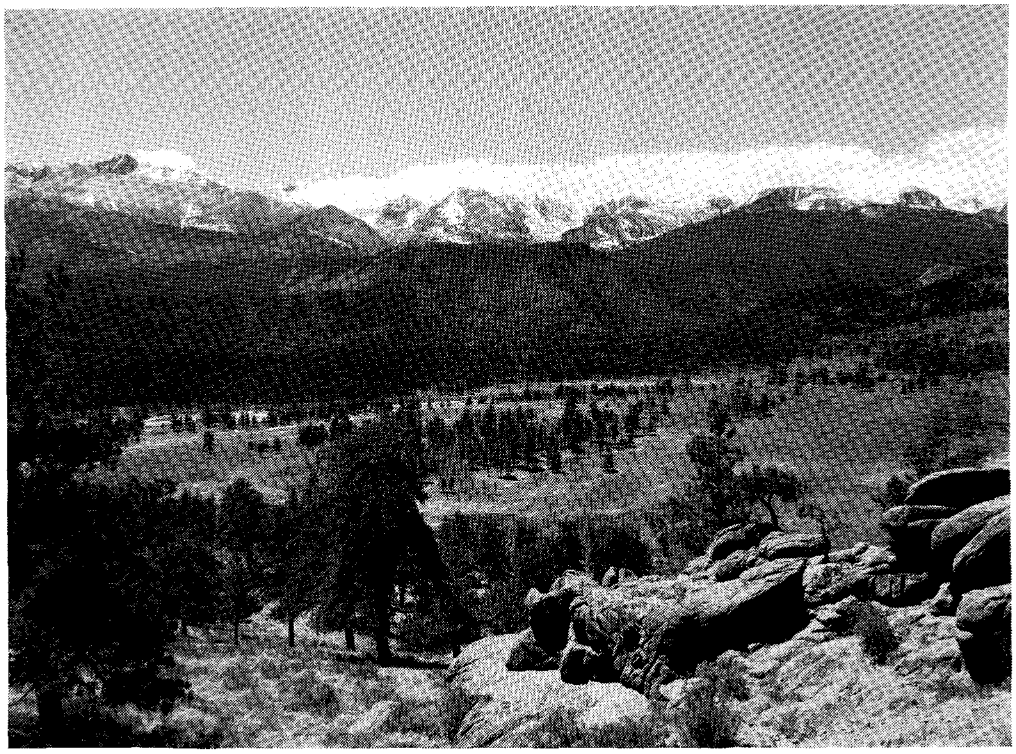
there really is an Olga

FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON

We opened a bottle so you will know what to expect.

And you can expect the same enchanted Rock Garden in our purse spray, eau de toilette, cologne and powder mist. From $5.00

Kodak



Outpost on the Front Range

70% of the American people are jammed onto 1% of the land. If inhabitants of the other 99% like it that way, it's easy to see why. Nevertheless, we are finding a welcome around Windsor, Colorado to match the beauty of the Front Range of the Rockies. We are putting up a plant there, our first U.S. photographic manufacturing plant away from Rochester, N.Y., which is now just on the edge of Megalopolis.

Several dozen supervisory people are coming out from Rochester to get the new factory going. "Doer" types–they and their families. Conditioned to ask how they can lend a hand to whatever needs doing locally. By and by, about 900 of the thousand or so people working there will have been hired locally. Whether they will have come in from half a mile away or from 2,000 miles away is up to them. Whatever their origin or ancestry, they ought to be doer types themselves who insist on living and working in a place no less pleasant than the Front Range was before we arrived. More prosperous but no less pleasant.

We can no more allow the neighbors in Colorado to regret their cordiality than we can slough off our responsibilities in Megalopolis. There is now more to business than good products, smart R & D, and a silky public relations department.

X-rays for a livelihood

Currently near Atlanta and soon in other localities we give an intensive two-week course to classes of 16 persons in the use of x-rays to see into objects other than the body. We are doing this because job openings in industry for radiographers often exceed the supply of people as well qualified for this work as our course makes them. No strong technical background is required for admission, but a $300 tuition fee promotes an attitude of dedication. Details from Eastman Kodak Company, Department 741, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

The never darkened classroom

The "knowledge" industry is reported to have replaced defense as the major growth industry. It demands less complicated engineering. With engineering attracting youth a bit less of late, the resulting engineer shortage may pinch less than had been feared.

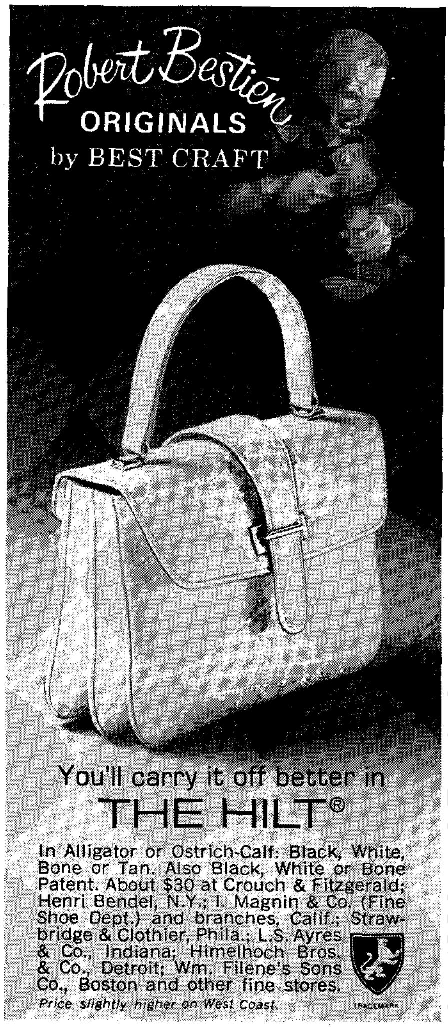
In this cheerful mood, it is pleasant to report that audiovisual dealers can now fill orders for KODAK EKTALITE Projection Screens, a significant contribution by our engineers to educational technology. Since the suggested list price of these 40 x 40-inch screens is only $65, they can't be terribly complicated. Nevertheless, their directionality into a space 30 degrees high by 60 degrees wide yields for the same projection six to eight times the brightness of any other screen we know where to buy, or about 16 times the brightness of a matte screen. Ambient light coming from outside the viewing space is reflected outside that space. It cannot dilute the color of the image nor kill its contrast. That's the main point.

So without the fuss and perils of going dark, the teacher moves frequently and easily in and out of the picture mode of communication, with inexpensive, low-powered equipment. Today, of course, kids are totally immersed in an endless stream of miscellaneous images, but the right image at the right moment is still most desirable.

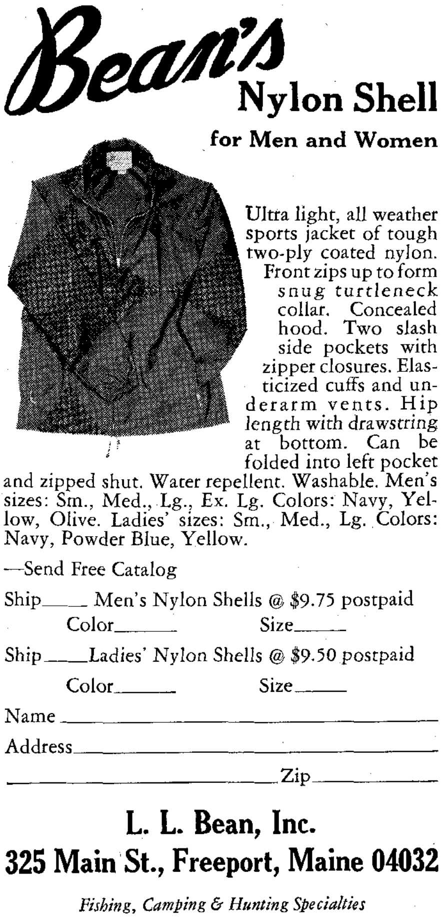
Another reason for calling the KODAK EKTALITE Projection Screen significant is that classrooms which need never be darkened cost less. There needn't be any better reason.

"Prices subject to change without notice."

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY An equal-opportunity employer


Robert Bestien ORIGINALS
by BEST CRAFT

You'll carry it off better in
THE HILT®
In Alligator or Ostrich-Calf: Black, White, Bone or Tan. Also Black, White or Bone Patent. About $30 at Crouch & Fitzgerald; Henri Bendel, N.Y.; I. Magnin & Co. (Fine Shoe Dept.) and branches, Calif.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; L.S. Ayres & Co., Indiana; Himelhoch Bros. & Co., Detroit; Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston and other fine stores.
Price slightly higher on West Coast. TRADEMARK


Bean's
Nylon Shell
for Men and Women

Ultra light, all weather sports jacket of tough two-ply coated nylon. Front zips up to form snug turtleneck collar. Concealed hood. Two slash side pockets with zipper closures. Elasticized cuffs and underarm vents. Hip length with drawstring at bottom. Can be folded into left pocket and zipped shut. Water repellent. Washable. Men's sizes: Sm., Med., Lg., Ex. Lg. Colors: Navy, Yellow, Olive. Ladies' sizes: Sm., Med., Lg. Colors: Navy, Powder Blue, Yellow.

—Send Free Catalog
Ship____ Men's Nylon Shells @ $9.75 postpaid
Color____ Size____
Ship____Ladies' Nylon Shells @ $9.50 postpaid
Color____ Size____
Name____
Address____
____Zip____

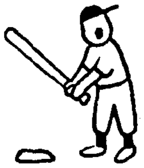
L. L. Bean, Inc.
325 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping & Hunting Specialties

means test is degrading. Also, we have considerable experience with a family or child allowance. There are now sixty-two countries with some form of it. It just takes the United States longer to get into this kind of thing. But when this country is finally forced to scrap the old system, it is more likely to change to a plan that's tied directly in with children.

"In the short run, the answers are also clear. Whether they're politically viable is something else. First, there has to be a national standard of minimum welfare payments—the same in Mississippi, let's say, as here. And the federal government has to take over the full financing of those minimum payments. Second, everyone able and willing to work should be guaranteed a job. But for that to happen we'll need federal subsidies for private employers who assume the responsibility for job training. If a man was worth only sixty per cent of the going wage, the employer would pay that and the federal government would provide the rest. Also, it's unrealistic to expect private enterprise to do most of what's required to guarantee jobs. The main job-development effort has to be in the public sector. It's perfectly evident that there are thousands and thousands of jobs which desperately need to be done, not just because they give work to the poor but also because all of us can use the services they would provide. You know what I mean—jobs in hospitals, parks, welfare and health centers, and on and on. But cities can't pay for those added positions. Again, you have to have federal subsidies. It all makes such sense. If the federal government took over the costs of public assistance—there'll always be those who cannot work, or need supplemental help, even if there are guaranteed jobs—and if the federal government subsidized job development and training, then local governments would be free to make real improvements in health, education, and housing while also developing a broad network of public social services."

It was nearly ten o'clock, and Ginsberg said that he still had some paperwork to do at home. "Yes," he said—more to himself than to me—as he put on his coat, "it all makes sense. But since when is that a guarantee of action? Especially now."

THROUGHOUT the fall, the conflict between the United Federation of Teachers and the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board continued, and there were lengthy periods of negotiation at City Hall. An adviser to the Mayor who was involved in nearly all of them grew more and more depressed as the weeks went by. "Sure, John has empathy with Ocean Hill-Brownsville," the adviser said to me at one point. "There's no question that he really understands their need to have the schools accountable to them. It's not just an intellectual conclusion on his part. He *feels* it. But he's a political being, and so he can't go all the way with them. We sit and sit at those endless sessions. You have no idea how boring they are. People think we have a master plan, but most of the time we're in one place, grumbling at each other, and the teachers are somewhere else. And only occasionally are the Ocean Hill-Brownsville people called in. So the mediators go back and forth. They spend three or four hours with the teachers, and then they tell us what's happened. What's happened is that the teachers work away at every little point until they've killed it. So we start again. There was one very long stretch during which neither John nor I had any sleep at all. I remember at two in the morning we were watching 'Petticoat Fever' on one of his television sets. That's a hell of a way to do business, isn't it?



"I know some people blame Al Shanker for all this. But it's not a matter of the very militant head of a union pulling the membership along with him. There are people on his side who are in on the negotiations because they're afraid *he'll* be too soft. The fear among some of the teachers and the supervisors is really something. They say they're trying to protect the future of the union and the future of the system that got the supervisors where they are. But it's the past they're trying to protect, and you can do that for only so long. What you see here, and what you're going to see in other institutions in this city, is the beginning of a shift of power. It won't happen peacefully. It never has. There'll be more tensions, more arrests, just plain more trouble. Those now in control will put up obstacles. The state legislature will. But in time the blacks and Puerto Ricans will get their share of power, as others have before them. Meanwhile, John says he's going to keep on trying to be the Mayor of all the people—and he just might come out with all the people against him.

"God knows, I sympathize with John, but sometimes when he thinks

BERT STERN

Going [illegible] [illegible]en Light, Vanity Fair's new, non-stop fashion color for night or day. This skin-skimming slee[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]he excitements in our Green Light collection. It's backless above the waist, gathered in deep fol[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]d Granada lace. Sizes 30 to 36. About $15. There's a short sleeved cover-up coat to match, in a se[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]ills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

VANITY FAIR

PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Corum's answer to that wonderfully ridiculous question "How much do you love me?"

Diamonds and rubies in 18 Karat gold: $1350. Also available in emeralds or sapphires, and 18 Karat white gold.
Corum, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020. Subsidiary of North American Watch Corporation.

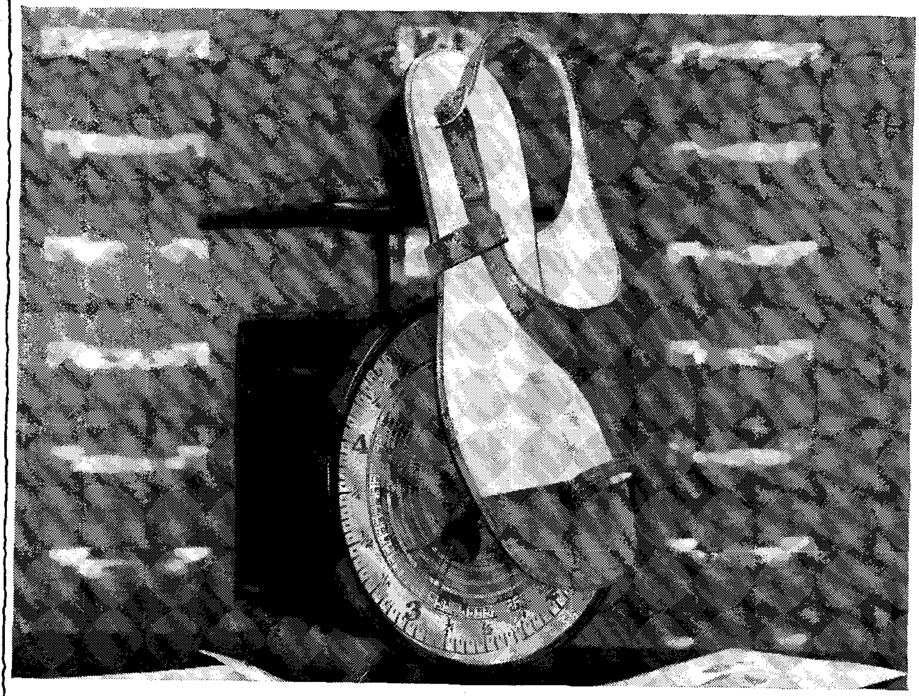
CORUM

he's being most pragmatic he's wholly unrealistic. There was one bruising sixteen-hour session which ended with an agreement between the city and the U.F.T. The disputed teachers would be sent back to Ocean Hill-Brownsville with as many police as necessary to protect them, and there'd also be teams of observers in the schools, including representatives of the union, to make sure the agreement was fully implemented. Sensible, right? There was one thing wrong. Nobody from Ocean Hill-Brownsville was there. They simply *weren't* part of the settlement. I fought against it to the end. 'They won't buy it,' I said. 'To them this is colonialism.' But the practical men around the Mayor insisted that Ocean Hill-Brownsville had to buy it. They still don't understand that the time is past when black communities go along and do what they're told. So they convinced the Mayor in the end. I lost, and the next morning there were the Mayor and Shanker smiling at each other in the *Times*. Of course, the agreement broke down. The community felt humiliated and wouldn't stand for it. The next time I saw the Mayor, I told him, 'What did you expect?' He was furious at me. I should have kept my mouth shut."

During one period that fall, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville experimental district appeared to be particularly vulnerable; parents throughout the city were demanding that the strike end, and a special session of the state legislature seemed imminent as a result of their pressure. One evening in that period, I went to the home of a young city planner who holds a highly responsible position in the city administration. He is black. His wife, who wears her hair in African style and also identifies herself as black, rather than Negro, was there. She works for a private agency as an advocate for the poor in a Manhattan ghetto. Both the man and his wife have graduate degrees and are committed to working for change within the system. They have friends, they told me, who have given up on "the system" and, accordingly, are alone in limbo with their anger.

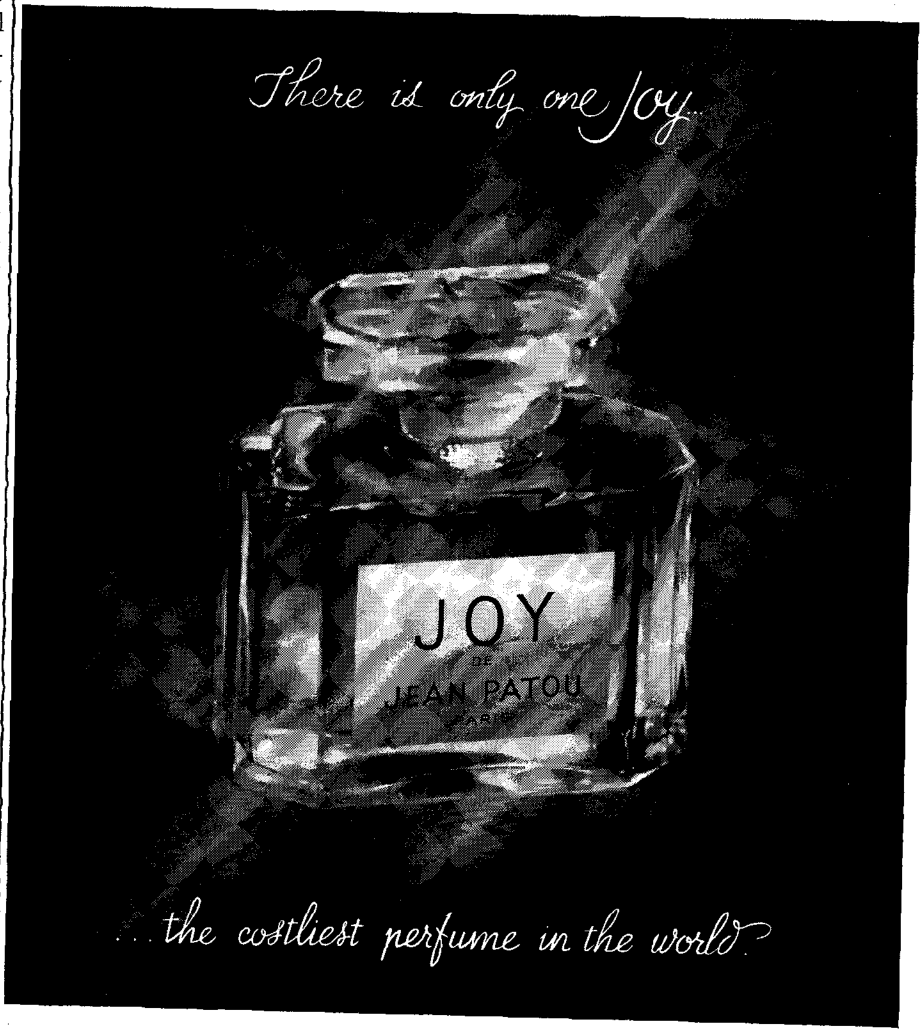
The city planner and his wife had recently returned from a trip to their home town, a large Eastern city. "There's a lot of division among black people there, but in a deeper sense they're united," he told me. "They're moving in the same direction as black people in New York—toward getting power over their own institutions, like the schools. Of course, they're even

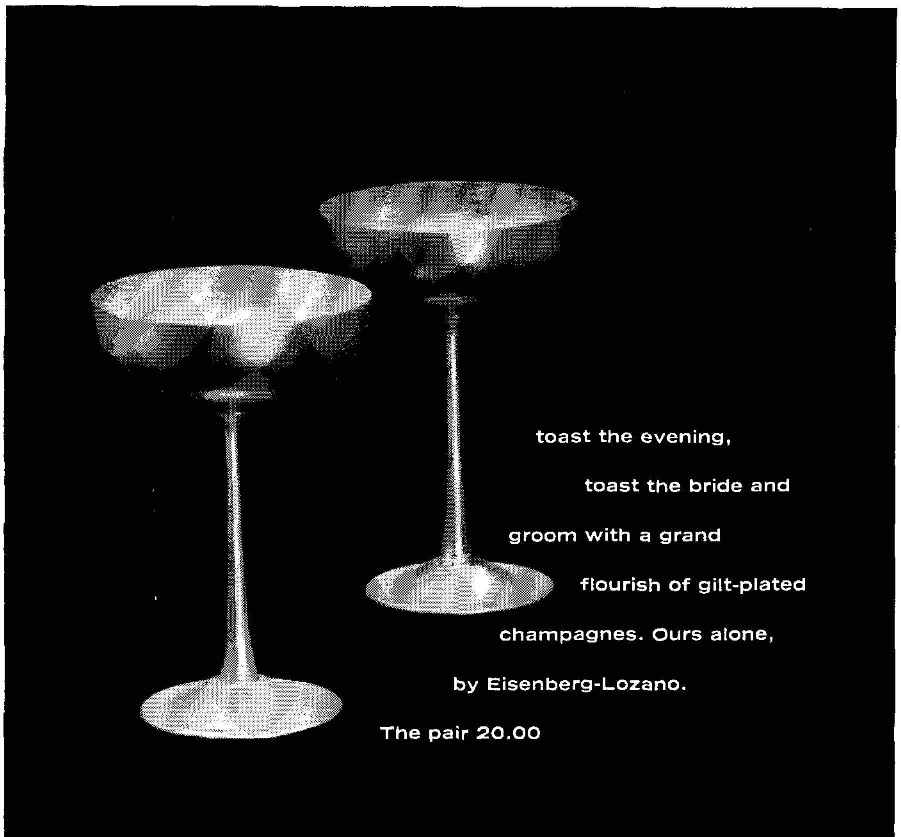
DON'T LOOK FOR *Battani*® IN THE USUAL PLACES



Battanis belong with special people, in special shops and boutiques where you create your own total looks. *Where things go together.* Battanis suggest different moods, too, like our dual-personality leather sandal "Polaris": casual and carefree in white, ivory, maple, siren pink, yellow, Bermuda blue, black, about $19. Or, regal in silver or gold, about $21. For your boutiques, write BATTANI, 1407 Broadway, New York City 10018.

You'll find them wherever the nicest clothes hang out.





toast the evening,
toast the bride and
groom with a grand
flourish of gilt-plated
champagnes. Ours alone,
by Eisenberg-Lozano.
The pair 20.00

I. MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

YOU LIVE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY,
WHY NOT WASH IN IT?

SHERLE WAGNER
125 EAST 57 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. PL 8-3300 / FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG SEND $1.00 TO DEPT. NY

more uptight there, because if you're black and you're not subservient to the local political machine you're locked out. Here, at least, black people have decent positions in the poverty program; militants can operate *within* the government. Look at the Council Against Poverty."

As I was about to start asking him questions about his work with the Lindsay administration, a friend of his arrived. The visitor, an urbane black man in his fifties, had an air of considerable authority. From the initial conversation between him and the city planner, I assumed that the newcomer worked in the same city agency as the young man but on a higher executive level. We all began talking about the school crisis.

The city planner was worried. "This strike is going to be a near-fatal blow to community control," he said. "That state legislature isn't going to go for anything real now."

The older man nodded. He was more interested in discussing the Mayor's role during the teachers' strike. "He's been going this way and then that way, trying to walk the line," he said.

The city planner kept trying to defend the Mayor. "What do you expect of him? He's a political animal. He's caught in a bind. If he goes with the teachers and the Jews, he alienates the blacks and Puerto Ricans. If he moves the other way, he's lost the white liberals."

"True," the visitor said. "But I wonder if he knows just how serious the situation is. I wonder if he knows that the people at the grass roots are ready to move if community control is threatened."

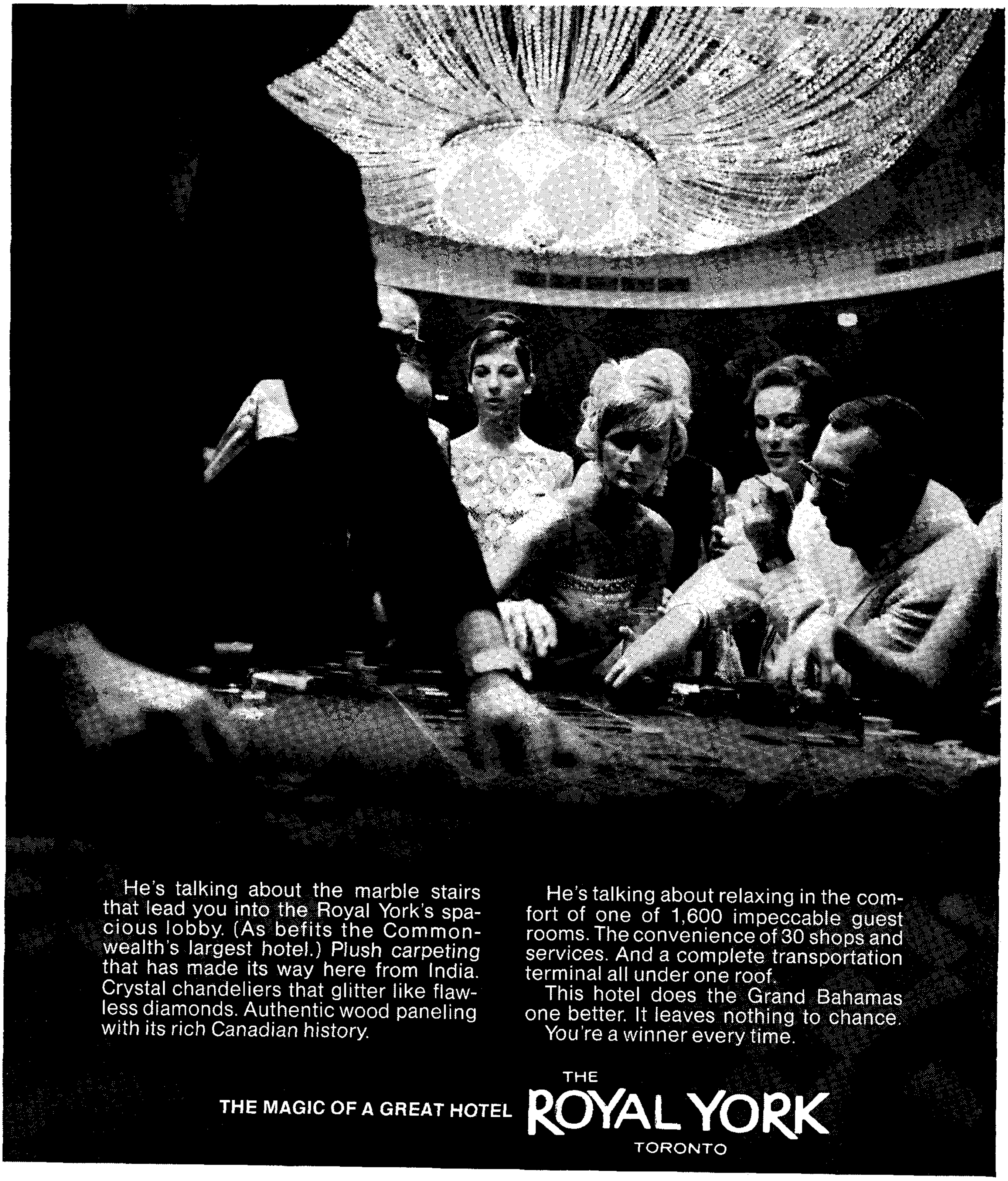
"Ready to move where?" the city planner's wife said bitterly. "Move with *what*? They could burn down all of Brownsville, and Shanker wouldn't have lost a bit of power. Let's be realistic. We are powerless."

"It's devastating, devastating," her husband said. He had begun to pace the room. "On the one hand, I'm with those black people who say, 'To hell with Lindsay's problems. We're not going to have any more of our children destroyed.' But, on the other hand, if Lindsay doesn't have the support of liberal Jews to make basic structural changes in this city he's locked in. He can't move. It's a bitch."

The conversation went on for some time. The older man never lost his aplomb. His anger at the United Federation of Teachers was intense, but it was icily controlled. The woman even-

You're at the tables in the Grand Bahamas. Someone mentions the Royal York in Toronto.

Do you know what he's talking about?



He's talking about the marble stairs that lead you into the Royal York's spacious lobby. (As befits the Commonwealth's largest hotel.) Plush carpeting that has made its way here from India. Crystal chandeliers that glitter like flawless diamonds. Authentic wood paneling with its rich Canadian history.

He's talking about relaxing in the comfort of one of 1,600 impeccable guest rooms. The convenience of 30 shops and services. And a complete transportation terminal all under one roof.

This hotel does the Grand Bahamas one better. It leaves nothing to chance. You're a winner every time.

THE MAGIC OF A GREAT HOTEL

THE
ROYAL YORK
TORONTO

Call your travel agent. **CP Hotels**

tually fell silent, but her husband, increasingly anguished, finally exploded. "These white people are planning to put us in cages!" he shouted. Then he turned to me and said, "What I meant was that some of them are eager to put us in cages."

"What if the eight schools in Ocean Hill-Brownsville just dropped out of the school system and set up their own private complex, with their own staff?" I asked.

"I've thought of that," the city planner said. "But they haven't the money, and nobody—not the Ford Foundation, nobody—is going to give them that much money. No, I don't see any good way out of this for us. I do think Lindsay wants to do the right thing, but, like I said, he's a political animal."

The visitor offered to drive me home, and as we rode along he said, "You know what the Mayor should have done, don't you? At the very beginning of that experiment, he should have made certain that the Board of Education set very clear guidelines for the district, so that there would have been no question as to what powers the local governing board had to transfer teachers out. All right, he didn't do that. The next thing he should have done, as soon as the U.F.T. went on strike, was to go on television as often as necessary to make the issues clear, to explain to everybody why those parents aren't going to stand still anymore while the schools fail their kids. And he should have pointed out early, not late, that the U.F.T. was out to destroy that district."

"Would that approach have worked?" I asked.

"He couldn't be any worse off than he is now, but that's not what I'm talking about. He would have done the right thing. That's what Lindsay's supposed to be all about, isn't it?"

A few nights later, I was at Gracie Mansion for a jam session. George Wein, who is a jazz impresario and the director of the Newport Jazz Festival, was about to send a group of celebrated musicians on a tour of Europe in connection with the United States Travel Service, and the Mayor had agreed to hold a reception for the voyagers. I was standing at the door of the ballroom and listening to the baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan and a rhythm section when the Mayor walked by. He looked tired, and thinner than he had the last time I saw him. I asked him about the school dispute, and he thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned against the wall. "There is *no* white support," he said,

J. PRESS INC.

SUMMER SPORT JACKETS

SILK/WOOL JACKETS

Our specialization in colorful lightweight mixtured Silk/Wool British tweeds has proven a dominant influence on the trend to Summer Sport Jackets of this impressive type. New J. PRESS variations in Stripe, Overcheck and Glen Check weaves are more than ever interesting & desirable .... **$80 & $85**

TERYLENE/WOOL JACKETS

Lightweight wool worsted blended with British Terylene polyester has been exclusively woven for J. PRESS in a special assortment of Glen Check patterns for these Summer Jackets **$80**

SINCE 1902

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK * SAN FRANCISCO

262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
233 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

Offered in both our three-button, center hook vent model and our two-button style with side vents, they are detailed with lap sewn trim throughout.

Sample Swatches, Brochure Upon Request.

Leilani Hawaiian Rum
Leilani Hawaiian Rum

Rum-and-nothing.

Leilani Rum doesn't need the somethings.

We make it in a little distillery in Hawaii, right in the middle of the finest sugar cane on earth. We make it slowly. In small batches. So Leilani tastes good on the rocks. And makes a better rum-and-anything. So what if it costs a little more?

HAWAIIAN RUM • 80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII

Who cares if these kids become dropouts?

Equitable cares. The future of our country depends on the abilities of the young. That's why Equitable wants to get as many dropouts as it can back on the track to learning. We're participating in co-op programs where the youngster goes to high school one week, works at Equitable the next. Offering training and counseling to employees who need special help. Supporting stay-in-school programs across the country. Encouraging Equitable men and women everywhere to lend a hand with education projects in their own communities.

But we haven't forgotten our main job—helping you find financial security for your family with Equitable Living Insurance. Equitable agents are trained to make sure you get a plan that meets your changing needs—to help send your children to college, take care of you in case you're sick, provide for you when you retire. In this troubled world, that's how **Equitable offers a corner of security.**

THE EQUITABLE

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, New York, N.Y. 1969
An Equal Opportunity Employer, M/F

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE LIKE THE SERVICE AT "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV• ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations: EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

Find your frames where the world's great museums do

THE HOUSE OF HEYDENRYK

now at
417 E.76St. N.Y.C. 10021 • 249-4903
Frames from $10.95 to $2800.00

meaning no white support for the experimental board.

I mentioned some citywide groups that were being formed to support the board.

The Mayor shook his head and said, "Not enough. Not nearly enough."

"And support is growing in the press," I said.

"I know," he said wearily. "But they're late, and it's all overshadowed anyway by this instant journalism day after day. The big play is always on whether there's going to be any violence. Look how little they've run about what's actually going on inside those schools—the learning that's going on."

"But there have been a few articles on that," I said.

"Too late. Not enough," the Mayor answered, and he walked away.

Gerry Mulligan was still playing. I heard voices at the front door, and saw the black city planner and his wife coming in. Before I left, I told the planner that I wasn't sure I had got the name of his guest correctly the other night. He gave it to me. "That's an impressive man," I said. "Just what does he do in the administration?"

"He's a driver," the city planner said coolly. "He drives commissioners around. Sure he's smart, and he's damned articulate. But he's one of the brothers of his generation who said the hell with it early."

THAT Sunday night, on a weekly radio-and-television program that the Mayor was conducting at the time, a Puerto Rican girl asked, during a question-and-answer period, "Why is it that since you've become Mayor we've had more strikes than ever before?"

"First of all," the Mayor answered, "here, as in all cities, there's a pileup of unfinished business left over from previous administrations and previous ways of doing things. And, furthermore, the city has no bargaining power. It's at the mercy of almost any powerful union. A private plant can close down. The city can't close down."

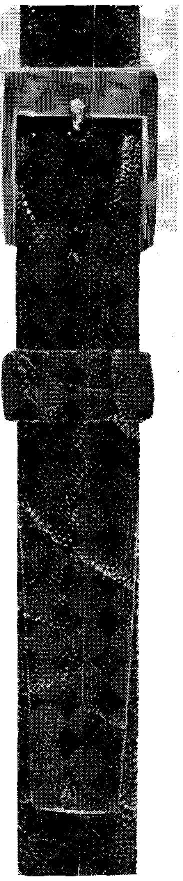
—NAT HENTOFF

(*This is the first of two articles on Mayor Lindsay. An earlier Profile of the Mayor by Mr. Hentoff appeared in the issues of October 7 and October 14, 1967.*)

•

HART SCHAFFNER HOPES
TO SETTLE U.S. SUIT
WITHOUT LENGTHY FIGHT
—*Headline in the Wall Street Journal.*

And maybe taking in the waist a little.



ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEGANT ELEPHANT BELTS

"You may outgrow them . . . you'll never wear them out!" Soft, supple, utterly luxurious Genuine Elephant leather. Fully leather lined. Solid brass buckles. 1" Dress Belt, French feathered edge, $10.95. Fashion's favorite 1¼" width, $12.95. Money Belt, 2 concealed zippered compartments, 1¼", $14.95. Black only; 28-44 Add $1 Post.

N.Y. Residents Add Tax

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Showroom or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St. New York 10022

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $47.50. Color from $150.

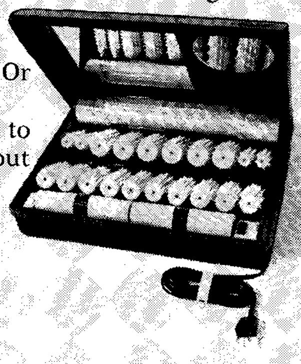
Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.*
THEY TAKE THEIR HAIRDRESSER TO ACAPULCO.

And if they can do it, why shouldn't a beautiful person like you?

Just pick up the Carmen "International" Instant Hairsetter and go. (It's from Clairol's line of Beautiful People* stuff, all of it based on what the real live beautiful people do to stay so beautiful.)

The Carmen comes in its own sleek little traveling case, with two mirrors that light up: one to do your eyes by, one to do your face and hair by. And to help with the hair part, the Carmen's got 6 jumbo, 10 large and 4 small rollers. Which should do you for all sorts of smooth, flippy jobs. Or big fat tumbles of curls. Or maybe one of those thirties things.



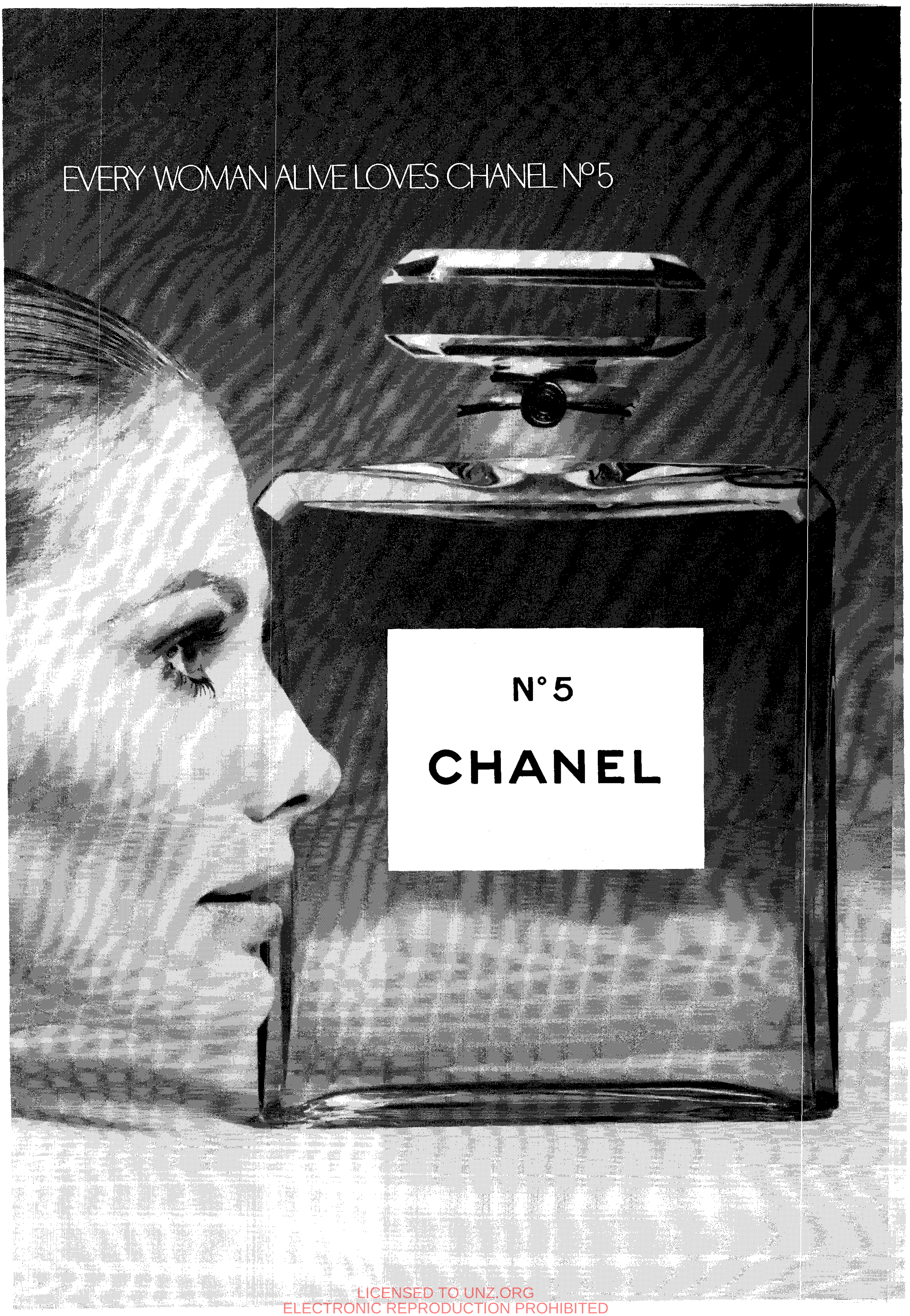
You don't even wet your hair to use it. Just plug it in (it adapts to any current anywhere), set your hair with the pre-warmed rollers, and in about 15 minutes you're done.

All in all it's probably the chicest little thing you can take to Acapulco this year.

And of course darling, you *are* going to Acapulco this year.

CARMEN INSTANT HAIRSETTER BY CLAIROL.

*TM © 1969 Clairol Inc. The Beautiful People is Clairol's trademark for a group of special beauty products.


EVERY WOMAN ALIVE LOVES CHANEL N°5
N°5
CHANEL

THE THEATRE

BREAKING UP

"The Gingham Dog," by Lanford Wilson, suffered precisely the fate of the ill-tempered creature it was named for, vanishing into thin air after five performances at the John Golden. If your Field has not grown rusty with the years, you will recall that the gingham dog and the calico cat got into such a terrible family spat that they soon reduced themselves to a state of invisible and inaudible antimatter. The two leading characters in Mr. Wilson's play were similarly bent upon destroying each other, but they had the bad luck to be human and so remained visible and audible to the end. The weapons they fought with were not innocent teeth and claws but words, and it is a notorious disadvantage of words that though in quarrels they have a tendency to take a sharper edge with use, they maim and do not kill. Many wise people hold that it was the invention of speech that was the Original Sin—the supreme wrong-turning that doomed mankind, since nothing but heartbreak could come of learning to tell one's feelings instead of dumbly bearing them. It requires great literary skill to transform the conventional lacerating encounters between people who love and hate each other into a drama that will prove exhilarating for an audience to overhear, as, for example, we relish overhearing the ferocious antagonists of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Mr. Wilson lacks that skill; he tried valiantly to make his play be true, and it turned out to be merely tiresome.

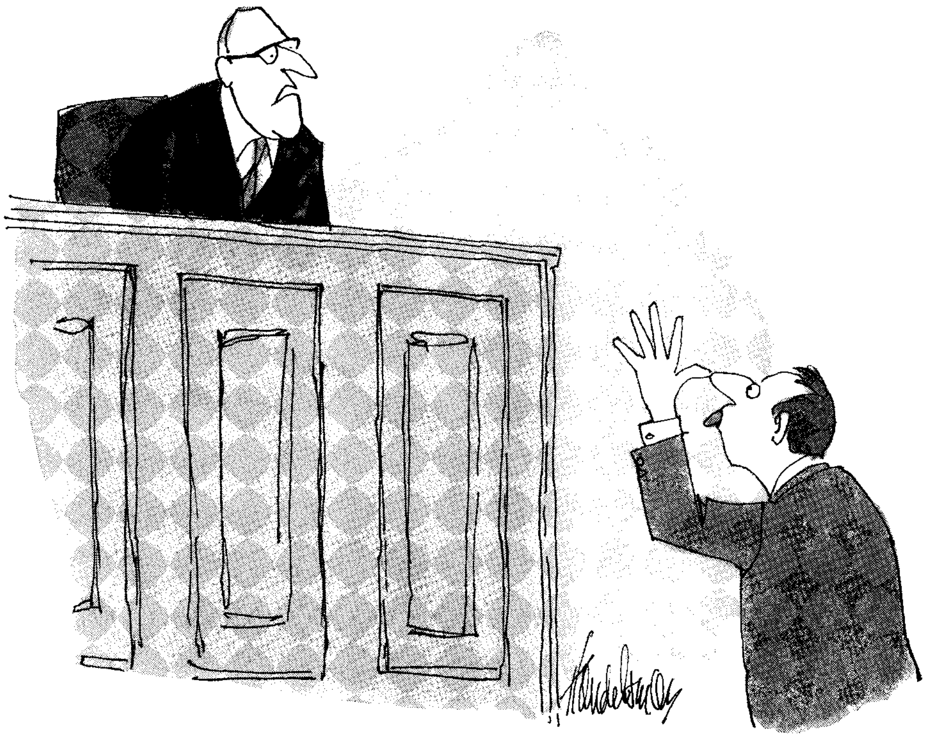
The hero of "The Gingham Dog" was an architect from Kentucky, young, white, liberal-minded, and laboriously making good in the professional jungle of New York. For three years, he had been married to a crusading black girl. As the play opened, the marriage had failed and the dreary little childless household was breaking up, with the usual squalid allocation of domestic spoils to be sullenly got through—pots and pans to her, hi-fi and books to him. The long and relentlessly circumstantial first act showed the couple bickering over trifles until, with the assistance of a bumbling friend of not very masculine gender and the hero's dull-witted, venomous sister, wounds were made to open and the blood began to flow. The time of the second and concluding act was very early the next morning, when the apartment had been stripped, the husband had been out getting silly-drunk, and the wife, for consolation, had taken a non-English-speaking stranger to her bed. (We never actually saw this itinerant Berlitz dropout, and it was a fault of Mr. Wilson's craftsmanship that we continuously suspected him of not existing.) In a dirgelike monotone, they worried and gnawed at the years they had wasted growing apart; they touched hands for a moment in what they perceived to be a sterile simulacrum of affection, then the husband stumbled away down the apartment-house stairs and the wife stood at the window, smoking and gazing at the sky. Curtain. Poor things, they had talked and talked, and the only secret they had given away to us was that they had no secret; they were unloving and, alas, unlovable, and if we managed to feel sorry for them for what they were not, we failed to be moved by what they were.

George Grizzard was admirable as the husband who, to his astonishment, had come to loathe his attractive, energetic wife. Diana Sands portrayed this formidable creature as a trifle more disagreeably dominating than she perhaps deserved to seem. Roy London had the small role of the awkward friend and Karen Grassle played, as written, the stereotype of a whiney Southern blonde. The director, Alan Schneider, did his best to disguise the almost total immobility of the play, and the single woebegone set was by William Ritman. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Soft-Edge Pirandello

Pirandello's "The Man with the Flower in His Mouth," along with two of his other one-acters, opened last week at the Sheridan Square. All were adapted by the dramatist from his own short stories, and they have been admirably translated by William Murray. Pirandello fan that I am, I must say that while I found them agreeable, I also thought them frail and remote, possibly because Jay Novello, who plays the leads in all of them, is not a strong enough actor to bring the plays into focus. "The Man with the Flower in His Mouth," which opens the program, amounts to a monologue, with interruptions, spoken by a man who is dying of cancer to a fellow at a nearby table in a station café. The listener is one of many strangers that the speaker has attached himself to for a few minutes at a time in his flight from death—which is, we come to realize, actually a flight from life, or whatever of it is left to



"Mister, you're really asking for justice!"

ADVENTUROUS PEOPLE ARE

SHELLBOUND

to La Concha in San Juan, of course! The perfect place to stay for your Puerto Rico holiday. The adventure of exploring ancient landmarks in this oldest city under the American Flag. The adventure of the finest surf bathing at your door. Most of all, the delightful adventures in luxury provided by La Concha's perfect service. Whether you're relaxing at the Cabana Club, enjoying roof-top refreshment and entertainment or the adventure of foods deliciously prepared in La Sala del Sol, the Spell of the Shell is a stimulating adventure. For a LACONCHAD-VENTURE see your travel agent or write: Hotel La Concha, Sales & Reservations 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

La Concha
Hotel, Beach & Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico

an Associated Federal Hotel; Cecil Mills, President

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

GRACE
Black Calf
Built up leather heel
$60

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

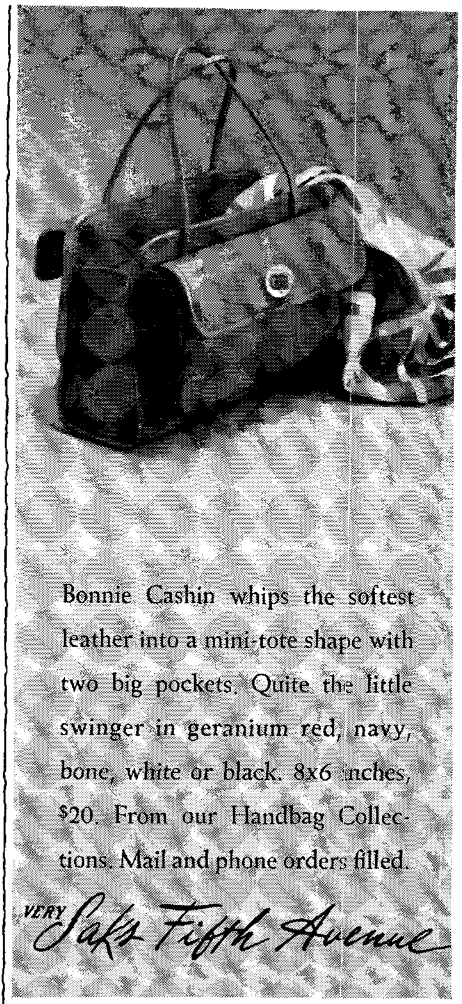
BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

him. He is a man driven almost mad with panic, for all his calmness of manner, and I think Mr. Novello could have cut deeper into the character and indicated the obsessiveness of his chatter.

In "The License," a gentle and ironic rib of superstitious yokels in southern Italy, Mr. Novello appears as a farmer accused of possessing the evil eye, which has made him anathema to his fellow-townsfolk and, what is worse, unemployable. He decides to cash in on his false reputation by forcing the local shopkeepers to pay him to keep away, and he walks into a judge's chambers dressed in a barbaric costume in order to gain accreditation as a demon. Mr. Novello's impersonation of a wild man could have been a bit more spirited, but I enjoyed Mitchell Jason as the judge, contemptuous of superstition and slowly coming to realize its usefulness.

"The Jar" is a farce, and an entertaining one, whose elements are singing and dancing among the Sicilian peasantry, and major and minor catastrophes in the day's work on the farm. A huge pottery jar for olive oil is broken, and the aged, toothless tinker (Mr. Novello) who is summoned to fix it, after considerable wailing and breast-beating by all hands, is trapped inside it as he attempts to fix it. The legal and moral issues are hotly debated, as Mr. Novello—just right, this time, and looking a good deal like Popeye—smokes his pipe and waits for the atmosphere to clear, and then, with a trick, manages his own release. Tony Capodilupo is fine as the explosive boss, a roly-poly young fellow named Danny de Vito is very funny as his foreman, and Mr. Jason is amusing as an amused lawyer. Michael Simone, the director, has summoned up the proper Italian atmosphere and mood for each of the plays, and he and Mr. Murray between them have made Pirandello's intentions clear at every lively turn.

"The Honest-to-God Schnozzola," the first of two one-acters by Israel Horovitz that played a week at the Gramercy Arts, and the one that gave the evening its title, was more properly "Honest-to-God 'Cabaret,'" but with a change in point of view; this time, the contempt has shifted from depraved Germans to even more depraved Americans. The play—which, as directed by Rip Torn, was so jazzed up with theatrical effects that it was almost impossible to disentangle it from all the razzmatazz—told of the events that befall two American television men, Jimmy and Johnny, a



Bonnie Cashin whips the softest leather into a mini-tote shape with two big pockets. Quite the little swinger in geranium red, navy, bone, white or black. 8x6 inches, $20. From our Handbag Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

VIRTUTE · HONORE · VENEBIS

The Shelburne
is ~~in~~ Atlantic City

$3,000,000 in major innovations.
Indoor/outdoor swimming pool.
World-famous dining room
and new Inn of the Three Tuns.
Golf on private course with
guaranteed starting time!

Boardwalk at Michigan Avenue
2¼ hrs from NYC-Garden State Pkwy-Exit 38

FOR FREE RESERVATION CALLS:
Dial 1-800-555-1212 for local number
A HILTON RESERVATION SERVICE
ASSOCIATE HOTEL

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.

We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors

41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

couple of good-time Charlies at loose in a bar-*cum*-brothel in Germany. Johnny, we learn, has raped and almost killed the wife of a German friend of theirs, and Jimmy pays him back at the brothel with as dirty a trick as can be imagined. They are a detestable pair, all right, and they are clichés—rancid Babbitts abroad. As a matter of fact, all the characters are awful, and everybody involved deserves everybody else. The performances were right for the show, I guess, though it seemed to me that Salem Ludwig's, as Johnny, was the only truly professional one of the lot. Nevertheless, Lane Smith was O.K. as Jimmy, Ann Wedgeworth was sexy and pretty as a whore, and a midget named Hervé Villechaize was properly evil and malicious as master of the revels. For all my reservations, I found the play consistently interesting. If any man has earned the right to go his own way, it is Mr. Horovitz, but I do wish he would change his course. As he has already proved in "It's Called the Sugar Plum," which shared a bill with his "The Indian Wants the Bronx," and which seemed to me much the stronger and more original of the two, he can delineate a character with a flick of a line or a piece of business, he can write dialogue that is dramatic and rings true, and he can explore an atmosphere or state of mind. I wish he would leave studies of corruption, evil, Fascism, mindlessness, and other abstract nouns to the lesser talents among us, and I also hope that he can persuade another director—someone less caught up in the conventional avant-garde gimmickry of flashing lights and sound effects and other empty distractions—to take on his next play.

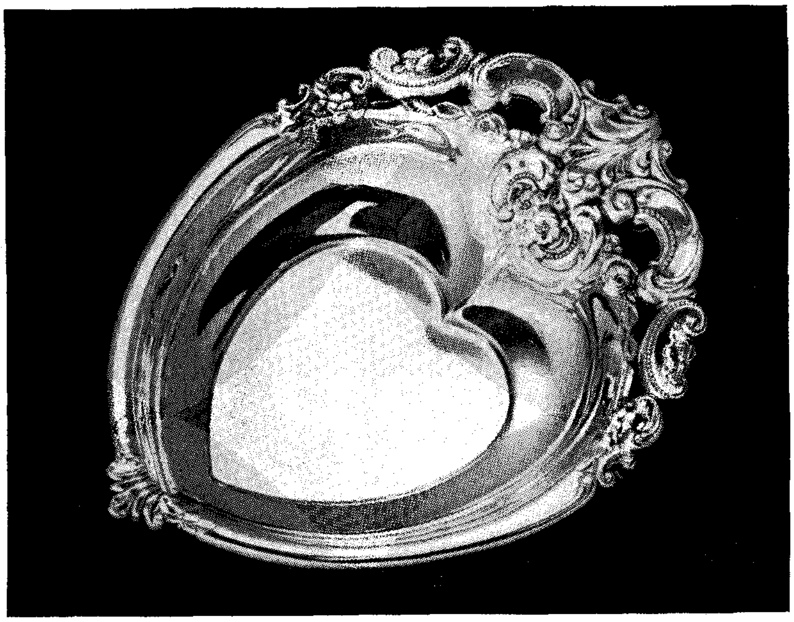
"Leader," which closed the evening, was one of those Expressionist jobs, with everyone doing everything in unison, that unfailingly give me the pip. It was about a dictator—an automaton with only one line, "It isn't important," which he repeated at intervals—and his followers, who wanted to be rewarded for putting him in office and finally ganged up on him. Same cast, but no midget. Confetti and red, white, and blue streamers abounded.

—EDITH OLIVER

●

French Foreign Minister Michel Debré was confined to bed suffering from influenza, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Jean de Lipkowski took his place in today's meetings, with Kleenex Handy.—*Athens* (*Greece*) *Daily Post*.

One of the most adroit diplomats around.



Only Wallace does it this way.

Wallace creates a sterling silver gesture of love for Mother's Day...the Grande Baroque® Sweetheart Dish. 6 inches long. $24.50. At fine stores.

Wallace Sterling
Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Conn. 06492

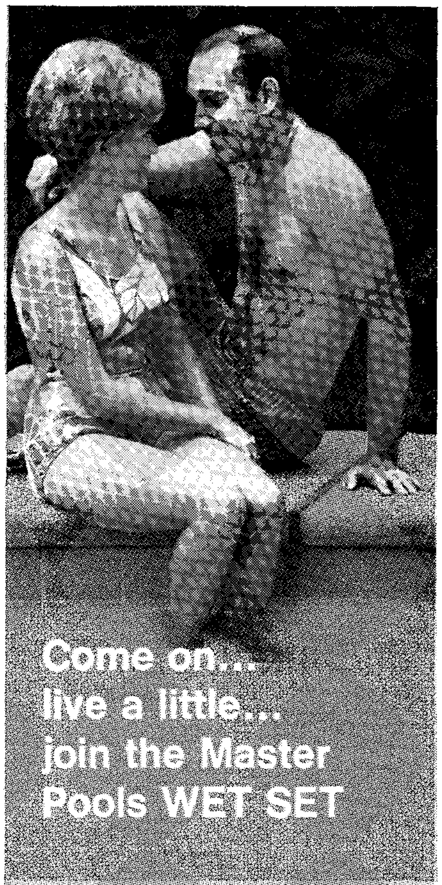
Prices subject to change without notice.

The
Meadow Rose
Collection

the elegant one...
in perfect taste . . . in any setting.
Flawlessly crafted.

At fine stores everywhere.

Meadowcraft
BIRMINGHAM ORNAMENTAL IRON COMPANY,
P.O. BOX 1911, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA 35201


Come on...
live a little...
join the Master
Pools WET SET

The WET SET is a special group of people who really know how to enjoy life, right in their own back yards. And membership comes with every Master Pool. Master Pool *prestige* is important . . but even more important is the comfort of knowing you have a fine swimming pool. And, you will probably be surprised at the low price. Budget minded families with average incomes join the Master Pool WET SET every day. Easy financing is available to tailor your pool to your budget while you fit it to your dreams.

Look for your Master Pool builder in the Yellow Pages. He is part of the World's largest swimming pool building organization. He can give you the nationally known and trusted permanent swimming pool . . . the standard of quality in the swimming pool industry. **Ask about Turbo-Clean, Master Pools' exclusive self cleaning system . . . It's sightless.**

SWIMMING POOL "IDEA" AND INFORMATION BOOKLET. The Master Pools Story is 36 full-color pages of ideas and information about swimming pools and the World Wide Master Pool Organization. For your copy send your name, address and 50¢ to cover postage and handling to: "THE MASTER POOLS STORY—3301 Gilman Road, El Monte, California—or—to 1121 Huff Road, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia."

MASTER POOLS

Master Pools

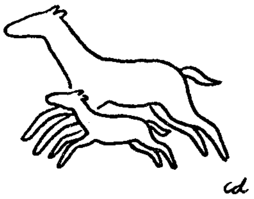
**A Master Pool is . . .
better than it has to be.**

Copyright 1968 Master Pools JH 111

THE RACE TRACK

I Like Dike

HERE we go again. With all the important trials run and most of the vain hopes gone like dreams, the well-established view seems to be that the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on Saturday will be a two-horse race between Majestic Prince and Top Knight. Of course, there is a minority—and isn't there one in everything these days?—which insists that Dike is more likely to win it than either one, or than any other horse you care to name. It is expected that at least a dozen runners will face the starter for the mile and a quarter at Churchill Downs, half of them for no other apparent reason than that the owners want to see their colors in the race.



Majestic Prince, the handsomest three-year-old I've seen in many a day, is unbeaten in his seven starts and will undoubtedly be the favorite. In his final gallop, the Stepping Stone Purse, a betless "exhibition" at the Downs last weekend, he did the seven furlongs in 1:21⅗, well in hand all the way, to win by six lengths from Fast Hilarious and Texas Dancer. For weeks he's been 6–5 in Tony Alessio's Caliente future book—the shortest odds since Native Dancer in 1953. And not without reason, for in the Santa Anita Derby, which he won by eight lengths, he made his opposition look like beetles running in a pot of glue. Johnny Longden, who trains him, says he's better than Count Fleet, on whom Longden won the Derby in 1943; that's a large order, but Majestic Prince certainly has a powerful way of going, and he can accelerate like anything. Against him are two doubts: whether he'll like the distance, which is a furlong farther than the Santa Anita Derby, and whether he's fully acclimatized.

Top Knight, too, has an impressive record. Rated in the Experimental Free Handicap as the best two-year-old last season, he blotted his copybook in the Bahamas, his first start in Florida, where his number was taken down because he failed to keep a straight course. Later, he came through with victories in the Flamingo and the Florida Derby. For reasons best known to his stable, he hasn't been under colors since the latter race, on March 29th. Obviously, it is thought he hasn't needed a race. All the same, if I were betting on him I'd like him to have had one. Any trainer will tell you that one race is better than three workouts. As had been expected, Arts and Letters won the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland—by fifteen lengths, no less. In my book, Ack Ack is the speed horse in the Derby. What do I like? My selection, based on his enthralling finishes in the Gotham and the Wood Memorial, is Dike.

THERE was no racing at Aqueduct last Saturday. As you've probably heard, owners and trainers, all of them members of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, wouldn't make entries for the Grey Lag Handicap or for any of the other events on the program because the legislature at Albany hadn't passed a bill providing pensions and other welfare benefits for grooms, exercise boys, other stablehands, and trainers. The measure provided for four extra days of racing to be added to the schedule, and for the state's take from the money bet in the tote on those days (more than ten per cent) to go into a welfare fund jointly administered by the state, the H.B.P.A., the Jockeys' Guild, and the New York Racing Association. As the session at Albany was drawing to a close, the H.B.P.A. decided on a confrontation. Governor Rockefeller has termed the boycott an "ill-conceived and irresponsible action." Well, the state treasury certainly lost a lovely dollar. What with the pleasant weather and a first-rate card, the Big A would have had another five-million-dollar day, of which the state's cut would have been more than $600,000. The gentry in Albany are going to be very unhappy if this boycott continues, as I think it will. If anyone cares, it is my considered opinion that the cause is a worthy one and that the demands are reasonable, and I hope Buddy Jacobson, head of the local branch of the H.B.P.A., wins his point.

New York's loss was Jersey's gain last weekend; attendance at Garden State Park was 34,879, and the handle was $3,240,131. —AUDAX MINOR

•

SATURDAY—APRIL 5
9:00 A.M.—4:00 P.M. Car Wash in Church Parlor.—*Calendar of the First United Methodist Church in La Porte, Indiana.*

That's where the warm water is.

This month, we'll also bring you war, inflation, crime and poverty.

Television will always show its share of boy-meets-girl-and-they-live-happily-ever-after. That's part of the American dream.

But the war in Vietnam, the rebellion on our campuses and the poverty in our ghettoes are part of the American reality.

As members of a free press, it's our responsibility to tell you about them. To present different views of them. To explore possible solutions. So you have a clearer perspective to form your own opinions.

Perhaps if we showed more love and less war and said little about either, we'd make life seem sweeter. But we wouldn't be doing our job.

The very first amendment to the Constitution not only gives us the right to speak out on these matters. It protects *your* right to hear about them.

As you can see from the partial listing of this month's TV offerings, we have plenty to take your mind off the problems of the world.

But you can be sure you'll also be seeing plenty of programs to help you understand these problems.

At least until we can kiss them goodbye.

Jack Paar in Africa. Off-the-beaten-track view of Africa. Thursday, May 1 (10-11 pm).

Victoria Regina. Hallmark Hall of Fame—With Julie Harris in title role, James Donald as Prince Albert. Friday, May 2 (8:30-10 pm).

Discovery. Pirates and Sunken Treasure; The Threatened Species; The Grand Canyon; Puerto Rico. Sundays, May 4, 11, 18, 25 (11:30-12 Noon).

The 21st Century. Weird World of Robots; Can We Control Weather?; The Food Revolution; An Incredible Voyage. Sundays, May 4, 11, 18, 25 (6-6:30 pm).

The Best on Record: Grammy Awards Show. Annual awards of recording industry, with The Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, Glen Campbell, others. Monday, May 5 (8-9 pm).

Who, What, When, Where, Why. CBS News Special—The First 100 Days of Richard Nixon. Tuesday, May 6 (10-10:30 pm).

Shadow Game. CBS Playhouse—Original drama about people trapped in an office during a blackout. Wednesday, May 7 (9:30-11 pm).

Kitty Hawk to Paris: The Heroic Years. Saga of pioneers who created the early era of flight. Thursday, May 8 (9-10 pm).

Riddle of the Mayan Caves. ABC News Special—Exploration of ancient caves in the Guatamalan highlands. Friday, May 9 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Rod McKuen: The Loner. The versatile poet and writer of 900 songs performs in a one-man show. Saturday, May 10 (8:30-9:00 pm).

Mirror of America. Project 20—Washington, D. C. reflects stirring moments in American history. Sunday, May 11 (10-11 pm).

Comrade Soldier. Study of training, equipment, indoctrination of Soviet army filmed during two months in the USSR and released without censorship. Friday, May 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Pogo's Special Holiday Special. The Walt Kelly cartoon characters campaign for more holidays. Sunday, May 18 (8:30-9:00 pm).

Generations Apart. CBS News Special—First and second of a three-part series. A Question of Values; The Youth International. Tuesdays, May 20, 27 (10-11 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young Peoples Concert with Leonard Bernstein. Berlioz Takes a Trip. Sunday, May 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Little Women. NBC Children's Theatre—Original ballet choreographed by Christine Neubert. Geraldine Page, narrator. Sunday, May 25 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday of each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Storybook Squares/Untamed World/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Guideline/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10022

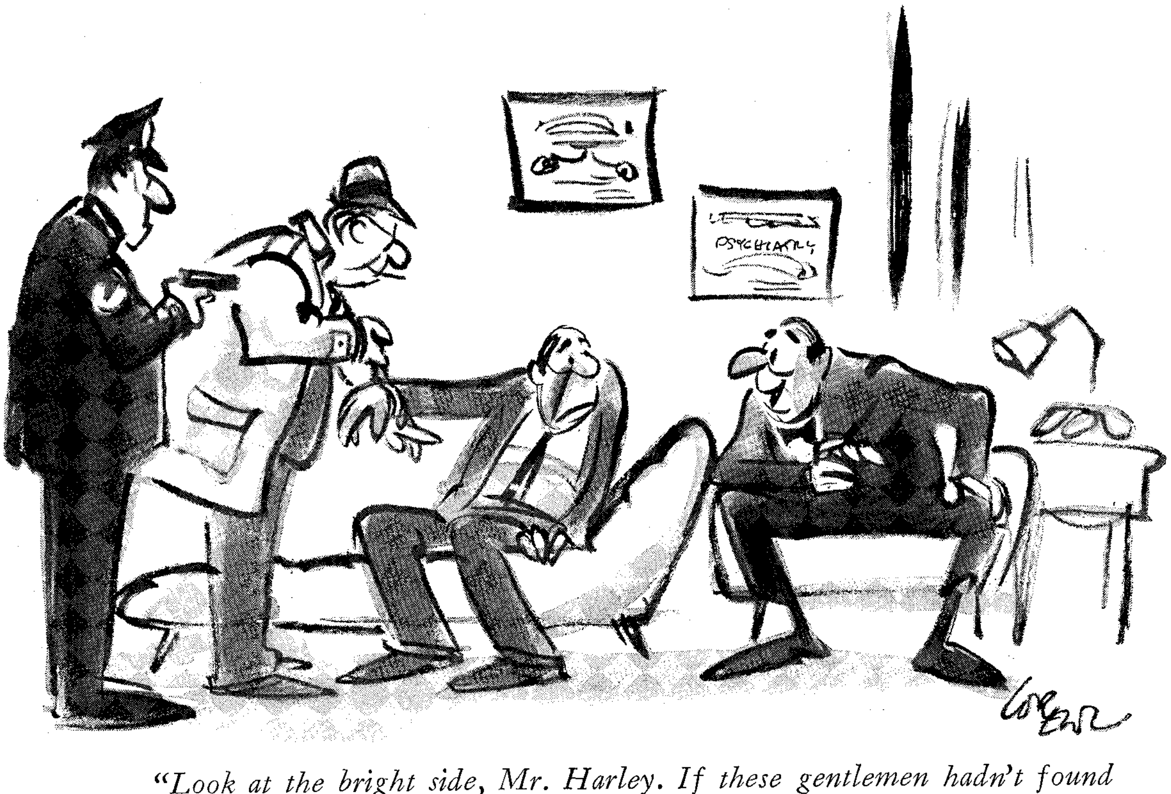
U.S. JOURNAL: NEW ORLEANS

A QUESTION OF REPLICATION IN THEIR INNOVATING

I HAD always imagined that a conference of foundations would follow the normal American convention practice of providing an exhibition hall where people whose business depended on the good will of the conferees could set up booths—the booths in this case being manned by sophisticated mendicants giving demonstrations of the Viability of Their Concepts, displaying Unique Opportunities, and handing out souvenir key rings embossed with phrases like "Always Renew Your Grants to the South Dayton Community Center" or "Support Your Local Hospital Building Fund." Judging from the concern expressed about foundations this winter during the House Ways and Means Committee hearings on tax reform, there would also be prominent displays by some organization like the Institute of Crafty Tax Lawyers. One of the I.C.T.L. booths might be devoted to what students of tax reform call Self-Dealing (a sultry blonde who happened to be a certified public accountant would show a color film about a jovial businessman whose tax-free foundation had just paid a few hundred thousand to his factory for the uranium rights to the parking lot); next to it someone more in the tradition of the financial adviser—maybe a small man wearing spectacles and a black suit—would demonstrate the quietest way to run a foundation that gives away absolutely nothing, except, perhaps, a handsome salary to a relative or two. Some congressmen would probably expect a man from the Ford Foundation—perhaps the one who approved a Ford grant to a voter-education project in the Negro wards of Cleveland just before a Negro ran for mayor—to set up a booth at which foundation executives could learn how to use their tax-free (and therefore partly public) money to promote controversial political projects that the public may not approve of and almost certainly doesn't know about.

At the twentieth annual conference of the Council on Foundations, which was recently held in New Orleans, there were no booths. Most of those in attendance would argue that advice from the Institute of Crafty Tax Lawyers would be of much less interest to the four hundred foundations that belong to the Council than to the twenty thousand or so that do not. A foundation can be, in the words of the Council's president, "no more than a piece of paper in the office of some lawyer," and a foundation that is a piece of paper in the office of some crafty tax lawyer is probably not interested in sending someone to New Orleans to attend discussions on, say, "Private Support for Low Cost Housing." Few of the foundation executives who did come to New Orleans would have much interest in a display by a Ford specialist on controversy; most of the foundations in the Council are unlikely to find themselves involved in politically controversial grants unless, by chance, a left-wing faction stages a successful *Putsch* in the Boy Scouts of America or the local symphony begins playing the national anthems of unrecognized nations. In fact, some representatives of more or less traditional foundations may have permitted themselves a few uncharitable thoughts about the role of Ford in directing a lot of bad publicity and the wrath of Congress toward respectable citizens who were quietly distributing money to the college, church, hospital, and Red Feather agency of their choice. The foundations set up by large corporations are particularly sensitive to bad publicity. The priorities of a free-enterprise system being what they are, the danger worrying the average corporate foundation has not been that it might be using tax-free money in a way that benefitted its own business but that it might *not* be using tax-free money in a way that benefitted its own business, and might therefore provoke at least a stockholder's suit. Corporate foundations that are accused of outright unselfish charity—usually unjustly—have traditionally defended themselves by claiming that their activities are enhancing the corporation's public relations; the director of a corporate foundation is often a member of the corporation's public-relations staff. At a meeting of corporate foundations during the New Orleans conference, an official of the Oscar Mayer Foundation said that if the public is beginning to associate foundations with tax dodgers or suckers—"if it has negative public-relations value"—then corporations "should dissolve our foundations in a hurry."

The Council on Foundations was once composed strictly of community foundations—a community foundation being, typically, an amalgam of trusts and bequests that a city's bankers and like-minded citizens administer for the benefit of hospitals and local schools and other tra-



"Look at the bright side, Mr. Harley. If these gentlemen hadn't found you out, it might have taken us years to uncover the source of your guilt."

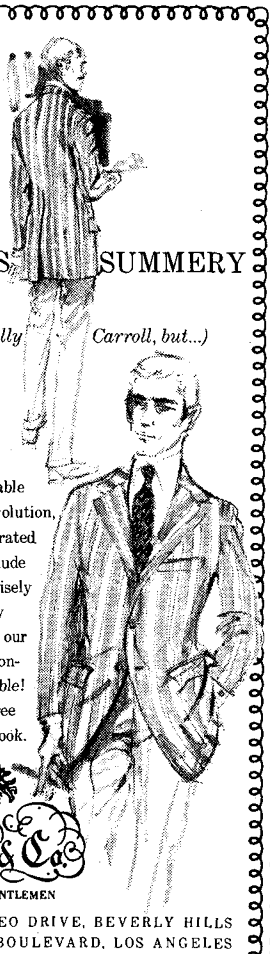
Go with Jerold, baby! You'll have it made!

'The Coat' by Jerold of 100% Dacron®

in a double-knit that keeps its shape. Very protective: Zepel® finish. About $40.00, in off white, navy, coral, wheat and celery. Sizes 6 to 20. You and Jerold. A marvelous match made at 512 Seventh Avenue, New York. Find your Jerold at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Bullocks, L. A.; Abraham & Straus, N. Y. C.; Hudson's, Detroit and fine stores everywhere, or write Jerold.

DUPONT
ZEPEL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

®TM DuPont



OUR NEWS SUMMERY

(characteristically Carroll, but...)

reflecting a reasonable and gentlemanly evolution, our Carroll-configurated collections now include waist-high vents, wisely wider lapels, lightly longer jackets. But our natural-conformation-shoulder is immutable! Visit one of our three stores for a closer look.

Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN

466 NORTH RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS
3359 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES
738 ANACAPA STREET, SANTA BARBARA

Relax... it's the happy hour

Evans
AT-HOME® FOOTWEAR

Lean back and savor your leisure – in a world filled with good friends and gentle comforts . . . like Evans At-Home® footwear. Happy Hour in black or wine velvet with gold embroidered crest. At better stores everywhere.

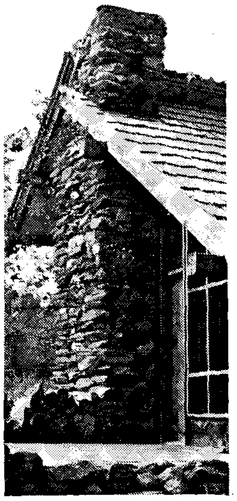
ditional charities, usually in a manner that is not likely to excite the House Ways and Means Committee. Several years ago, the Council was expanded to include both corporate foundations and what the Council categorizes as family foundations—which, like families, come in a variety of sizes and attitudes. For instance, the fifth-largest foundation in the country, the Mott Foundation, distributes about sixteen million dollars a year, concentrating on education and recreation and health, and manages to get rid of just about all of it within the city limits of Flint, Michigan. The benefactor is Charles Stewart Mott, a ninety-three-year-old man who happens to live in Flint, Michigan, and happens to own more General Motors stock than just about anyone else. (He is reputed to have answered a young investor who asked if it was a good time to sell some General Motors stock by saying, "I don't know; I never sold any.") One of Mott's sons, Stewart, who is thirty-one years old and has strong ideas about arms control and birth control and the role of foundations, offered to bring some modern thinking to the operation of the Mott Foundation, and, when that offer was declined, began his own foundation. It is called Spectemur Agendo, Inc. (which means Let Us Be Known By Our Deeds, Inc.), it gave away eighty-two thousand dollars in 1968, and it summed up its grantees as "a variety of organizations in the fields of extrasensory perception, human sexual response, abortion, and hippie-oriented urban services"—none of them within the city limits of Flint, Michigan.

Spectemur Agendo, Inc., is not typical of the smaller family foundations—most of which are easily as conservative in their philanthropic habits as most community foundations—but there are several foundations in the Council that manage to avoid being as controversial as Ford mainly by having a much less frightening amount of money. In voter registration, for instance, the Southern Regional Council's Voter Education Project, which has been the most important instrument for registering Negroes in the South, now has some money from Ford but was started with grants from the Taconic Foundation, the Field Foundation, and the Stern Family Fund. During the New Orleans conference, representatives of the half dozen or so activist foundations that are regularly involved in such matters as voter registration tended to see a lot of each other. People like Leslie Dunbar and George Loft,

la maisonette
presents
Jeanne Steel
May 5th-17th
GEORGE CORT
His Piano & Orchestra
QUINTERO & His Latin Band
Dancing 7:30 'til 2
LA BOITE
Dinner at 6:30, Music by
Ernest Schoen &
Julius Kuti 'til 1:30
Nightly except Sunday
PLaza 3-4500
May 19th-31st
KOLE & PARAM
St. Regis-Sheraton
5th Ave. & 55th St., New York
A Worldwide Service of ITT

HOFFRITZ
NOW! THE RADIO YOU WEAR.

Transistor radio, tiny 2¾" long, weighs only 1 ounce, clips firmly to any eyeglass frame! Solid state, earphone, magnetic swivel antenna, permits fine tuning. Gets any station in area! Great for sports, relaxing, privacy. At all Hoffritz stores, or by mail. #DA-1002—$16.95 complete with battery, plus 35¢ postage and handling. Add appropriate sales taxes. Major credit cards. HOFFRITZ, 551 Fifth Ave., Dept. G-84, N.Y.C. 10017.



HAWK MOUNTAIN

—the essence of Vermont living in unspoiled settings of natural beauty preserved by protective covenants. A unified approach provides land sales, professional design, construction, property management. Four exciting communities at Pittsfield, Rochester, Mt. Ascutney Ski Area, and Norwich, Vermont. Write for brochure.

HAWK MOUNTAIN
number 5, route 100
pittsfield, vt. 05762

of Field, Vernon Eagle, of the New World Foundation, and Deborah Cole, of the Norman Fund, not only know each other but also have a lot of friends in common among people like managers of Southern co-ops and directors of decentralized school boards and leaders of Mexican-American community organizations. The Southern grantees that were to be visited in the week after the conference by John Heyman and Bernard Friedberg, of the New York Foundation, a family foundation that distributes about a million and a quarter dollars a year, were the kind of organizations that might also be supported in one year or another by Field or New World or Norman or Stern or Taconic. Heyman and Friedberg would be seeing, among others, the Freedom Quilting Bee; the Clay County Community Development Project in West Point, Mississippi; Tougaloo College; the Committee of Southern Churchmen; the Appalachian Volunteers; and the Southern Student Organizing Committee (which has just had its "fraternal ties" cut by Students for a Democratic Society, partly for accepting support from Norman, Taconic, and Field—such foundations being, in the minds of some people on the New Left, the most dangerous practitioners of Liberal Co-optation).

Field, which distributes about two and a half million dollars annually, sometimes awards grants comparable to those of the giant foundations; it still has considerably more money invested in voter education than Ford does. Two years ago, Field also sponsored a project that required a relatively small amount of money and turned out to be instrumental in focussing national attention and national money on the problem of hunger and malnutrition. The specialty of the smaller activist foundations is using grants of ten thousand dollars or five thousand or even twenty-five hundred to keep a small project going or to provide seed money that may eventually lead to larger amounts from Ford or Carnegie or Rockefeller Brothers or the federal government. The Free Southern Theater, which Heyman and Friedberg visited while it was preparing an all-black troupe of actors for a tour of small towns in the South, has had a fairly typical experience in raising money. "When we first started, we wrote a proposal to Ford asking for three hundred thousand dollars, or something like that," one of the founders, John O'Neal, told me. "We got ten dollars from Langston Hughes." The Norman Fund gave the F.S.T. a

"'1776' is a magnificently staged and stunningly original musical. It is warm, it is funny; it is moving."
JOHN CHAPMAN, N.Y. DAILY NEWS

1776

The Biggest Hit Musical in Years Now a Great Original Cast Album on Columbia Records

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
1776
A New Musical

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Portugal. Red-legged partridge.

Here's the first leg on your trip to great bird shooting.

WINCHESTER WORLD-WIDE ADVENTURES

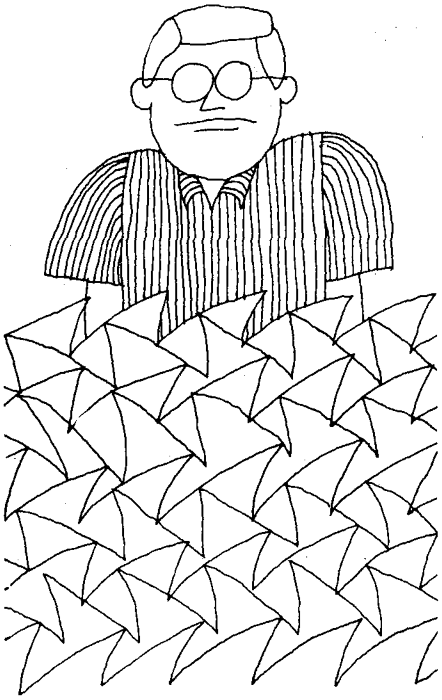
Famous driven shoots for perdiz on private estates near Erova. Shoot duck, snipe, quail and pigeon. Season: August 15 — Jan. 15. Send for full information, or see your travel agent. Winchester Adventures, Inc., Dept. NY-5 100 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

name ______
address ______
city ______ state ______ zip ______

TWA
THE SPORTSMAN'S AIRLINE

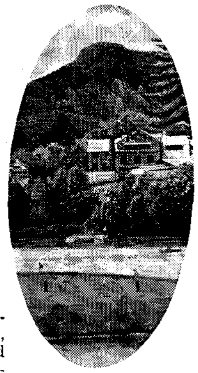
Cut it. Preferably with our 767R Rotary Mower. It does all the pushing. You just guide it. Easy? Also easy: Starting the engine. Adjusting the cutting height. Folding the handles when you've glided through the last of your troubles. Visit your favorite dealer or write for our brochure.

The trouble with grass is that it grows.



Pennsylvania LAWN PRODUCTS, INC.
1010 West Main Street, Waynesboro, Va. 22980

Not everyone will like High Hampton



The resort accommodations are unpretentious, but the food, facilities, and congenial people are as enjoyable as the beauty of silent peaks enclosing it. Private 18-hole golf course/bent grass greens, tennis, riding, trap-shooting, boating, swimming, fishing. Children's program. Early May to late Oct. Brochure from High Hampton Inn & Country Club, Dept. N, Cashiers, N. C. 28717.

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.

For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine

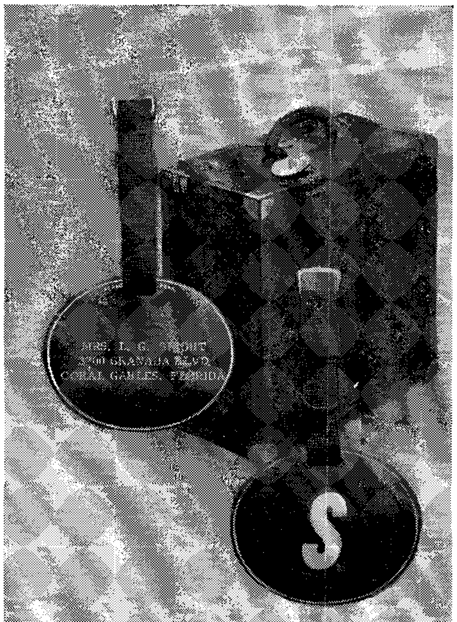
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities

- **IMPERIAL**, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- **GOURMET**, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- **EAST**, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930

- **QUEENS**, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- **SUNNYSIDE**, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
- **FLUSHING**, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

few thousand dollars a year for its first couple of years, and eventually the Rockefeller Foundation awarded a three-year grant of about twenty thousand dollars a year. Toward the end of the three years, there was a dry period, during which the New York Foundation gave seventy-five hundred dollars, but then Ford finally came through with a grant of ninety-five thousand six hundred dollars. The budget this year is for three hundred thousand dollars, which O'Neal expects to meet from a variety of foundation grants and a benefit in New York. Ordinarily, the people in New York who make high fashion out of causes would no more think of holding parties for Southern Negroes these days than of dancing the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge, having lost interest in the South and temporarily trained their party-giving on Cesar Chavez and the grape-strikers (with the Year of the Indian so close that it is almost possible to hear the drums in the East Sixties). But the Free Southern Theater, perhaps because of the show-business connection, retains enough chic to be the beneficiary this month of a hundred-dollar-a-plate soul-food dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria.

To a great extent, the program of the Council's conferences in the past few years has reflected the efforts of these activist foundations and the current administration of the Council to lead the more conservative members a step or two toward what foundation people sometimes call "the area of social change." In New Orleans, the speeches and seminars tended to touch on urban problems and the problems of minorities, and there were field trips to such local recipients of foundation money as a street-gang project called Thugs United. ("Be aware, be active, be involved," the organization's poster says. "Join Thugs United.") Although it could be that not many foundations have been infected with anything more dangerous than Token Controversy, the language in New Orleans had moved slightly toward Thugs United from the United Fund. It was not unusual to hear a community-foundation executive sum up aid to the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Y.M.C.A., and Y.W.C.A. under the category of "social action." An executive of the Urban Coalition, explaining to foundation executives that the Coalition tries to be a catalyst rather than an organization with a program of its own, said, "It does not have a thing which is its to do." There was constant talk about innovation, a quality highly prized by



Our anodized aluminum luggage tag shines out in a crowd. There's a big initial on one side, three lines of name and address on the other; a nylon strap holds it securely. Black, brown, red or green with gold lettering; gold or silver with black; blue with silver. Two for 7.50. Stationery Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

Anybody can snap your child's picture.

Ten years from now you'll be glad it was

Josef Schneider CO 5-1223
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

Exhibition of Paintings
VICKREY
MIDTOWN
GALLERIES A.D. GRUSKIN, DIR. 11 E. 57 ST. N.Y.

the advocates of social change, and even some talk about replication—which I thought was something bad until Stewart Mott accused his father's projects of not having any. (Apparently, a replicable project is one that yields lessons that can be applied to similar situations in other places.) I heard one discussion leader sum up ten or fifteen minutes of conversation as dealing essentially with "a question of replication in their innovating."

Foundation people have accepted the inevitability of some regulatory legislation. Many of those who were in New Orleans favor most of the legislation that has been proposed in Congress to regulate the financial transactions of foundations, but there is concern that Congress could move from regulating finances to regulating programs. A couple of speakers advised the foundations to begin to tell their story to the public—to find, if not a constituency, at least a few friends. But the conference program offered no reassurance to foundation people that they could even count on the support of satisfied customers. According to a couple of speakers, despite the foundations' argument that not being accountable to the taxpayers is precisely what permits them to carry on innovative programs that the government doesn't care to do or wouldn't dare do, many foundations have a bureaucracy that is as wary of risky ventures as the government. Jacqueline Grennan, the president of Webster College, near St. Louis, said she thought foundations spent too much money on projects designed to measure what had already been done—a prerequisite for replication, if replication means what I think it means. She argued that foundations were not really serious about wanting to support innovation and creativity, neither of which could survive the kind of detailed proposals that most foundations prefer. "You have been won over and prostituted by the pseudoscientists of sociology," Miss Grennan told the foundation executives, who, following the current practice among rich and enlightened people who hear themselves insulted, applauded enthusiastically.

At a poorly attended panel on the Role of the Foundation in the South, Vernon Jordan, the director of the Voter Education Project, told of coming to his office in Atlanta one day to find pickets with signs saying "Vernon Jordan uses white money to enslave Black People." The pickets, Jordan said, were angry at his refusal to give them some money for a one-day voter-

Treadway hospitality starts in the kitchen.

"Good eating places with guest rooms"—that's Treadway Inns.

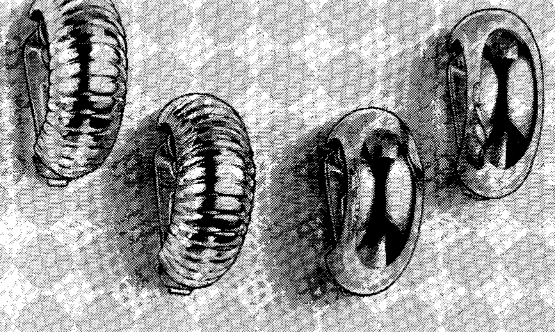
We're famous for Roast Prime Rib of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding. And New England specialties like Individual Lobster Pie, Baked Stuffed Jumbo Shrimp, and Baked Indian Pudding.

In Colonial Days the Inkeepers believed that hospitality started in the kitchen—we have the same quaint notion.

And judging from the thousands of people who come back again and again, we must be right. Stop in and see for yourself.

Treadway
* Inns *
Good Food, Drink and Lodging

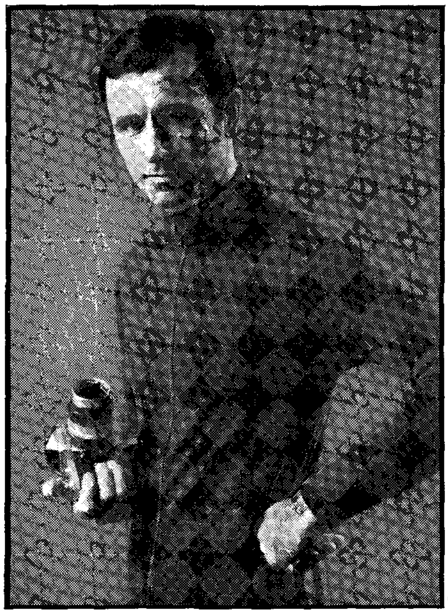
In Maine, N. Hamp., Vermont, Mass., R. I.; Conn., New York; Penna., N. J., Del., Ohio, Washington, D. C., Virginia, So. Carolina and Colorado.
For Treadway Travel Guide, write Treadway Inns Corp., 339 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y. 14604.
For reservations, call 697-8773 in N. Y. City; 642-7216 in Newark. Room E



EARS ARE BACK

Fourteen karat gold earrings.
Also in Florentine finish
for pierced or non-pierced ears.
Shrimp, $36. Smooth, $38.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York

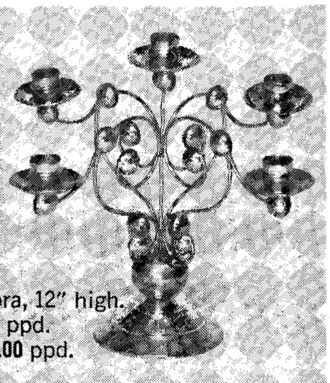


Exclusive

Designed by Paul Stuart. Made in England expressly for us by Allen Solly. Zips up for full turtleneck, zips down for open sport collar. Finest cotton lisle knit. Yellow with white zipper, red with white, forest with yellow, orange with yellow, red with navy or white with navy zipper.
Sizes M. L. XL. $18.50
Please add 85¢ for parcel post.

at

Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th Street
New York, New York 10017



from Mexico:
Candelabra, 12" high.
Tin, **11.50** ppd.
Brass, **26.00** ppd.

THE PHOENIX
793 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
1514 Wisconsin Ave., Wash., D. C.

Barrie Ltd.®
MULEHIDE Moccasin BOOT

FREE '69 BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Chukka boot moccasin with hand-sewn vamp construction, soft brown mule hide uppers, strap and brass buckle, double leather soles and leather heels with v-plates. $24.95 postpaid. *ORDER BY MAIL—State Shoe Size. BARRIE LTD., DEPT. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR AT BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

registration drive in memory of Martin Luther King. Jordan, who is black, told the story in a tone of someone mildly enjoying a joke on himself, but he went on to say, "It's not unimaginable that foundations, by refusal to act, or refusal to act in certain amounts, will eventually be the object of protest." During the question period, a man from the Helene Fuld Health Foundation got up to say that he had been present a year ago at the dedication of a new two-and-a-half-million-dollar nursing school at the Tuskegee Institute—a nursing school that his foundation had helped the federal government pay for—and that a hundred students had staged a demonstration during which they "took one of the most distinguished congresswomen in America, Frances Bolton, and locked her up with the president of the university, together with General Lucius Clay." The man from the Fuld Foundation asked if something could be done to encourage those who wanted to help to continue helping.

Jordan and another panelist—Father A. J. McKnight, a black Catholic priest who is one of the leaders of the Southern co-op movement—were in agreement that people have to continue to do what they think is right. "As long as we try to do what's right in the light we have, we just have to take the consequences," Father McKnight said. "As far as the race situation goes, this is happening more and more—that people with good intentions trying to do good are hit in the face. And I think they shouldn't stop trying to do good. From a religious or spiritual point of view, it's part of the redemptive suffering that's involved. In doing good today we will have to suffer."

Someone in the audience asked the man from the Fuld Foundation if he was going to continue to help. He said that he was—that, considering his experience and Jordan's experience with the pickets, he had just wanted to know if black people objected to white money coming to the South.

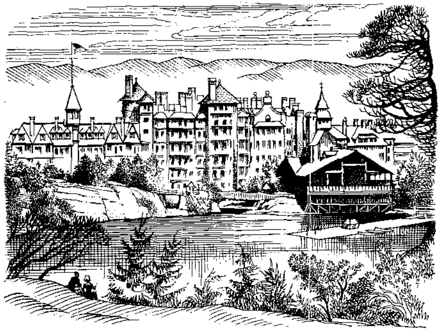
"I think you have to understand one thing about those pickets in front of my office," Jordan said, with a slight smile. "If I had given them all they asked for, everything would have been all right." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Habit Rouge means 'hunting coat': think about that for a moment.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

We will if you'll hold a stopwatch on us.

Leisure paced Friendly place



Seven thousand acres of unspoiled natural beauty...spring-fed lake... a resort where your whole family can relax and play together. Congenial hospitality. Healthy recreation—golf on our scenic course, boating, swimming, fishing...miles of forest trails to hike or ride horseback...lovely gardens to stroll. Delightful entertainment—musicales, cinema, much more. 300 rooms. Also family cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

CONNIE STEVENS
wends her way into your heart
from April 25 to May 13
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

downing square
THE AMERICAN STEAK HOUSE WITH THE ENGLISH ACCENT
500 Lexington Ave. (48th St.) 826-9730
SUNDAYS TOO FREE PARKING

CRUISE THE MAINE COAST
THE HISTORIC SCHOONER
"STEPHEN TABER"

Sail - Relax - Explore
An informal vacation. $135.00 weekly all included.
Reduced rates in June and September. *Write:*
Capt. Orvil Young, Box 561F, Camden, Maine 04843

MUSICAL EVENTS

Royal Fare?

MY reaction to the Royal Ballet's New York seasons is becoming predictable. Disappointment the first week, then slowly growing enthusiasm. This is unquestionably due in part to the fact that the Royal Ballet does not as a rule begin to present its best stars and its finest productions until the first week, with its glamour opening, is over. Last week was no exception. The company opened at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday night with the customary audience of those folk who are known as socialites, along with the customary component of eager crowd-watchers. And the program seemed to me pretty much of a bore. Not entirely. There was Rudolf Nureyev's revival of the Petipa choreography of "La Bayadère"—or at least his revival of the most memorable scene in it. This was classical ballet done with the extraordinary precision that the company specializes in. I counted twenty-eight members of the corps de ballet as they came down the backstage runway in a series of arabesques. I was so seated that I could see right down the line of half of this group as it deployed itself from front to back of the stage, and really all I could make out was the dancer at the front of the line. Everybody behind her was performing the same motions, and not one arm or one leg was out of line by so much as a quarter of an inch. All these dancers seemed to have been shaped by the same cookie cutter, and naturally there is something admirable about such exactitude. Monica Mason, Georgina Parkinson, and Deanne Bergsma danced beautifully as the three principal Shadows, and Miss Parkinson's effortless high kicks seemed to me quite out of the ordinary. Mr. Nureyev nearly came to grief in the last of a series of spectacular tight spirals, but the rest of the time he danced with his usual bravura and with better luck. Merle Park was wonderfully efficient in the leading female role, with a technique that was flawless. But her dancing was quite cold. I have seen her dance more ebulliently in other roles. Altogether, "La Bayadère" is a superb demonstration of mechanical dexterity and teamwork, but it is not especially ingratiating.

It was followed by two ballets choreographed by Sir Frederick Ashton, both of which confirmed my long-held notion that Sir Frederick is not the most imaginative choreographer in the world. The first of these was "Enigma Variations," and it was done to the familiar Elgar score. The ballet is, of course, about Elgar and the circle of friends he depicted in his variations. It turned out to be a sentimental British pantomime, with dancing here and there, none of it very interesting. The scenery is Victorian, in fact as well as in atmosphere, portraying Elgar's garden and a slice of his house. The dramatic climax of the piece is Elgar's receipt of a telegram from Hans Richter, the German conductor, saying that he will conduct the première of the variations. Now, in an art form that, like most others, is concerned primarily with sex and death, the receipt of a telegram, even from *Kapellmeister* Richter, is not exactly an event of cataclysmic importance. Moreover, though Elgar thought that this music was suitable for ballet (there was very little ballet in England in his time, and I doubt that he saw much of what there was), it is not. It is much too complex and intellectual. It is also beautiful, taken by itself. As a ballet, "Enigma Variations" recalls at times the work of Antony Tudor but is not anywhere near as haunting as Tudor's best works. There are all those British eccentrics, armed with bicycles, tricycles, ear trumpets, and so on—relentlessly comic characters, expected, I suppose, to be taken as whimsey. There is also a bit of dancing, done most notably by Antoinette Sibley as Dora Penny and Deanne Bergsma as the phantom of Lady Mary Lygon. (You don't know who they are? Well, we'll all have to go to the library and study the life of Elgar carefully to find out.) Throughout all this, Elgar himself remains pretty much of a spectator, and one understands why he looks rather gloomy most of the time.

The second of the Ashton ballets was "Jazz Calendar," a work in seven scenes symbolizing the days of the week. This has an undistinguished score, by Richard Rodney Bennett, that reminds one of movie-house jazz, and most of the dancing content of the ballet rests on the archaic assumption that jazz is essentially a humorous

There is a certain kind of woman who always makes waves. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Swimmers who *swim* know there's nothing like the tunic-skirted suit that's *ours alone.* Elasticized sides and an inner bra make the fit, while the daintiest flowers make the pretty print. From our Surf Club Collection. Cotton. Yellow or blue on white. 10 to 20, 26.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/San Francisco/Boston
St. Louis/Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland
Rochester/Baltimore/Chicago/Providence
Philadelphia/Buffalo/Kansas City/Hartford
Detroit/Washington, D. C./Springfield
Newport/Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

MARC CHAGALL 1887-

pen, ink, watercolor and gouache
20 x 14 inches
Signed lower right: Marc Chagall

THE SOUL OF THE CITY, 1945

EX COLL: GALERIE MAEGHT, MME. CUTTOLI, 1945

HIRSCHL & ADLER Galleries inc.

21 East 67th St. NY 10021 Open Tues. through Sat.
Tel. 212 LE 5-8810 Cable Hiramart, N. Y.

EXPRESS YOUR PERSONALITY with a CONNOISSEUR'S CIGAR

Tired of the ordinary run-of-the-mill cigar? Want to express your flair for the finer things in life? Then this big new Wally Frank CIGAR CATALOG will show you how.

You'll find over 70 superb cigars, the connoisseur's choice from the world over. They look and taste altogether different. Here are all sizes, types and shapes . . . you're sure to find many that suit your taste. And all at real VALUE PRICES.

Just off the press, this big colorful De Luxe Limited Edition CIGAR CATALOG is packed with facts and photos. It's yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send name and address today to: —

WALLY FRANK, LTD. Dept. CC 101
132 Church Street, New York, N.Y. 10007

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM

The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 500 schools available. $9.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:

BEN SILVER inc., 175 5th Ave., N.Y. 10010

type of music. There were bits danced by such artists as Miss Park, Svetlana Beriosova, Miss Sibley, Mr. Nureyev, Anthony Dowell, Alexander Grant, and Desmond Doyle that were lively enough. But the world has grown older since this kind of vaudeville was fashionable, or even acceptable.

OUR time is not exactly the sort that produces Verdis or Wagners. It goes almost without saying that when a new opera by a young American composer is announced, the expectations are not very high. But one must nevertheless praise what is good about such endeavors, and encourage talent where one finds it. David Amram is, as I think I have noted before, one of America's serious composers and one to be taken seriously. He writes well for the voice—something that can be said of only a handful of contemporaries—and he is willing to write a kind of music that evokes an emotional response from the listener. His opera "Twelfth Night," which had its New York première in the Hunter College Playhouse last Thursday night, is not a masterpiece, but it shows a genuine talent at work trying to solve the almost impossible problem of setting Shakespeare successfully to music. The essence of this problem is that the most important elements in Shakespeare—his words—tend to get lost in a vocal setting, and that the elements that are left—his plots—are as often as not pretty silly. Such is the case, as you may remember, with "Twelfth Night"—identical twins, mistaken identities, and all the other stock situations of Elizabethan comedy. Mr. Amram had chosen to write a score for this opera that reflects somewhat the music of Shakespeare's own day, and it is pleasant music—polyphonic, well constructed, sometimes modal rather than tonal, simply conceived for singers and an archaic-sounding orchestra. At some points—and these are, as a rule, settings of Shakespeare's own songs—this music rises to a plane of eloquence. Elsewhere, it ambles along fairly attractively, but nowhere does it reach anything of a climax or add any tension to the drama. And I noticed something about it that I have noticed repeatedly in the operatic work of young American composers. They always give the melodic line to the singers. Never do they try the theatrically effective dodge of giving it to the orchestra while the singers proceed in a monotone—a technical trick that enhances the possibility of hearing the words, and that has been used successfully by virtually every

THE OLD BALLOON SELLER

. . . sits in quiet splendor clutching a gay bouquet of balloons. A favorite among collectors of Royal Doulton, this charming figurine adds a note of color and beauty to mantel, bookshelf, table . . . wherever you want to give her a home. 7" high. $34.00

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 50¢ for collectors book #11 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. NY 53, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

DISCOVER THE CAREFREE LIFE!

Harborside Inn

ON THE STORYBOOK ISLAND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Overlooking picturesque Edgartown harbor. Go sailing, fishing, riding. Swim in ocean or pool. Play golf. Enjoy traditional New England fare in Navigator Restaurant. Dance or relax in Boathouse Bar. Free TV in every guest room.

Write for brochure 47 or special honeymoon folder.

NEW YORK 758-2188
MIAMI 532-6477
MONTREAL 866-3391
CHICAGO 782-1781
or see your travel agent

HARBORSIDE INN
EDGARTOWN, MASS.
02539
Tel: (617) 627-4321

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $2.50 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

great operatic composer since Monteverdi.

The performance of the opera was remarkably good. Mr. Amram conducted. His singers were adequate, at least to the dimensions of the small Hunter College Playhouse, and a few, such as F. Cruz-Sandoval, a baritone, who sang the role of Antonio, seemed to be ready for bigger theatres. Among these also place Martha Williford, who sang the role of Viola; Robert Falk, a bass, who did Sir Toby Belch; and Richard Allen, a baritone, who did Malvolio. About the others I am not so sure, but all were attractive in voice and appearance. Caroline Heafner, who did the role of Countess Olivia, was kept by Mr. Amram at the stratospheric end of her voice, and had little chance for an all-round display. William Brown, in the detached, whimsical role of Feste, disclosed a nice high tenor, of moderate proportions, and a talent for comedy.

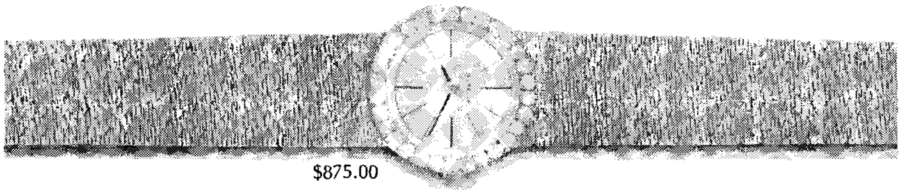
AN all-Bruckner program would have been unthinkable twenty years ago, when people were joking about signs that were supposed to read "Exit in case of Bruckner." But William Steinberg gave just such a program with the Pittsburgh Symphony in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night. The first number on this program was Bruckner's "Te Deum," with the vocal soloists Eileen Schauler, Betty Allen, John McCollum, and Thomas Paul and the always excellent Rutgers University Choir (Miss Schauler was a last-minute substitute for Saramae Endich, who was ill, and she sang with perfect assurance). After the intermission, there was the great Symphony No. 8 in C Minor. I shall not make a detailed comment on this symphony, which is now well known and is one of Bruckner's most impressive works. I have commented on it before; in fact, I take a small share of credit for the current wholesale revival of Bruckner, since I have been crusading for his music for twenty-five years. All I wish to say is that Mr. Steinberg is among the finest Bruckner interpreters extant, and that the symphony received a noble reading.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

FORT MYERS, Fla., March 30 (UPI)—Tim Cullen's two-run double sparked a four-run outburst in the first inning today and carried the Washington Senators to a 55-1 victory over the Kansas City Royals.—*The Times.*

Ted Williams is getting hot.

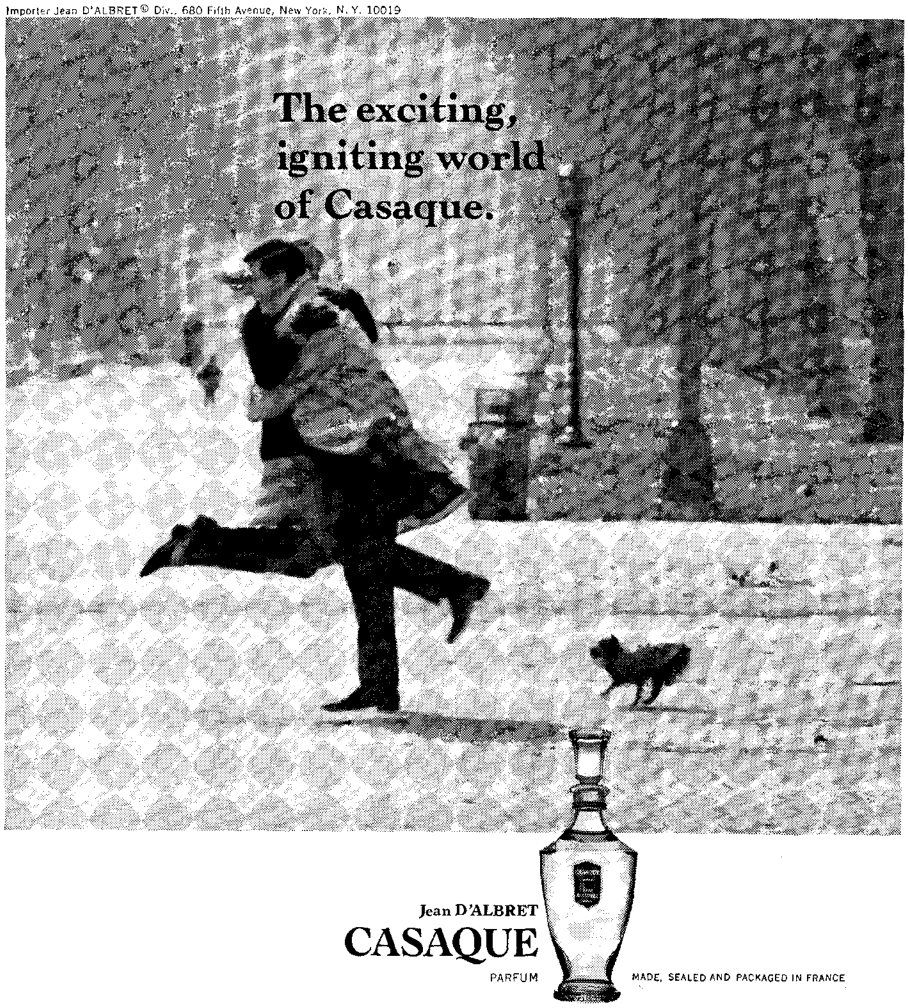


$875.00

Ladies watch in 18 Kt. yellow
gold, set with 30 full cut
diamonds weighing 1 ct.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854

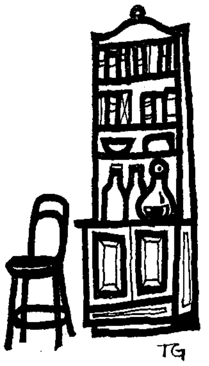
Importer Jean D'ALBRET© Div., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019



Jean D'ALBRET
CASAQUE
PARFUM
MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



I RECEIVED a letter from a rich lady recently who said she thought this column paid insufficient attention to its rich readers. “I would no more buy the costly things you described than I could throw out the box from a present or the bone from a ham,” she wrote, and added, “Can't you find something *thrifty* to write about?” I can and I have. The following report is on household objects that cost no more than $2, and most of them have been chosen as much for their usefulness as for the fact that no one will have to dip into capital to buy them.

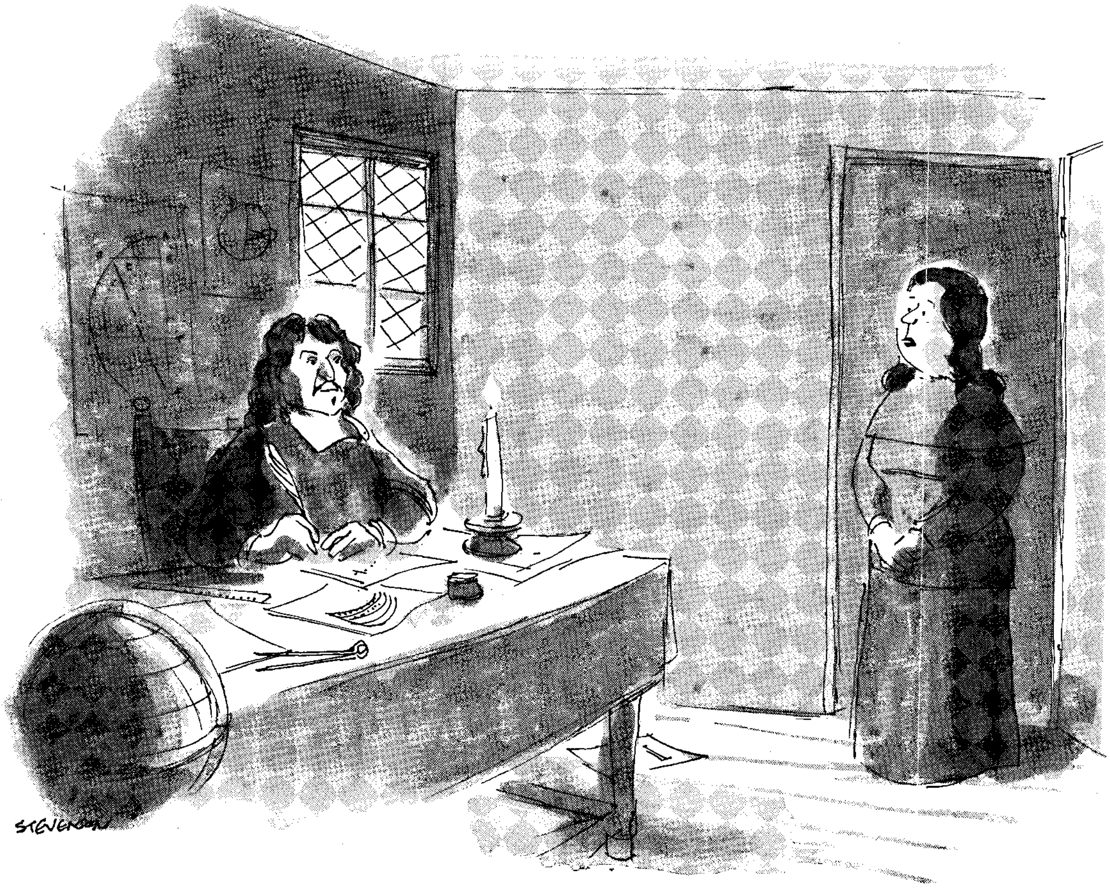
The utility of a pretzel press may not be immediately discernible, but if you provide yourself with the one that Gimbel's sells for $1.29 and make the pretzels for which there is a recipe on the package you will be gratified by the results. Homemade pretzels are not like the commercially bent product, except in general appearance, and the ones I made—of flour, water, salt, sugar, yeast, egg, coarse salt, and (optional) Cheese Whiz—were doughy and delicious. The press, which is a compact metal form with a wooden handle that you push down on, requires quite a lot of pressure—more pressure, in fact, than the children who assisted me in pretzel-making were able to exert, so they committed their pretzel dough to a cookie cutter I had just bought at Bloomingdale's for $1. The latter implement, which comes from Holland, is made up of six metal cutters of different shapes (heart, diamond, star, etc.) welded together so as to form a skeletal cube. It is an interesting-looking object and a good way of keeping cookie cutters from going astray. The heart- and star-shaped pretzels weren't bad, but they weren't as good as the pretzel-shaped ones, in my opinion.

Frugal readers will find much to tempt them in the hundred-and-twenty-eight-page catalogue issued by Paprikás Weiss Importer, 1546 Second Avenue (80th). The range of things sold in this store is enormous and strange. Here, for example, are the entries under “H” in the index:

Hair Nets, Men's
Ham
Heater, Portable Hot Water
Herbs
Herb teas
Hip flask
Homero
Honey
Horse-radish dispenser
Hot butter dish
Hungarian typewriter
Hungarian szalami

The hairnets cost $1.98 each and are imported from West Germany, where, I take it, they are worn by methodical German hippies. The horse-radish dispenser ($1) is simply a squat glass jar with a dark-red hard-plastic stopper, but it's a good thing to have if you use prepared horseradish and find the skinny little jars it comes in (which tip over in the refrigerator) hard to get the horseradish out of. I also liked a shapely wooden implement called a sauerkraut fork, whose three large tines taper gracefully and whose handle has a nice feel in the hand. It costs sixty-nine cents, and it could be used to poke at spaghetti if sauerkraut is not much appreciated in your household. Paprikás Weiss's goose-feather pastry brushes (thirty-nine cents each) are made of ten goose feathers braided and twined together, and the store's imported sweet rose paprika has a lovely, rich aroma redolent of its vegetable origin; it is utterly unlike the acrid red powder one buys in the supermarket. It costs $1.79 a pound, and smaller quantities are available. Paprikás Weiss's fortune-telling cards ($1.98 a pack) look like illustrations in sentimental nineteenth-century novels and predict more happiness, money, love, hope, and constancy than sickness, death, enemies, misfortune, and falseness. Each card is in four languages (German, Italian, English, and Serbo-Croatian), and the pack comes with instructions.

THE Pottery Barn, 231 Tenth Avenue (24th), recently acquired 2,364 defective teak boards made of inch-thick end-grain pieces laminated together like butcher blocks, and is



“‘Cogito, ergo sum’ is all very well for you, but what about me?”

Skinny Sony. Fat Sound.

It's a 2½ lb. FM/AM. About the size of a book. But it sounds like a big fat radio.

Because deep down where it really counts it is a big fat radio.

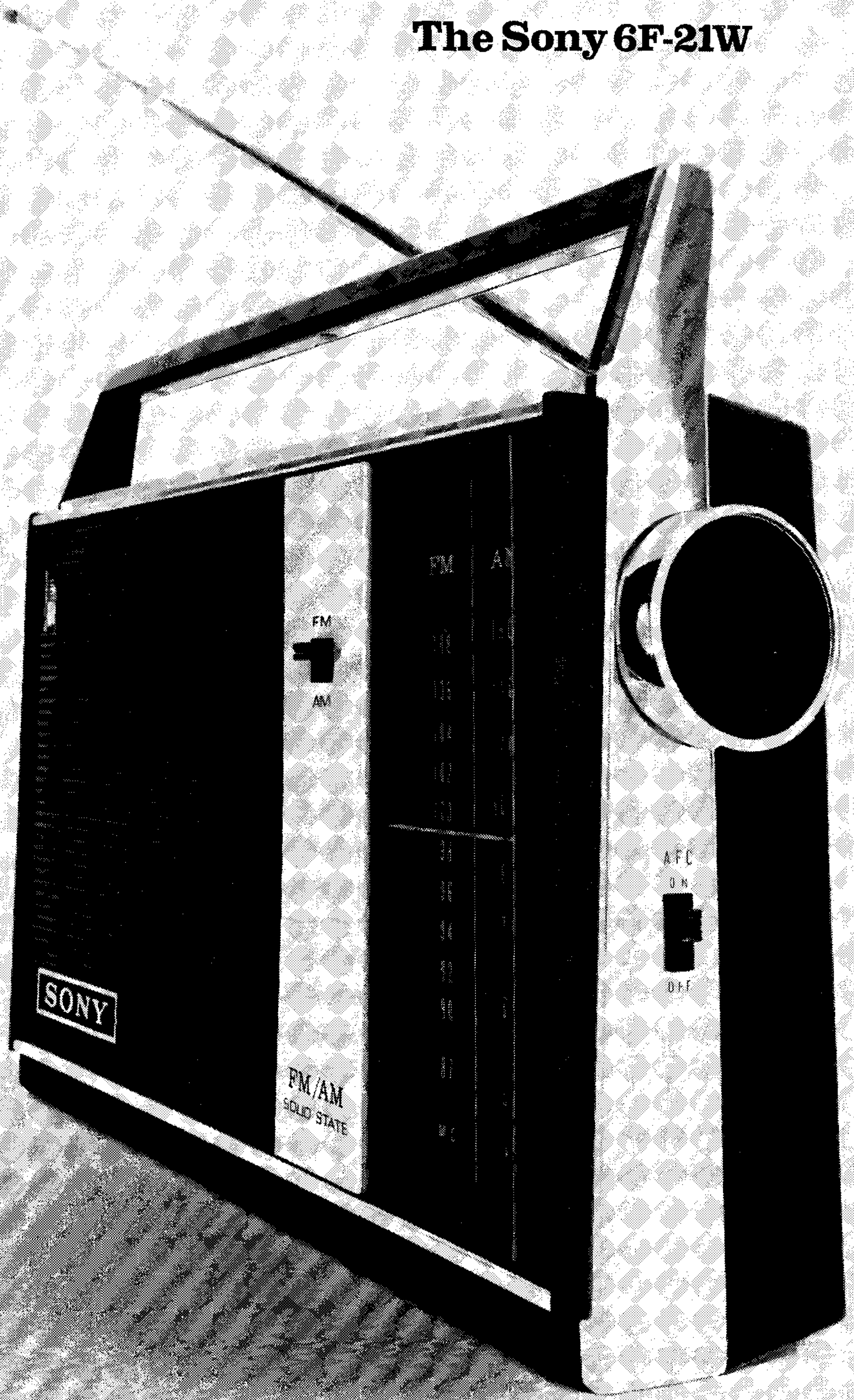
We took the insides of our more expensive models and miniaturized them even more for this little portable. (We even shrunk the price to $39.95*.)

But what we got sounded too good to be just a portable. So we made it more than just a portable.

We fixed it so you could plug in a stereo adaptor (optional). Or a tape recorder. Or people. (The earphone comes with it.) You can even plug in walls. (AC adaptor optional.)

We fixed it good. With a skinny Sony like this, you may never need another radio around the house. A fat lot of good that does us.

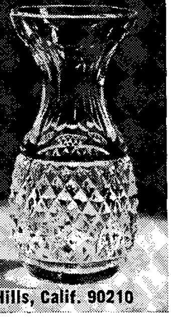
The Sony 6F-21W



© 1967 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE.

Jorge Bolet's
Accompanist

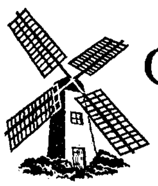
The New Baldwin



Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Waterford Crystal Bud Vase is hand cut, full lead crystal . . . so dainty, and so very effective. It's just 4 inches tall, yet exquisitely detailed. 8.00 (Add 5% tax in California.)

351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210



The
OCEAN
DUNE
Apartments

PRIVATE BEACH & SWIMMING POOL
Amagansett, L. I.

An attractive resort residence in a setting of unspoiled colonial charm: luxuriously furnished, 2 and 4 room suites with fully equipped kitchenettes, sun decks, daily maid service, Golf Privileges. Seasonal, monthly, weekly rates on request. Phone or write for brochure.

(516) AMagansett 7-3406

selling them at from seventy-five cents to $1.40 apiece, depending on size. "The merchandise is irregular, but the imperfection does not interfere with use," says a sign. The imperfections are cracks between laminations, some of them fairly serious, others scarcely noticeable. I don't know whether the boards—they come round or square—would stand up to much vigorous chopping, but they should be perfectly serviceable cheese boards. They are very smooth, and the laminations give them a rich, handsome pattern. A ten-inch square board costs ninety cents, a round one twelve inches in diameter costs $1.25, and a twelve-inch square specimen is $1.40. The boards come from Hong Kong, and they have the air, if not the fact, of the impeccable craftsmanship for which their high-priced Scandinavian counterparts are known.

A French glass ovenware called Topaz, which costs as little as our ordinary glass ovenware does and is more elegant, can also be found at the Pottery Barn. The glass is a smoky brown and the pieces are well designed. They include custard cups (thirty cents each), which are small, squat cylinders that would be good for chocolate mousse as well as for desserts baked in the oven, and *au-gratin* dishes (ninety cents each), which are seven inches in diameter and are very presentable. Enamelled soup ladles from Poland, with capacious blue or yellow or green bowls and long black handles, are ninety cents. Portuguese trivets that look like necklaces strung with blocks of cork come in three sizes—six, seven and a half, and nine inches in diameter—and cost sixty cents, ninety cents, and a dollar and a half.

At Bazar Français, 666-68 Sixth Avenue (20th), there are some admirable little porcelain pans for warming butter, at $1.25 each, which have slender handles and come in all white or brown and white; shirred-egg dishes of the same porcelain and with rounded, mildly scalloped handles cost $1.75, and, for $1.50, there is a glass bell dome that exactly fits the dishes, for making mushrooms under glass. Note also Bazar Français's wood-handled sandwich spreader, which has an oval blade, one side of it serrated (ninety-five cents); its brown earthenware butter chips (fifty-five cents each); a brown earthenware two-cup teapot ($1.95); and a pair of poultry skewers (seventy-five cents) collectively called So-in-Seconds, which do a good job of containing the stuffing of a roast fowl

STAYS PUT WHEN
YOU'RE SWINGING.

The Arthur M. Rosenberg Company has designed a golf shirt that stays put.
Made in France, exclusively for us, it was designed to be longer where you need it . . . in the body and the sleeves.
Its fit may even help take several strokes off your score. And that's worth more than the price of the shirt . . . $10.50. Med., Large, X-Large, only.
Colors: Navy with red stripe
Tan with coffee stripe
White with navy stripe
Carmel with royal blue stripe
Burgundy with sand stripe
Navy with white stripe
Tan with kelly green stripe
Royal blue with yellow stripe
Mail Orders: Parcel Post Charge–75¢
Travel Exhibits in Major Cities Dates on Request
NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898
THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS–FURNISHERS
In New York: 11 East 45th Street
In New Haven: 268 York Street

Hand-Wrought English Bronzes by MASCOTS
Collector's catalogue of over 200 pieces. $1.00. At fine stores.
MASCOTS, Oxford, New Jersey 07863

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63RD ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6 5950

and save you the trouble of sewing the bird up with needle and thread.

PEOPLE who are too lazy to hold their own bagel while slicing it in half ought to get a Bagel Holder that Macy sells for $1; more energetic types might enjoy picking up after Macy's Cookie Dropper, also $1.

At Seabon, 54 East 54th Street, there is a comely wooden saltshaker from Norway that is three inches tall and an inch and a half in diameter; $1.50. At Bonniers, a handsome glazed earthenware mug is a member of the Nittsjo service from Sweden; its bottom half is a rich blue and its top half has alternating horizontal stripes of rust brown and white. The inside is rust brown, and the price is $2.

At Lamston's, a pretty, lightweight metal tray covered with a sort of Pennsylvania Dutch folk design sells for seventy-nine cents. The design—in yellow, orange, green, and brown—depicts tulips twining around a central stylized efflorescence on an off-white background. The tray measures twelve and three-quarters inches by seventeen and a half. Lamston also sells, for ninety-eight cents, a well-designed one-pint glass milkshake shaker made by Pyrex, with a white plastic top that makes it airtight and enables one to shake vigorously and not have to worry about the top's coming off. (The top should not be put in the dishwasher.)

At Design Research International, 53 East 57th Street, there is a twelve-inch-long flat white box with a picture of a tractor on it and the words "Suttons Mustard and Cress Farm." In the box are a white plastic tray, some absorbent cotton pads, and two packages of seed. You wet the absorbent pads, sow the cress seeds on one half of the tray, and, four days later, sow the mustard seed, which is faster-growing, on the other half. When the cress is two inches tall and the mustard is three inches tall, you cut the tender greens and mix them together. The package goes on to say, "You now have a mustard and cress salad—it is lovely to eat between thin slices of bread and butter and, remember, you've grown it all yourself." Price, $1.50, and there are enough seeds for several sowings.

INEXPENSIVE old prints are available all over town. Walter Schatzki, 153 East 57th Street, to cite one redoubtable source, has late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century botanical prints that measure approximately five inches by nine and sell for between a dollar and two dollars apiece. The

GO MAUPINTOUR! LEAVE ALL YOUR CARES AT HOME!

SPAIN PORTUGAL TANGIER

22 DAYS. LEISURELY, DELUXE TOURING.

Only 31 happy guests accepted. We're small and you'll love it. No crowding. Finest hotels, superb resorts. Dine in style. Entertainments galore. Bullfights, too! Jet between cities. Be where the action is. Lots of time in the best places. Lifesee what's famous and fun, the contemporary scene, wonders of mountains, sea, and the glorious past. Segovia, Avila, Old Castile, El Escorial, Toledo, Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon, Estoril, Nazare, Moorish Andalucia, Seville, Cordoba, Granada, Malaga and Mediterranean Costa del Sol, beautiful Mallorca, plus Gibraltar Strait and Tangier.

All of this from only $898 to $1048. There is a departure each week from New York via Iberia. Come along!

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for the folder or write to Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 / (212) 687-7773.

Maupintour standard of travel excellence

ASK ABOUT THESE OTHER MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS FOR 1969:

☐ Morocco / Canaries / Madeira / Algarve, ☐ Spain / Portugal By Motorcoach, ☐ Europe By Train/By Air, ☐ Scandinavia, ☐ Alps of Europe, ☐ Italy/Sicily, ☐ Greece/Aegean, ☐ USSR/Eastern Europe, ☐ Dalmatia/The Balkans, ☐ Samarkand/Oriental Russia, ☐ South America, ☐ Orient Festival.

...and they float!

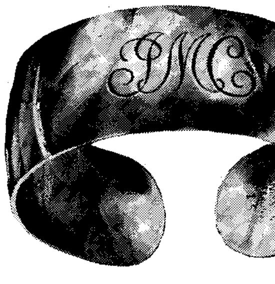
The completely sealed fiberglass body of our streamlined, 8 x 30 Steiner Prism Binoculars is impervious to water, steam, vapors and utterly stable under extreme temperatures. And, what's more—they float! 10-lens, 4-prism, fully coated optics provide crisp, closely corrected image and great depth of field at all distances (357' at 1000 yds.). Individual focus, built-in rubber cups (for eyeglass wearers), and soft, zippered strap-case make them ideal for hunters, yachtsmen, travelers . . . and anyone prone to drop things overboard!

☐ Send me the Steiner 8 x 30 Floating Binoculars. I enc. $60.95 ($59.95 plus $1 for post. & ins.). Return in two wks. if not delighted. (Calif. add 5%).
Mail to: 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111

NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP

haverhill's

Forever Fashion
for the 1969 Graduate
or Bridesmaid



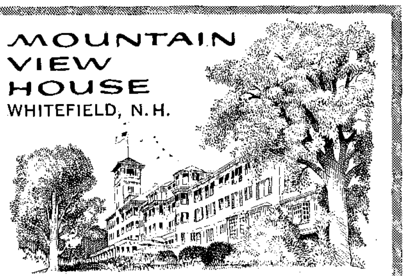
the classic bangle in Kirk sterling,
a smooth sweep of
gleam 7/8" wide. In silver 9.00;
14 kt. gold 100.00
3-letter monogram, as shown 3.50
date on inside 1.00 additional
Allow 14 days for delivery.

pitt petri
378 DELAWARE AVENUE
BUFFALO, NEW YORK 14202

PARIS IN NEW YORK
GOURMET DINNER, SHOW AND DANCING

RITA DIMITRI'S
chansonnette
890 SECOND AVE (47TH) PL 2 7320

MOUNTAIN
VIEW
HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, N.H.



In the heart of the White Mountains
Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, entertainment, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine food. 185 rooms.
Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr., Manager
SEASON BEGINS JUNE 25TH

prints are pages from books, and most are nameless, and therefore present a problem in identification, the way flowers found in the wild do. The collection has been pretty well picked over—the roses and bluebells are gone, and what remain are mostly obscure and unshowy specimens, which, however, repay close scrutiny, for all are delicately, accurately drawn, and scarcely any are without some interest and beauty.

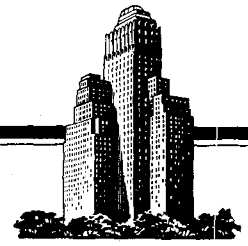
The thrift shops are no longer places for the thrifty. The green-smocked, single-strand-of-pearl volunteers who run them have become as knowledgeable about Camp as their mothers were about mah-jongg, and almost everything is overpriced, on the assumption, perhaps, that people will attach more value to junk if they pay a lot of money for it. However, there is one area—that of books—in which the thrift shops still retain their innocence and the browser can pick up bargains. Sets are especially good buys (I know someone who not long ago shamelessly acquired the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica from a thrift shop for $25), and among the volumes of condensed mystery stories and treatises on the white-slave trade there are always a few good books, which cost the same twenty-five or fifty cents that the bad ones do.

If it is not easy to find cheap furniture nowadays, it is getting increasingly easy to pick up free furniture on the street. The sidewalks of the upper East and West Sides are a bazaar of serviceable things that people have thrown out, and a number of students I know have furnished entire apartments from the discards of their affluent neighbors. A lot of people apparently find it too much trouble to call the Salvation Army or Goodwill, and just put things out on the street that they don't want anymore. A friend recently got rid of a superfluous love seat in this fashion, only to find it, a few days later, occupying a prominent position in the living room of a neighbor down the block. "You'll never guess where I got that love seat," the neighbor said proudly. My friend laughed immoderately and said, "Tell me." —J. M.

•

The larger point is the FBI's consummate skill in putting ransom negotiations back on the track—and swiftly moving the case to one more masterful achievement for the amazing organization J. Edgar Hoover has built and headed with such destruction.—*Ossining Citizen Register.*

And aplomb.



Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

. . . renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles . . . . $15.50 to $22.50
Choice Doubles. . . . $21.50 to $28.00
Tower Studio Suites $30.00 to $35.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $20.00.
Doubles from $27.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

"50 YEARS OF PAINTING BY
MAX WEBER"
Major Comprehensive Exhibition
1907–1957
APRIL 15–MAY 10
Fully Illustrated Catalogue $1.00
•
BERNARD DANENBERG
GALLERIES
1000 Madison Ave., at 77 St.
Mon–Sat, 10–6

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL

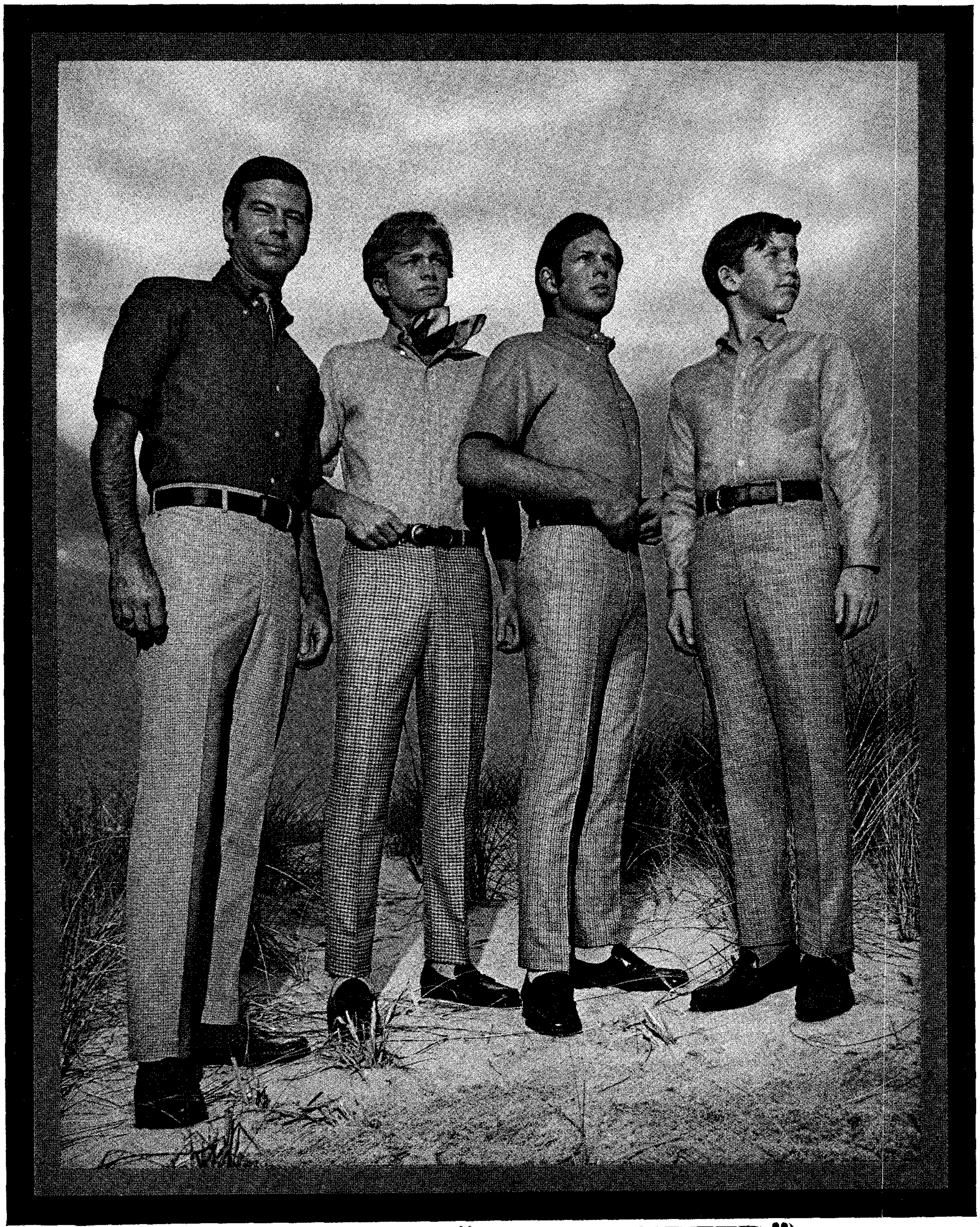
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

Famous last words of a weed:
"The Plus-2 did it."
SCOTTS, the grass people

Canoe.
If he's not worth it,
he's not worth it.

Canoe by Dana. Made in France for men who make it everywhere.
COLOGNE • SOAP • TALC • DEODORANT • SHAVING FOAM • AFTER-SHAVE TREATMENT • AND OTHER FINE GROOMING PRODUCTS.

THE UNITED STATE OF DAN RIVER:



HOME OF THE "BRONZE BREED."

Clear skies and crisp air. The America to Be? America now: trim, crisp pants that stay that way all day. Dan River's permanent press Bronze Breed fabrics do it. Left to right: From Campus in Tab Twist; Shelby Clothes in Twintwist; Coachman Ltd., in Twintwist®; Anvil in Twintwist. All in Dan-Press®, 50% Fortrel® polyester, 50% cotton.

DAN RIVER.

All fabrics designed and woven in U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Incorporated, Danville, Virginia.

THE SPORTING SCENE

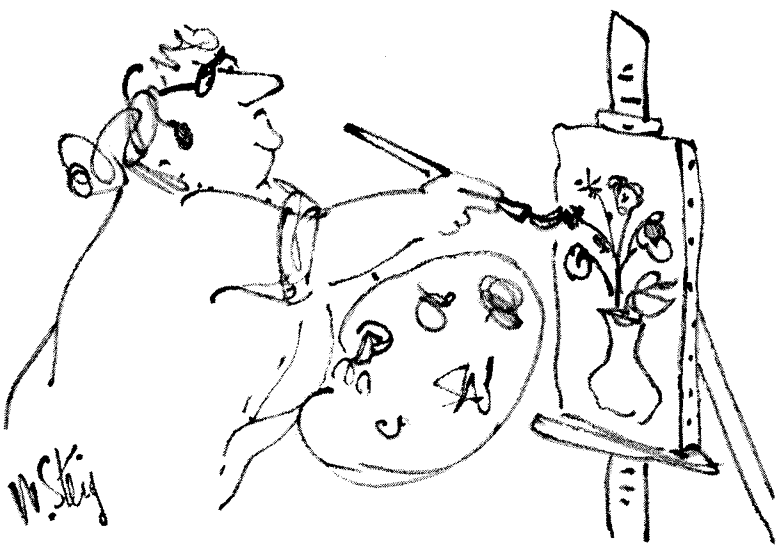
ALL QUIET ALONG RAE'S CREEK

WHEN the Masters tournament was inaugurated, on the revolutionary new course of the Augusta National Golf Club, in Augusta, Georgia, thirty-five years ago this spring, the aspect of the layout that caused the most comment was the greens. Robert Tyre (Bob) Jones, who had designed the course in collaboration with Alister MacKenzie, the well-known Scottish golf architect, had long been an admirer of the vast, highly contoured greens at St. Andrews and the other famous old seaside links on which the British Open and Amateur Championships were played, and though he was working with meadowland at the Augusta National, he made it a point to build greens that had the dimensions and the movement of their linksland ancestors. The players that gathered for the early Masters found them extremely difficult to cope with—Jones himself took thirty-eight putts on his second round in 1934—and in no time the experts were saying that any golfer who hoped to do well in the tournament had to be equally proficient at two separate games: hitting his shots from tee to green, and handling the greens. Supporting this contention was the fact that two of the first three Masters were won by the finest putter of the day, Horton Smith. In 1934, Smith, battling a wet, heavy course and needing to play the last three holes in one under par to edge out Craig Wood, got the birdie he was after by sinking a twenty-foot putt on the seventy-first. His second victory, in 1936, also resulted from a strong finish over a rain-drenched course. Trailing Harry Cooper by two shots with five holes to go, Smith got down a fifty-footer on the sixty-eighth and an eight-footer on the sixty-ninth for birdies; then, on the seventy-first, which Cooper had just bogeyed, Smith rapped in the decisive putt—a ten-footer that saved his par. In between Smith's two victories, Gene Sarazen had even more dramatically helped establish the Masters' tradition for spectacular finishes by holing out a full spoon shot on the sixty-ninth for a historic double eagle, but it should also be noted that Sarazen never putted more effectively than he did that week at Augusta. Indeed, he read the rolls and the speed of the greens so impeccably that over the hundred and eighty holes he played—his four practice rounds, the four rounds of the tournament proper, and the two rounds of the playoff in which he defeated Wood—he did not have a single 6 on his card.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridges across Rae's Creek since those first tournaments at the Augusta National, but the early pattern has persisted: the Masters champion has almost always putted extraordinarily well. Some years, this has been obscured. For example, the first three of Arnold Palmer's four victories resulted from not only amazing clutch putting but amazing clutch everything, and in 1965, when Jack Nicklaus set the tournament record with a total of 271, seventeen under par, he had his whole game under such consummate control that it passed almost unnoticed that he had got all the way to the sixty-ninth before three-putting a green. Since putting means so very much in the Masters, it has long been an enigma why Billy Casper, who ranks along with Palmer as the best putter of the past decade and is a solid all-round golfer to boot, has experienced so little success in the tournament. In his first dozen starts, beginning in 1957, when he made his début at Augusta, Casper managed to finish in the top five only twice, and was never really in the hunt. Last year, typically, though he enjoyed his greatest season—he won six tournaments and over $200,000 in prize money—the best he could do in the Masters was a tie for sixteenth. Although the course isn't exactly suited to Casper's game (it favors the long driver, and Casper's forte off the tee is accuracy; it favors the man who plays his approaches in a high parabola, and Casper rips his irons on a low line), a golfer of top calibre, which Casper certainly is, can win on all types of courses. Anyway, on the eve of the 1969 Masters, a few weeks ago, there was a definite feeling in the air that this might be his year. For one thing, none of the big guns were in thunderous form, and, for another, Casper was long overdue to put it all together at the Augusta National.

It almost worked out that way. George Archer, as we all know, won the 1969 Masters, nosing out Casper, George Knudson, and Tom Weiskopf by one stroke, but Casper was unquestionably the key figure, and my guess is that when this tournament is discussed in future years it will be referred to as "the Masters that Casper lost," just as the 1966 United States Open, in which Casper overhauled Palmer on the last round and again in their subsequent playoff, is invariably referred to as "the Open that Palmer lost." As Masters tournaments go, the one this year was strangely dull and lifeless, and, looking back at it now, I feel that the golf itself may have been less interesting than some of the speculative thoughts it stirred up. However, before we get into that, let us review briefly the shape this uncharacteristically flaccid Masters took.

In the opening round, on Thursday—the first of four warm and windless days that were ideal for scoring—Casper was off very fast. On the first hole, he stuck his approach about twenty feet from the pin and ran in his birdie putt as matter-of-factly as if he were starting off in some inconsequential event like the Don Cherry Instant Classic. He birdied the fourth, an exacting par 3, by dropping a 4-wood eight feet from the hole. As I watched Casper, portly and precise, moving over that front nine, he seemed to me to be in a wonderful playing mood—honestly relaxed, but just enough on edge to be bearing down on every shot. On the seventh, after he had



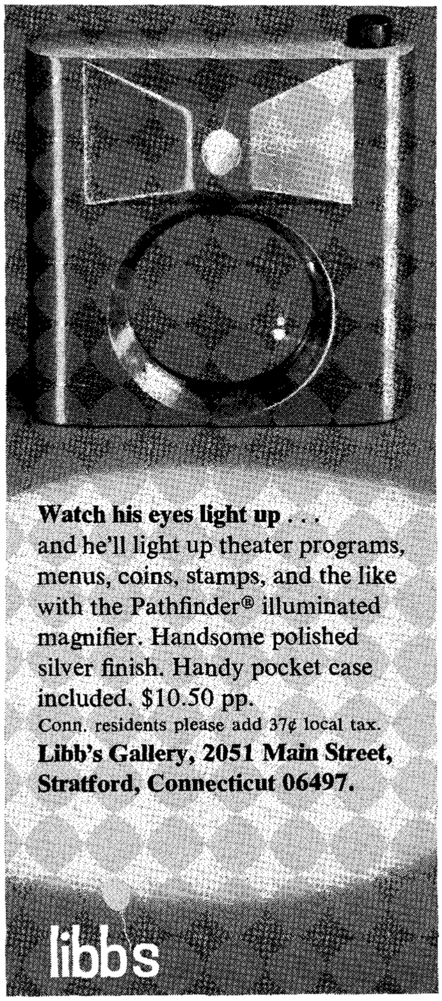
MAYBE WE ARE WRONG ....

but we think that we have the finest vacation area in New England, for those who appreciate the best and can afford it.

200 acres of virgin forest on top of the mountain, with magnificent views, situated directly on Lake Sunapee, opposite the Mount Sunapee Ski Area; the whole *concept designed* and *supervised* by an Architect; unusual, well-built vacation houses on minimum two acre lots for year-round use: skiing, hunting, fishing, golfing, sailing, swimming; with private beach, boat basin, club house and tennis courts.
Only 1½ hours from Boston, 5 hours from New York.

Contact:
Delnoce Whitney Goubert, A.I.A.
825 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021
(212) 249-5300

Oakledge
MOUNT SUNAPEE
NEW HAMPSHIRE

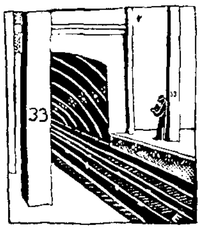

Watch his eyes light up . . .
and he'll light up theater programs, menus, coins, stamps, and the like with the Pathfinder® illuminated magnifier. Handsome polished silver finish. Handy pocket case included. $10.50 pp.
Conn. residents please add 37¢ local tax.
Libb's Gallery, 2051 Main Street, Stratford, Connecticut 06497.

libb's

bunkered his pitch below the plateau green, we were treated to a very Casperian sequence: he exploded fifteen feet past the pin from an ugly lie and, unfazed by that touchy green, sank the putt for his par. He kept on rolling. He birdied the long, uphill eighth when he got home with two woods that could not have been struck more in the center of the club face, and then he birdied the ninth, to turn in 32, four under par. He came back in 34, two under. His 66—by far the best golf anyone played in the tournament—put Casper in the lead, a stroke ahead of Archer and Bruce Devlin. He had, incidentally, taken only twenty-seven putts, an indecent number at the Augusta National, where most men will gladly settle for thirty-two or three.

On the second day, Casper's golf was much less impressive, but he had a 71, and this amounted to a very creditable performance, considering that the greens were not too holding and that on this day (and on the two remaining days as well) many of the pins were placed in grotesque, brink-of-disaster positions. At 137, he shared the lead at the halfway mark with Devlin. It should be mentioned that on his second round Casper ran into his first bogey of the tournament when he took three putts on the sixth, but otherwise he was his usual tidy self in the green area, and required only thirty putts in all. He had another excellent day on the greens on his third round, and he needed it, because his play from tee to green, particularly on the front side, was exceedingly shaky. However, he was around in 71—again with only one bogey—owing largely to six one-putt greens, which included two of ten feet and one of twenty-five. With his fifty-four-hole total of 208, he had regained the undisputed lead—a stroke ahead of Archer, two ahead of Miller Barber, three ahead of Weiskopf and Charles Coody, and four ahead of Knudson. This was a rather drab cast of characters for the Masters, since none of Casper's challengers had ever won a major championship, or even threatened to. Furthermore, there was no possibility that Palmer, Nicklaus, Gary Player, and the other glamour men who are usually in the thick of the Masters would come roaring into contention. They were miles back, in the middle of the pack, and one sometimes went for hours without hearing a spectator mention their names. With the varsity absent and only the jayvees to beat, it seemed that if Casper was ever going to take the Masters this would be the year. For myself, I hoped he would pull it off, but it was no foregone conclusion that he would be able to. There was a time when Casper stood along with Julius Boros as just about the most pressure-proof golfer on the tour—the man you would least like to have battling you down the stretch—but over the last few years he has given evidence that he is not as tough as he used to be. In the 1967 United States Open, after seizing a three-stroke lead on the third round when Nicklaus and Palmer got all confused and started playing each other and not the course, he went over par on three consecutive holes near the end of his round and threw it all away. Last July, he entered the final round of the British Open leading the field at Carnoustie, but by the fifth hole he was gone, for good. Well, we would soon find out if he had it this time.

The climactic fourth round had barely come to a bubble when Casper lost the Masters. Partnered in the last twosome with Barber—Weiskopf and Archer were just ahead, and in front of them Knudson and Coody—Casper began with three pars. At this point in the tournament, he had played fifty-seven holes and, incredibly, had bogeyed only *two* of them. Then, abruptly, he fell apart. He bogeyed two of the next three holes, three-putting the fourth and missing the green on the short sixth. He bogeyed the seventh after slicing his tee shot into a grove of pines. He bogeyed the ninth when he bunkered his approach. He bogeyed the tenth when he was short with his approach and needed three more to get down. Two bogeys in fifty-seven holes, five in the next seven! Casper then got hold of himself and made a valiant rally down the stretch, but by that time it was much too late, and the tournament was being decided up ahead, in the two twosomes directly in front of him.



As has so often been the case on the last day at Augusta, most of the pivotal action took place on the two par-5s on the in-nine—the 475-yard thirteenth, on which the green is guarded by an arm of Rae's Creek, and the 520-yard fifteenth, on which the slightly raised green sits just beyond a small pond. Both holes actually play as par 4½s, for they can be reached with two good shots; this spring, with the fairways faster than they had been in years, just about everybody was able to get out far enough off the tee to carry the hazards on his second shots without much trouble. Coody, a large, mild Texan, got home on the thirteenth with a fine 2-iron that finished twenty feet past the pin. He had been visibly nervous all day but had managed to collect himself before playing his shots, and he did so here, tapping his downhill putt with a nice, delicate touch. For a moment it looked as if he had made it, but the ball hung on the right lip of the cup. Then, as the gallery was launching its reflexive groan of sympathy, the ball toppled in. This eagle put Coody eight under par for the tournament and vaulted him out in front, but only momentarily, for Archer, playing in the twosome behind him, birdied the thirteenth to move into a tie for the lead. They remained tied when each misplayed the par-4 fourteenth and took a 5 on it. On the fifteenth, Coody made his birdie 4. Lying two off the back edge of the green, he ran a splendid chip to within inches of the cup, which some misguided disciple of John Foster Dulles had cut twelve scant feet from the front edge, just above the grassy bank of the pond. Archer did not fare as well. Trying to drop his long approach on the front part of the green, he failed to carry the pond. Coody, at the moment of the splash, was standing on the tee of the sixteenth, a 190-yard par 3, nervously working to compose himself. After fidgeting with his sweater, his trousers, his glove, and his 5-iron, he was ready, but he hurried his swing and pulled the ball fifty feet off line and into a bunker. He had gone as far as he could go. He was to stumble home with three bogeys.

On the fifteenth, Archer, playing four after dropping his ball in front of the pond, summoned what, in retrospect, were the winning shots. Passing up the safe standard shot, a wedge pitch onto the green—he could never have stopped the ball close to the pin—he improvised a daring pitch-and-run; he skipped the ball off the far bank, and it climbed onto the green and ended up ten feet past the pin. When he holed the putt, he had got out of a very sticky situation with a par. He went on to match par on the last three holes, and this enabled him to hold off Weiskopf (who lost his chance for a tie by botching up the seventeenth after birdieing the fifteenth), Knudson (who finished with a fine rush), and Casper. Ultimately, Casper's chances for a tie boiled down to holing a chip from the fringe of the home green, and I must confess that although I abhor a playoff as much as the next man, I felt a

The OUTLOOK
S&P
The OUTLOOK is Courageous
HOW MANY INVESTMENT SERVICES ARE?

STANDARD & POOR'S
Subsidiary of McGRAW-HILL, Inc.
345 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10014

Available by Subscription Only

Auction of Fine Jewelry
Many articles of diamond and colored stone jewelry including an important pink marquise-shape diamond ring, a small collection of antique jewelry and this superb diamond brooch/26 cts

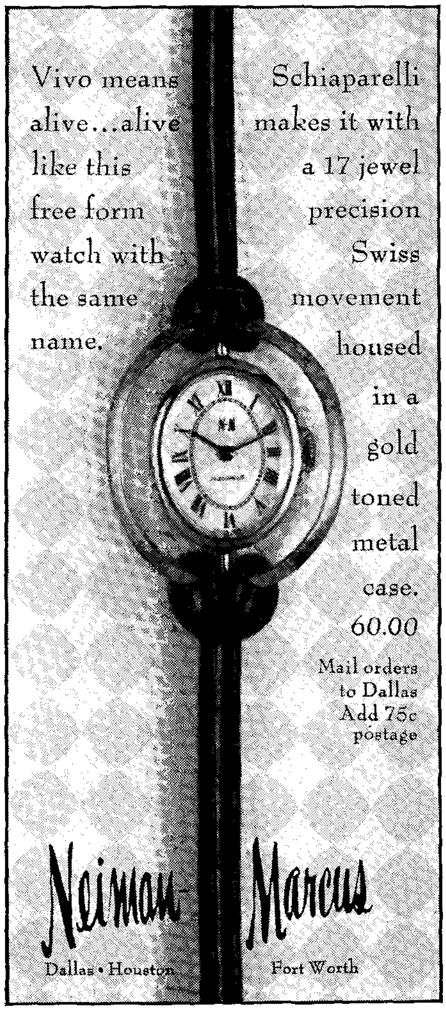
From various owners. Illustrated Catalogue $2. By mail $3
On view from May 10. Public auction May 15 at 10:15 and 1:45
Parke-Bernet Galleries • Inc
980 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021

THE RICE HOTEL

You'll like Houston's traditional host

We're in the most interesting section of downtown Houston. From The Rice, you can walk (a block or two) to the burgeoning new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. And just down Main Street from us is the shopping and financial district. Check us out. Then we'll check you in... and show you why our location alone didn't make us Houston's traditional host.

Main at Texas, Houston · (713) CA 7-2111



Vivo means alive...alive like this free form watch with the same name.

Schiaparelli makes it with a 17 jewel precision Swiss movement housed in a gold toned metal case. 60.00

Mail orders to Dallas Add 75c postage

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston Fort Worth

twinge of regret when I saw his ball slide by the cup.

Archer's victory was essentially a triumph of temperament. He has a lot to learn about shotmaking, but he is an intelligent, calm golfer, and is respected as such by his colleagues. Significantly, a friend of mine, who was posted at the thirteenth green the last day, told me afterward that whenever a non-contending player paused at the green to study the leader board and predict the probable winner the one name mentioned was Archer.

BOB JONES was unable to attend this Masters—the first one he has ever missed. Despite his manifold ailments, Jones gets to his law office in Atlanta daily, but this year the three-and-a-half-hour drive to Augusta was too much for him to attempt. Without Jones, the Masters is not the Masters. Ben Hogan was also missing. During the winter, he underwent two operations on his shoulder, and golf is out of the question for him for some time. This was a loss, too; no player adds the punch to a championship that Hogan does, even today. However, I think the feeling among the Masters regulars was that once the tournament was under way, and Arnie, Jack, Gary, Julius, and the other paragons were spinning around the course in the brilliant spring weather, the special Masters magic would assert itself, as it has almost annually for thirty-five years. It didn't. This Masters never really came to life until we had those brief gasps of drama on the final afternoon, and even those were not true purple passages of the kind that the tournament has so regularly produced. Accordingly, as old Augusta hands walked the course with their friends, a large part of their conversation over the four days consisted of bemused confessions of apathy and repeated attempts to diagnose what was wrong. Some of the explanations that my group settled on were rather obvious ones: (1) With the exception of Casper, the reigning heroes, the men who have so often responded to the evocative course with their most brilliant golf, played poorly. It became only too clear after a while that none of them would be in the running. (2) The comparatively unheralded professionals who fought out the championship with Casper happened to be a rather unexciting contingent. They were all capable golfers, of course, or they wouldn't have been in the Masters, but there was hardly any verve to their manner; moreover, for the most part, their good golf came in streaks, and they were unable to sustain their shotmaking at the championship level. As a result, the disappointed galleries found themselves in a resistant, negative mood, like theatregoers who had come to watch, say, Rex Harrison in "My Fair Lady" only to discover that he had been replaced for that performance by an understudy who was not quite up on his lines. (3) The fault lay with us. We had been spoiled. We had come to expect too much, because in an improbably high number of championships in recent years all the proper elements had coalesced—so conveniently that it had become a cliché to ask who was writing the scripts. Maybe, as one veteran observer said, we had been watching a golden age of tournament golf without knowing it, or were at least witnessing a changing of the guard. But wasn't this going a bit too far on the strength of one relatively moribund tournament? After all, it was only a year ago that we had one of the most thrilling Masters tournaments of all time—the afternoon-long duel between two genuinely inspired golfers, Bob Goalby and Roberto de Vicenzo.

And yet, in a way, I think the sense of letdown and concern that so many of us experienced at Augusta was valid. Something has been slowly but surely going out of tournament golf. It isn't easy to put your finger on it, but I do know that at the Masters this year I had the feeling, for the first time, that there is now too much money in professional golf, and that this may be what is taking the bloom off the camellias. It isn't so much the prize money—this year, the players on the pro tour are shooting at a total of over six million dollars—as the enormous sums that a golf celebrity is able to connect with nowadays through product endorsements, personal appearances, exhibitions, stock tie-ins, and other subsidiary activities. If a man is to make it really big in these areas, the ticket is to get himself across to the public not simply as a gifted golfer but as an attractive, colorful personality—a fellow with "star quality." As a result, a high percentage of the top professionals today work harder on their "images" than they do on their golf. They mean to take diligent care of their games, but after a while it becomes difficult for them to get "up" even for a major championship and almost impossible for them to muster the unsplit concentra-

BENEATH EVERYTHING WOMANLY SHOULD BE SOMETHING SHAPELY
...TAFREDDA

Clingy crepes, uptight knits, electrified wools...all shape up over Tafredda® The fabric that makes the smoothest slips in town. Clothes don't cling or bunch up because Tafredda, woven of 50% Avlin® polyester/50% nylon, holds the line of everything you wear. Look for Tafredda in every fashion color.

fmc® AVISCO FIBERS

Camisole slip by Eve Stillman. About $15. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; I. Magnin, Calif.; Marshall Field, Chicago

PRIME STRAIGHT
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
OLD FITZGERALD
PRIME
DISTILLED, AGED AND BOTTLED BY
LOUISVILLE, JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY

People who drink Old Fitz Prime don't know any better.

At 86.8 proof, its unvarying, mellow flavor is the perfect complement to fine company and fine conversation.

Serve it on-the-rocks, mixed or as a congenial after-dinner drink.

Mellow Old Fitz Prime—never aged less than 7 years.

It's the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky, and probably in the world.

OLD FITZGERALD 86.8

PRIME

PRIME STRAIGHT
OLD FITZGERALD

NEVER AGED LESS THAN 7 YEARS.

STITZEL-WELLER . AMERICA'S
OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY
ESTAB. LOUISVILLE, KY., 1849
86.8 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON.

tion, let alone the continuous dedication, that competitive golf demands. Today, the tournament world is closer than ever before to the entertainment world. Some golfers have public-relations specialists who distribute buildup releases to the press, and others have agents who plant questions at mass interviews, so it is not surprising that these days a player whose game is off eases the pain by tuning up for the television shots he has scheduled for the following week. This *is* a change. When Hogan struck a sour streak of golf, it was so galling to his pride that he could think of nothing else until he had returned to Fort Worth and, after practically living on the practice tee, had got his game back to where he wanted it.

The ironic thing is that golfers who comport themselves as celebrities and, consciously or not, woo the gallery are far less interesting to watch than golfers who are content to be golfers. For me, two of the most enjoyable performances in this year's Masters were turned in by Jack Burke, the 1956 champion, who finished only three over par—73, 72, 70, 76, for 291—and by Takaaki Kono, a bantam Japanese pro (he stands five feet three and weighs one-thirty-four), who finished at even par: 71, 75, 68, 74, for 288. They worked on their rounds so assiduously that you could almost hear them concentrating. And I had a small but revelatory experience on the last afternoon, when a few of us walked to the eleventh tee to watch Lionel Hebert and Gene Littler, who were a few shots off the pace, hit their drives. That tee is hidden in the woods a good distance from the tenth green, and since it leads nowhere, it attracts only a handful of spectators. As you may be aware, neither Hebert nor Littler possesses a gram of showmanship. Hebert, oddly, projects far more sparkle when he plays his cornet at golf get-togethers than he ever does out on the course. Littler, even if he tried, could never be anything but himself—a quiet, placid, decent guy with a very pretty golf swing. In the privacy of the eleventh tee, the two men stretched their arms and relaxed for a moment. "O.K., Lionel," Littler said as he teed up his ball. "Let's see if we can get it going." His tee shot was hit a bit heavy and was pushed a little, and he frowned at it. "That'll be all right, Gene. It's in the fairway," Hebert told him. Just as Hebert was addressing his drive, he got something in his eye. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to Littler, who removed

IZOD

...for elegance
in carefree ORLON*®

Heads turn. To you.
And that's what you want.
Now, you're different.
Remember, Izod did it.

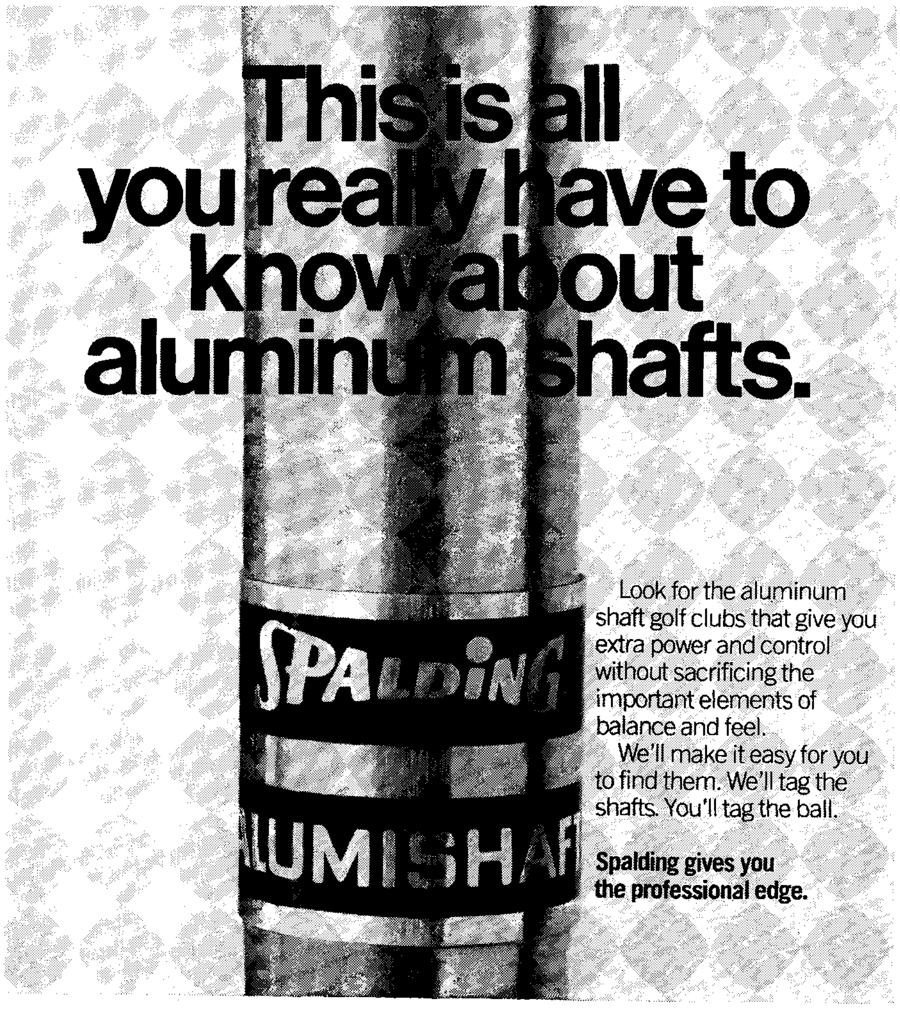
THE MOCK TURTLENECK. Double contrasting trim. Ribbed bottom and cuffs. For a tailored fit. 100% Orlon® acrylic. Many colors. S,M,L,XL. About 13.00

SIX BUTTON CARDIGAN. 100% Orlon® acrylic. Many colors. S,M,L,XL. About 16.00

IZOD LTD
498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.

Lord & Taylor — New York
Boyd's — St. Louis
Hastings — San Francisco

*DuPont T.M.



This is all you really have to know about aluminum shafts.

Look for the aluminum shaft golf clubs that give you extra power and control without sacrificing the important elements of balance and feel.

We'll make it easy for you to find them. We'll tag the shafts. You'll tag the ball.

Spalding gives you the professional edge.

Virginia is for lovers

Beach lovers. Come visit our wide, white beaches. You can sail, swim, fish, ski and surf in the Atlantic. Or just soak up sun on the soft, silver sands. Take your shore leave as you like it. But take it in Virginia.
For free 100-page booklet and brochures on your travel interests, visit, write or call
VIRGINIA STATE TRAVEL SERVICE,
11 Rockefeller Plaza, New York
10020, phone (212) 245-3080.

231 Classic Flies in Full Color

beautiful color plates . . . and in the Orvis Catalog, not a museum . . . each fly labeled and available in many sizes. This Catalog, "bible of serious fishermen since 1856," is 92 pages of the most knowledgeable fishing tackle. Sent free on request.

ORVIS
60 River Road
Manchester, Vermont
05254

Gentlemen: Send your catalog to:
Name________________
Address________________
____________Zip________

KING'S ALLEY HOTEL

...on Christiansted Harbor, St. Croix, Virgin Islands, Sweet water pool. Air conditioned rooms, each with outside breakfast gallery. Cool summer lodgings. Victor Gilbert, President.
Representative-DANIEL D. MILLER, Inc.
(212) LE 2-7700

whatever it was. After nodding his thanks, Hebert smacked a big drive down the middle, and the two men bounced down the slope before the tee and headed up the fairway. It was a most refreshing interlude.

On his last round, Casper took thirty-three putts, for a tournament total of a hundred and twenty—the lowest number of any player. The man who played the best tournament from tee to green was Knudson, the bespectacled Canadian who may well be the most underrated golfer in the world today. While Knudson didn't *knock down any flags, he hit all but* four greens in the regulation stroke, and if he could have putted a shade more effectively he would have won. The man who did win, Archer, probably put together the two games that are needed at the Augusta National—the game to the greens and the game on the greens—as well as anyone in the field, and, able competitor that he is, he hit his best shots when they counted and he made the critical putts. A lean, long-legged twenty-eight-year-old northern Californian who stands six feet six, he is, in a game that men of average height have dominated since the beginning, by far the tallest golfer ever to win a major championship. On his full shots with the irons and the woods, Archer gets down over the ball very well, but up to now he has had a tendency to start unfurling his left side an instant before making contact, and this has made him a somewhat inconsistent striker of the ball. However, when he drapes himself over a putt, his trunk twisted like a U-turn and the peak of his cap only pants-pocket high, he stays there, steady and sure, throughout his stroke, and since he keeps the blade beautifully square, he now ranks as one of the deadliest putters of the day, golfers of all sizes and shapes included. Archer is not likely to develop into as polished a technician as Long Jim Barnes, the six-foot-two Cornishman who won our Open in 1921 and the British Open in 1927, and who is recognized as the finest tall-man player in the history of golf, but he has a nice sense of purpose and could be a force in the championships for many years to come.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

Odorless liquid scent for air freshener. 25 N 364—Shpg wt. 3 oz.........98¢
—*Sears, Roebuck catalogue.*

You haven't got a pen that doesn't write, have you?

STEP
PERFUME DISPENSERS
GIVE YOU MORE
FRAGRANCE
FROM YOUR
PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. As shown (3″ high) $5.00. Others from $3.50—$35.

Step
5 E. 57th St., N.Y. | At fine stores

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
The Fabulous KIDS FROM SPAIN
Los CHAVALES de ESPANA
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT just e. of Lex. Ave.
48th ST. in Hotel Lexington

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

Pine Crest
Florida's Fine School
Admissions for the above-average student. Coeducational college preparatory from grade 7, Box Y, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33308

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ophuls Restored

WE are in the circus of Max Ophuls' great "Lola Montès." Chandeliers with new candles are lowered softly for the start of a spectacle. There are caparisoned horses. Dwarfs. Trapeze artists up in the rigging. Stagehands dressed like Napoleonic soldiers, running as if they were trundling cannon into battle. (It will be a battle, of another sort, circling and complicated.) Peter Ustinov, speaking French, struts around as a ringmaster with something disturbing him under his bombast. There are low sounds of children chattering, and circus pomp from the band. The camera tracks sometimes follow movement but more often gently counter it, without disturbance, like limbs crossing in deep water. Every frame of the Cinemascope screen is crammed. Much motion; deep browns and reds and purples; subdued points of light; the Ophuls wealth of detail in the Ophuls flux. The ringmaster is putting on a show: "The truth in pantomime," he says. The "true" story of the scandalous Lola Montès, "Countess of Landsfeld, in the flesh." We are to see a story of "broken hearts, lost fortunes, threatened crowns, and a real revolution." Lola (Martine Carol) is brought on—a doll princess in a carriage, but also a real romantic sovereign deposed, who is about to feed the historic thumbs-down instinct of people at circuses. "She will answer the most scandalous questions!" shouts the ringmaster. The perfect, immobile idol, placed in the middle of the ring, is set for mauling. The audience will adore her beauty, envy her for her lovers, and wish for her downfall. "The proceeds will go to the Association for Fallen Women," says the ringmaster cannily. Martine Carol's eyes click upward. "Where did she dance without her tights?" someone yells from the audience. "In Paris," she says, answering like a weight machine. Ophuls was wonderful with actors, and he could use the inexpressiveness of his star for his own purposes.

The "true" story. The audience, salivating, knows the end in advance: that the courtesan of a king is now a circus exhibit. Lola will be miming for them a form of the truth, for she is indeed at the end of her tether, but it is not the truth as she knows it. The film whirls. There is vertigo for us from camera movement, and from midgets dangling off high wires as if they were on butchers' hooks, and dizziness for Lola, because of the difference between the stinking morsels of gossip that the public is badgering her for and the past that is still alive in her. The film, Ophuls' masterpiece, which is being shown here publicly for the first time in the complete version, constantly pits two things against each other. Low words from the ringmaster to Lola alone sometimes interrupt his hyperbole to the crowd. In the ring, now sitting on a display table in her crinoline, she answers questions in a voice of porcelain; off-stage, she clamors for a shawl and medicine and says that she must give up smoking and drinking.

Some directors make film authorship seem very difficult. Others, like Jean Renoir and Ophuls, make it look like play—something they do to enjoy themselves. The fluency of Ophuls' style is balm. The story of his Lola, the famous courtesan who had affairs with Liszt and with the King of Bavaria before ending up as an ailing exhibit in a New Orleans circus, is transformed by his easy command into something quite at odds with the fan-magazine facts of the narrative. Because of Ophuls' marvellously prodigal style, "Lola Montès" is majestic and complex. There is a sense that something unique is being glimpsed in the apparently commonplace, and this is nearly as reviving and moving as the response of Mozart to da Ponte's "Così Fan Tutte." It is like the way some people can make a puppet show a great piece of theatre, or the way some artists can make a pessimistic statement exhilarating because their very genius contradicts it. The content of Beckett, say, is concerned with endings and with the most difficult and minute resumptions, made with small hope, but the effect of his own presence—maybe it should be called his company—has exactly the opposite effect; this great technical original of our age, this peculiarly convivial stoic, is perpetually starting again on giant undertakings as if he had all the time in the world. The victorious retort of style to material in Ophuls' best work is something comparable. The sense of detail in "Lola Montès" and the vivacity of the technique—sound tracks of voices overlapping in

From Norway...

earrings
with an
inspired
new
twist

Shown
actual
size

It took a touch of genius to design earrings this elegantly simple...a woman's hand to make them such a delight to wear. No screw or clips. They rest safely, comfortably just inside your ear and wind gracefully around the back. Crafted in Norwegian sterling, **$15.** With 24K gold finish, **$20.**

On mail and phone orders add correct sales tax plus 75¢ for mailing.

NØRSK Dept.N53
114 East 57th St. (off Park Ave.) N.Y.C. • PL 2-3111
SILVER • JEWELRY • CRYSTAL • PORCELAIN
PEWTER • RYA RUGS

Birger Christensen is furrier to the Royal Court of Denmark. And the Royal Court of Greece. And the Royal Court of Sweden. How come our furs look so marvelous on commoners? Royal treatment, we suppose.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

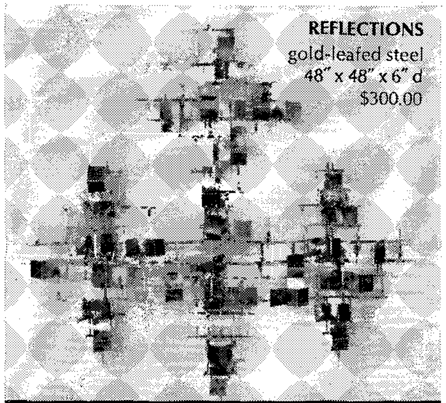
By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

The West Indies Chaise

You've seen it at Caneel Bay, The Buccaneer, El Conquistador, Paradise Island and a hundred other vacation resorts throughout the Caribbean. Now you can have Tropitone's famous West Indies Chaise for your own patio or yard. It's made of heavy-gauge aluminum tubing, carefully welded together, and covered with a tough, baked enamel finish. Vinyl straps are comfortable, yet unbreakable. Write us for brochure and name of nearest dealer. Available in 15 colors through Abercrombie & Fitch and great stores everywhere.

Tropitone

Furniture Co., Incorporated, P.O. Box 3197
Commerce Blvd. — N. Hwy. 301 • Sarasota, Florida 33578



REFLECTIONS
gold-leafed steel
48" x 48" x 6" d
$300.00

WILLIAM **Bowie** THE SCULPTURE STUDIO INC.
202 E. 77th ST., NEW YORK 10021 UN 1-8480
WRITE FOR LITERATURE

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing, boating and tennis. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

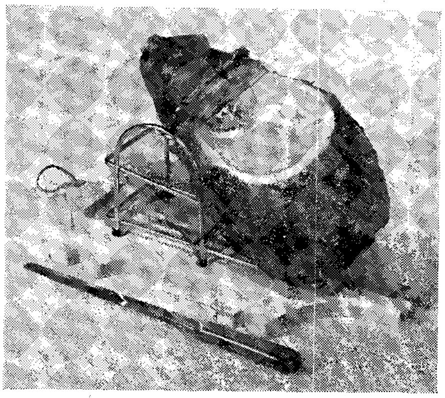
We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

life's muddle of statements and burble and cries not meant to be replied to; camera movements taking in scenes that flicker with comic asides—deny the doomy simplicities of Lola's outward luck and turn the show-biz image of decline into a wiser and happier tale. Through Ophuls' dense structure of flashback, Lola is slowly established not as a gaudy object for voyeurs but as a being whose fortunes have been dictated by a lifelong feeling that she is on the run. Her childhood as a little creature prancing around with red balloons develops into a claustrophobic girlhood. We see her crossing the Atlantic with her mother and her mother's lover. She looks penned in. She is shoved into a cabin with chaperons she scorns. It grows clear that the sumptuously furnished carriages of her later life were her ways of not being cornered. They were the salons of a truant, boudoirs with fast feet. The circus coach, which is a prop, begins to refer sadly to the beautiful carriages of her heyday, which she took for her rightful property. Things shown in the circus look different after each flashback.

The memories are brought to her mind at the command of the ringmaster, whose jealous voice overlays her real versions of past episodes with orders to enact them for the circus. The ringmaster himself is an ambiguous character. He thinks he is running the show, but he is also in love with Lola. At the end, just as he has oratorically announced that she is about to risk her neck on the trapeze with a spectacular jump guarded by no safety net, a message comes from an underling that the doctors order the net to be there. The ringmaster ad-libs, and meanwhile seems to be arguing in his head. Loss of face by complying. But danger to Lola. On the other hand . . . And yet . . . Well, her disdain of risk is the very thing that draws him to her, and he himself is not a man of authority, only of bluster. He mutters to the messenger an order for a drink. To the audience he maintains his histrionic calm, though secretly cliff-hanging, and announces that Lola will decide. In the circus ring he may relish symbolic power, but a crisis makes the real sort more than he can manage. The underling, arriving back with the drink, whispers a demand for the cash for it. Ophuls' counterpoint is his own, and comic. High up, Lola sways. Don't jump, we think. Stand there. Refuse. No need. This is a trumpery version of the boldness you have built your character upon. But she leaps, and she survives. The ringmaster sees her restored to him, along with



Famous Kentucky Delicacy

Delicious country ham . . . cured to perfection in our smokehouse in historic Trigg County (famous for its hams for more than a century). We guarantee unvarying quality and flavor because we do everything ourselves — from raising our own hogs to curing and smoking our hams the old-fashioned sassafras way.

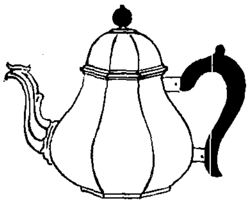
Delight your friends by serving or giving this famous Kentucky delicacy. Each ham is registered for absolute quality control. Guaranteed or your money back.

Write for descriptive brochure or send check for size ham desired: Uncooked weight—Apx. 11 lbs. $16.50; Apx. 13 lbs. $19.50; Apx. 15 lbs. $22.50. Add $2.50 for shipping, or $7.50 for shipping and cooking. Ham rack and knife, $15.

PRIDE OF TRIGG COUNTY KENTUCKY
BROADBENT'S & B&B BINGHAM'S
REGISTERED KENTUCKY COUNTRY HAM

Smith & Barry

Broadbent-Bingham
Kentucky Food Products, Inc.
Dept. NY, P. O. Box 6108,
Louisville, Ky. 40206



"GEORGE I"

ENSKO
INC.

682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

number one bay street
nassau
Write P.O. Box 4887
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304
See your Travel Agent
or call **N.Y. CH 4-0700**

Nassau, Bahamas
SHERATON BRITISH COLONIAL HOTEL

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $13.00. Doubles from $19.00. Suites from $20.00.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

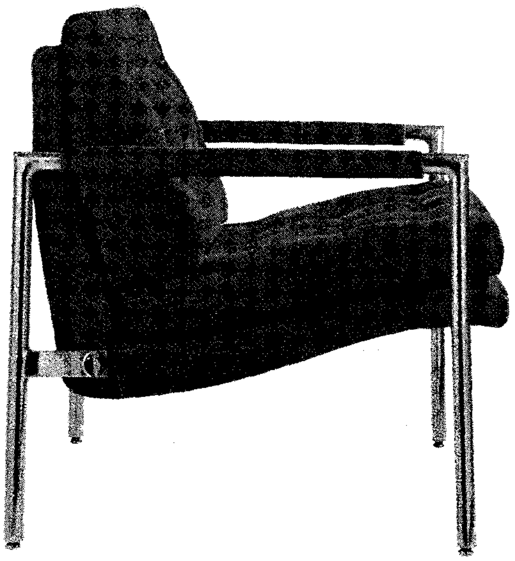
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

the *Trend* is to Ban-Lon® ribs in a garden of eden

Adam's ribs rise vertically to heighten surface interest in this full-fashioned Ban-Lon knit. His mock turtle, saddle shoulder pullover in silk-textured 100% Antron* nylon enjoys the enticing companionship of knit fashions for Eve by Trend II.

tf
Trend
fashions®
by Huntley of York, Ltd.

SEE THE TEMPTING COLLECTION AT FINE STORES. THE TREND IS TO TREND FASHIONS BY HUNTLEY OF YORK, LTD., 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10001. *DUPONT'S REG. T.M.



The Driver's Seat

Can a man really feel comfortable when he is slouched defensively in an overstuffed easy chair?

Well, that's why Founders made this.

A chair that dignifies the ungainly business of sitting down. A chair that lets you sit up, even when you're sitting back. A chair to issue orders from—"Dear, get me another martini."

Wherever this chair is placed—that's the head of the table. Put it in the living room. Or the study. Or the office. Or in the Directors' Room. But be warned—though it makes your good furniture look better, it will make your bad furniture look just awful.

That's the way it is with Founders furniture. It makes its presence known. Even the simplest things we make elicit emotional reactions.

Next time you're passing a very good store, go in and see some of our very good furniture.

FOUNDERS
A SUBSIDIARY OF
Armstrong
creators of THE INDOOR WORLD

Sophisticated people like the simplest things. Founders.

Founders Furniture, Inc., Pleasant Garden, North Carolina 27313 his ersatz authority. And next he can offer her to the crowd as a freak in a cage, to be kissed by any man in the mob: "An unforgettable memory for the price of only one dollar."

Lola lived in the nineteenth century. Ophuls was not born until 1902. "What I love is the past," says the master of ceremonies in Ophuls' "La Ronde," and so did the film's director. Poetically, it was a past beyond Ophuls' memory; his hankerings were not for anything he had ever known, and his life makes that understandable. He was born a German Jew, called Max Oppenheimer, in the Saar. He eventually moved to France, and in 1938 he became a French citizen. He was also rather Viennese in tone, and he did some work in Vienna, though never as much as his work sometimes suggests. The temper of the late Hapsburg Empire was more real to him in his head than the facts of his life account for. His work as a young man began in the German theatre, first as an actor, then as a director. "Ophuls" was his stage pseudonym. His début in successful film directing was made with "Liebelei," produced in Germany in 1932, but his name was taken off it because he was a Jew. A Europe with Hitler coming to power in it made him a vagabond, like Lola. He worked in Holland, France, Italy, Hollywood. The roaming dispersed his talent and cost him much time, though perhaps he would never have made "Lola Montès" without that expense of spirit in random exiles. He managed some characteristic work in the limbo, but not much. It was not really until 1950, with "La Ronde," that the nomad came back to his native material. He had only seven years then before he was to die of a heart attack. He never witnessed a public showing of "Lola Montès" in his own form of it. Its great cost for the time it was made—about a million and a half dollars, in 1955—and its trashy source in a book by Cécil Saint-Laurent, a sensational pop historical novelist, led both backers and public to expect something quite different from Ophuls' film, which is in no state of swoon about Lola. It is infinitely more interested in the characters of the ringmaster and the King of Bavaria (Anton Walbrook), and in the dialectic of notoriety. Without the director's consent, the nearly two-hour film was hacked to ninety minutes. Not surprisingly, this failed to make it a blockbuster.

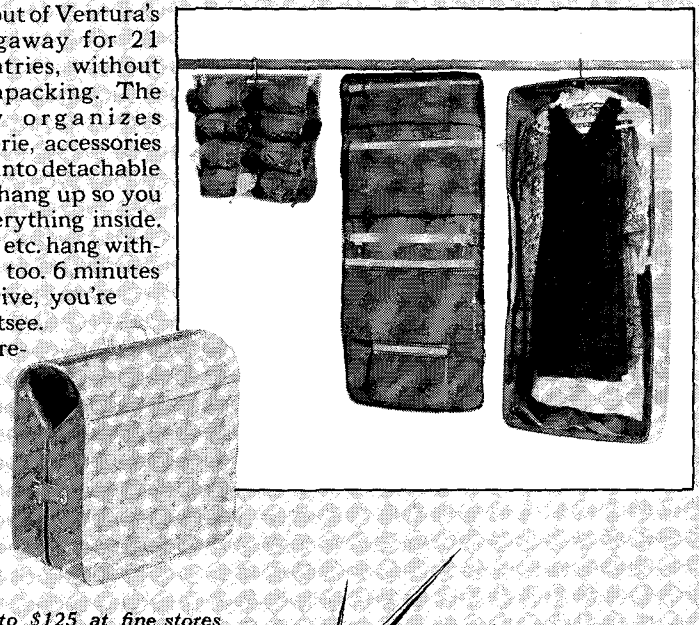
In 1957, while the fight was going on, Ophuls bravely went to Hamburg to direct Beaumarchais's "The Mar-

BILL BLASS FOR PBM

Navy wool classic piped with excitement, $120. Bonwit Teller, Marshall Field, G. Fox
Bill Blass for PBM, 226 West 58th Street

Travel via Ventura... and never unpack till you're home!

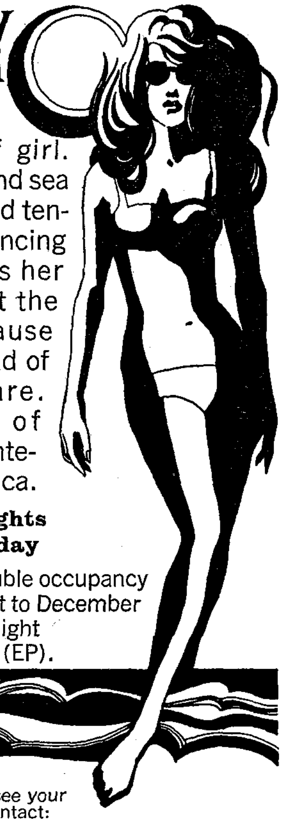
You can live out of Ventura's deluxe Hangaway for 21 days, 7 countries, without pack-and-unpacking. The Hangaway organizes blouses, lingerie, accessories (even shoes) into detachable pockets that hang up so you can reach everything inside. Dresses, suits, etc. hang within easy reach, too. 6 minutes after you arrive, you're ready to sightsee. While others repack, you can nap, shop, snap that last picture. Then zip, zip—and go.



From $22.50 to $125 at fine stores exclusively. For free "Tips on Packing" booklet, write Ventura, Dept. N, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Copyright 1969 Also available in Canada

Ventura®
So high in fashion... so light in weight

riage of Figaro." A new start, in the year of his death. The production seemed close to the "Lola Montès" he had really made. It was played before and behind the proscenium and on a revolve. Figaro stood at the center of a whirling theatrical accomplishment that suggested a way to produce Mozart. Ophuls must have had a great feeling for opera. There is a passage of background conversation in "Lola Montès"—when Lola and the King are being urged to flee the palace at the beginning of a rising—that has exactly the same busy, consultative tonality as a Mozart recitative when somebody has to be hidden. Ophuls liked the strictures of the operatic form; pigeonholers tend to imply the opposite when they clap him into some category of the displaced baroque, but baroque doesn't mean uncontrolled. The circling that is structurally the essence of "Lola" is built into it with beautiful discipline and range. The camera often moves through three hundred and sixty degrees. Lola's struggling sense of a wrongly reënacted past and an awry present helps to shape her consciousness of things as a series of loops. The action itself is set physically in a ring, and the heroine is constantly placed at the middle of a turning scene, upright on a stool or in a carriage, wheeling on display or viewed by a wheeling camera. In the King's palace, where she gets furious at having failed an audition ("You didn't have an audition to become king!" she yells at the royal ears, which are hard of hearing), she has a time of sitting on a stool in her hoopskirt, adrift in the center of the room. She looks as if she were concealing something; she looks, in fact, like one of those old-fashioned needlework crinoline-lady covers for telephones. The thing she is concealing turns out to be a great tantrum in the bud. Working herself into a magnificent rage—Ophuls can get fire out of even a stolid actress—she starts to rip open her bodice to show His Majesty that she has a figure beyond auditioning. There is a quick cut to a pair of dozing flunkies outside, more or less awakened by the unkingly sound of tearing fabric. The monarch within calls for needle and thread. What we see then is not him and Lola, whom few directors could have stayed away from, but a stately piece of graphic design expressing hubbub, with panicked servants swirling around inner balconies of the palace, and a culminating view that picks out a crippled soldier standing amazed on crutches at the middle of



The Colony Girl

Our kind of girl. She's a sun and sea girl. A golf and tennis girl. A dancing girl. She lets her hair down at the Colony because that's the kind of place we are. Your kind of place. At Montego Bay, Jamaica.

7 Days—6 Nights from $19 per day

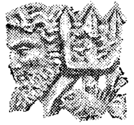
per person, double occupancy (MAP), in effect to December 15, 1969. 7th night complimentary (EP).

For reservations see your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.
Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, Eng.

Is Your Alligator Tired?

Dull, worn and soiled Alligator Handbags cleaned, redyed, reglazed, relined . . . MADE TO LOOK LIKE NEW AGAIN! Leather Handbags expertly repaired . . . Free water repellent finish. MAIL ORDER SERVICE! FREE ESTIMATES!

LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737



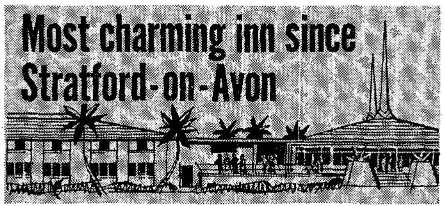
Sea-Fare of the Aegean
25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.

COLONIAL INN at DARK HARBOR
Islesboro, Maine. Tel: (207) 734-2221
Gracious, intimate Inn on Penobscot Bay. Former estate right on the water. Golf. Tennis, own dock, moorings, launch facilities. Cocktail Lounge, pvt. bath accommod. Rates $16 to $26 daily on Modified Amer. Plan (European also available).
Write or call for folder.

school volunteer what's that?

An unpaid volunteer who gives two mornings a week—or more—to New York City school children.
You can be one. Just call 563-5624

School Volunteer Program
20 West 40 Street
New York 10018
Board of Education of the City of New York



Most charming inn since Stratford-on-Avon

Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive) • gourmet wining and dining • luxurious guest rooms • meeting facilities • Scottish baronial atmosphere • open year 'round • near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club • Palmetto Expressway & N.W. 154th Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33014. Dept. X

Miami Lakes Inn & COUNTRY CLUB

Bonnie Oaks Resort
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Beautiful Lodge and Cottages On Lake Morey's Shores
Your Hosts, The Avery Family
Write Box 14 for Folder

Some Fine Day You'll Come To Waterville In Maine

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT

the funny formalization of lackey fluster. Anton Walbrook's grave performance as the deaf King whom Lola loved brings the film around to a point of elegy that Lola touches long before, in a scene at the opera, when she sits still in her seat at the start of an interval and says—as much about her life as about the music, it seems—"It's odd. I think it's going to end sadly." And now the King, much later, when her life at last seems good, reads "Hamlet" aloud to the two of them and repeats, "That it should come to this." It seems a circle she is not prepared for. "Lola Montès" is about Hell waiting down there, seen from up here—in the palace or on the trapeze wire.

It is Ophuls' technique that transports the film. Soap opera becomes opera. His technique with actors is witty. Like those few opera directors who ever manage to get performances out of singers, he knows that one of the ways to make second-rate actors do well is to keep them moving. It is hard to be hammy or implausible if you are doing something physically practical, just as it helps a self-conscious actor transcend himself if he has something concrete to combat between him and the camera. Ophuls constantly photographs actors through foreground decoration, or half hidden behind a stove or a column. Some of the performers in "Lola" are good by nature, but all of them, if you watch carefully, seem to have been made better by Ophuls. And the performances are not even the real substance of the film. The performances and the plot amount only to the libretto; the great matter of the score lies in the way Ophuls assembles pictures and organizes two hours of rhythms. It turns a small, garish, anxious history that has an unhappy ending into a work that is expansive and immortally pacifying. Ophuls may have missed and loved the past, but his last film wonderfully celebrates the present. The style catches life as it flies.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

BUDAPEST

The leaders of most of th, Communist nations in Europe assembled under tight security in gray, misty Budapest yesterday for a summit meeting said to be manily concerned with on Red China, Vietnam and the MMUDDLe East.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Here, man, take one of these every three paragraphs with a glass of water.

The unhurried silver.

Exquisite detailing through full deep cutting.
All edges hand-ground and hand-buffed.
Extra thickness for luxury weight.
Full piercing for a filigree look.
Shown: Stieff Royal Dynasty

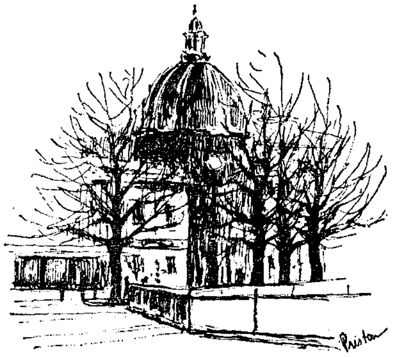
It takes a lot of time to hand-craft a piece of sterling silver, but when it's finally finished, there's nothing in the world like it. Its been hand-engraved, hand-chased, hand-ground, hand-buffed, hand-polished, inspected by hand, wrapped and packed by hand. This is the way Stieff makes silver . . . like nothing else in the world.

See it at fine stores throughout the nation. Or write for literature and the address of your nearest Stieff dealer.

Stieff Co. It's worth the wait.
Wyman Park Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21211

SAVE-BY-THE-SET. From April 14 to June 14, 1969 you can save up to $135.00 on Stieff Sterling. Ask your Stieff dealer for details.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.
One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—
$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

name

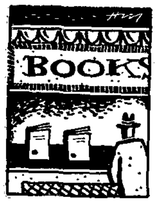
address

(Please include zip code number.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

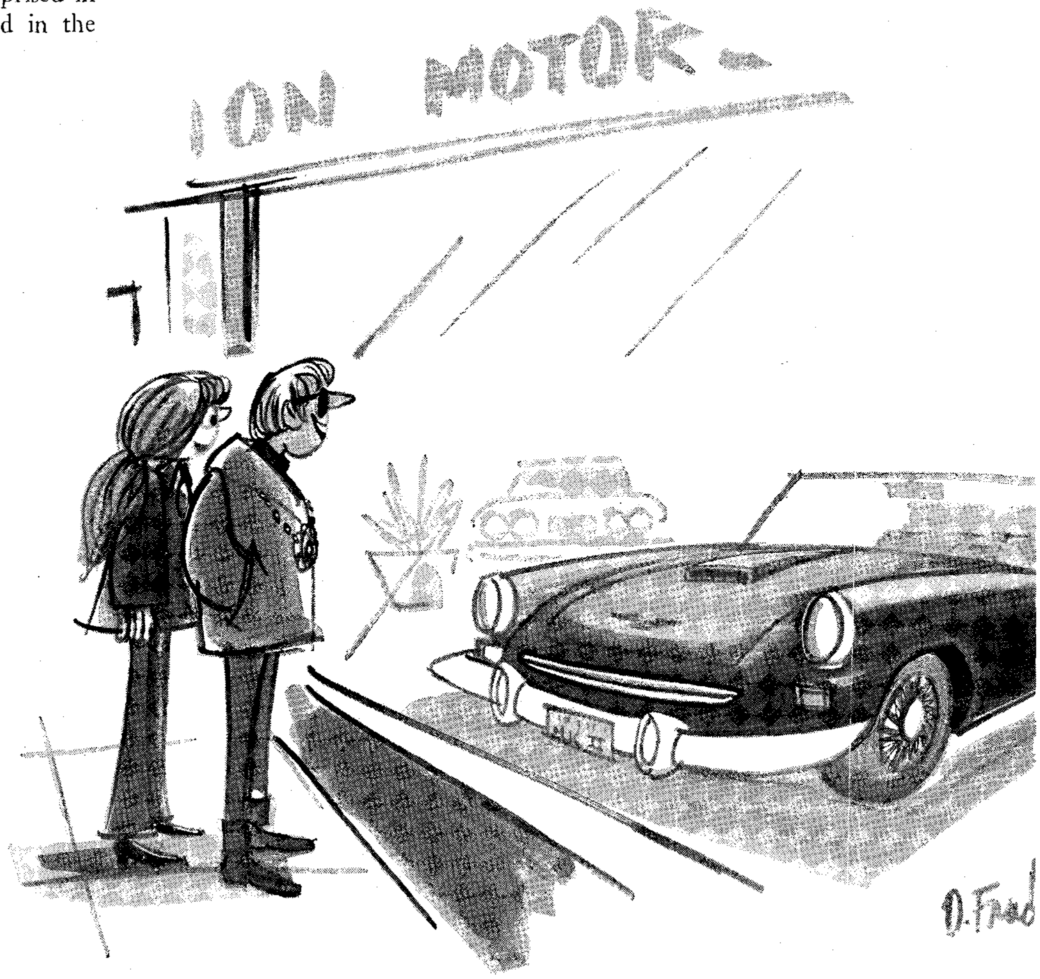
BOOKS

The Loss of Innocence



LEONARDO SCIASCIA'S novel of life in Sicily, "A Man's Blessing" (Harper & Row), is a surprise, coming as it does from the author of "The Council of Egypt," which was a very coolly ironic and detached piece of storytelling concerned mainly with social hypocrisy in the manner of Voltaire or Anatole France. This time out, Sciascia is paying the homage of imitation to Graham Greene. Not, it should be emphasized, to the later Greene, soupy with Jamesian intimations of undeclarable subtleties, but to the earlier writer whose inspirations were the darker side of Robert Louis Stevenson's imagination and whose manner was such as to make all but the most attentive readers feel that they were dealing with something wholesome and bracing in the way of an action or suspense story. Yes, indeed, "Treasure Island" is a jolly yarn about the sea, pirates, and all that, and is a rattling good boys' book, as they used to say, but in the child hero's relationship with the realities comprised in the person of Blind Pew, and in the valuelessness of the child's clear, uncorrupted vision in the darkness that surrounds that adult figure, there is a glimpse of the enormities that became the subject of Graham Greene's "The Man Within." That, too, is a jolly yarn, about the old smuggling days on the Channel coast—and yet when one gets beyond the crusty old judges, the strumpets in their low-cut gowns, the taverns, and the clippety-clopping, something in the nature of very bad news about the fate of the innocent in a world of corruption is being brought to the attentive reader. It is the virtues—an innocent belief in them, and striving for them—that undo the hero; and the message is that to love, to trust, and to believe is to betray oneself into the hands of the wicked. Sciascia has taken up this theme and has written a characteristically polished and elegant story which purports to be a thriller about an ordinary man's drift into conflict with the Mafia in a small Sicilian town—a matter of an obtuse man blindly putting himself on the spot—but which is in reality a paradigm of the condition of the good man in the modern world. The protagonist is a solitary, brooding individual, gifted with intelligence and sensibility, and cursed with a belief in justice and a sense of loyalty to his fellow-creatures. One of his acquaintances becomes the victim of an apparently senseless murder, and chance puts him in possession of a clue that offers him the possibility of discovering its meaning and exposing the killers. As he is a good man, there is only one thing that he can do in this situation, and that is to follow up the hint that he has been given and to do his duty by the ideas that give his life such meaning as it has. He moves about the torpid town, picking up a thread here and another there, slowly approaching the active agent of evil that he is seeking, becoming less ordinary and less inconspicuous every day as he acquires a dangerous knowledge of the realities that surround him. There is, however, to be no crisis, no agon, no meting out of justice. When he has achieved a certain degree of visibility against the darkness with which he is at war, it silently engulfs him. He disappears, and his body is never found. He has not even marked the surface of evil. Once he has gone, Sciascia turns his knife in our wounds: he lets us hear the townspeople talking over the disappearance. They have known all along the meaning of the original crime, and just where the missing man's clue would lead him. These things have been matters of common knowledge from the beginning, and it was only the missing man's unworldliness that preserved him from sharing in it. The last sentence of the text, which has been translated into English by Adrienne Foulke, gives the town's pitiless verdict on the martyr's innocence: " 'He was an ass,' Don Luigi said."

This graceful piece of storytelling is in fact a savagely expressed cry of despair. Sciascia has moved on from the



"Wow! That's some groovy, stupid middle-class value!"

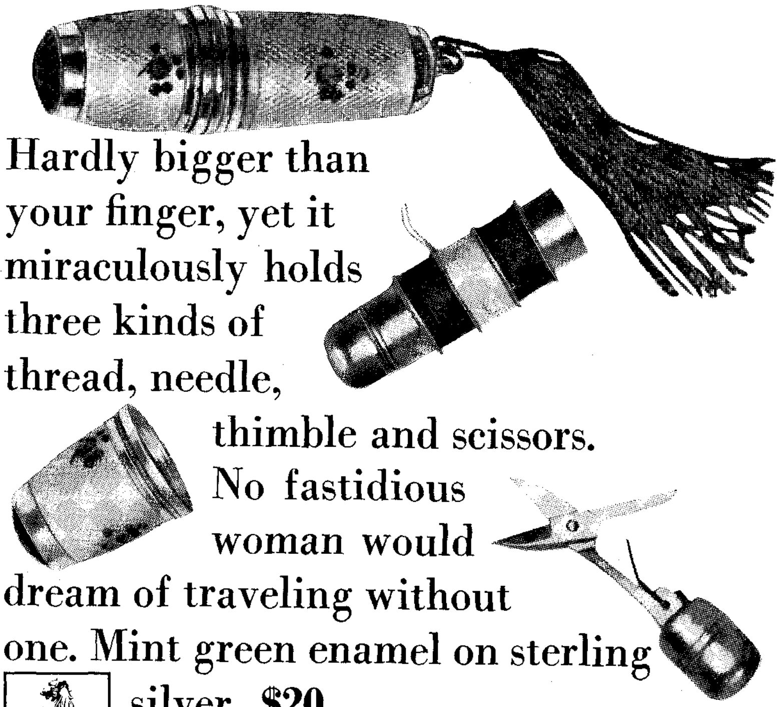
belief that life is a comedy, which would be much more enjoyable for the actors if they would only be a little more reasonable and a little less emotional, to discover its tragic essence. This account of his discovery, in the form of a novel, is at once moving and horrifying, and may well in time win itself recognition as one of the minor classics of extreme pessimism.

BETWEEN Sciascia's brilliant exercise and the Norwegian novelist Tarjei Vesaas's "Palace of Ice" (William Morrow) there lies a wide gulf, which one might not be inclined to cross but for the fact that the latter has won the Nordic Council's Literature Prize and has arrived in this country—in a translation by Elizabeth Rokkan—decorated with a halo of extravagant praise. We are informed by authoritative European voices that it is a work of "immense concentration," that it is "relentlessly beautiful," that it has an "austere poetic clarity," and so forth and so on. It is about two little girls, unpromisingly named Siss and Unn. And because they are so very little they talk to each other and much of their doing and thinking is described in "Run, John! Run!" language. Perhaps it is less drearily prattling in the original Norse.

> Siss ran home. At once she was struggling blindly with her fear of the dark.
>
> It said: It is I at the sides of the road.
>
> No, no! She thought at random.
>
> I'm coming, it said at the sides of the road.
>
> She ran, knowing there was something at her heels, right behind her.
>
> *Who is it?*
>
> Straight from Unn and into this. Had she not known that the way home would be like this?
>
> She had known, but she had had to go to Unn.

What happens is that no sooner has a "pash" developed between the two eleven-year-olds than Unn, silly girl, wanders off to investigate something called the ice palace. This is what chance has made of a waterfall in a stream powerful enough to keep on flowing under the ice all winter. It is a towering structure of caverns, arches, and secret chambers. Unn is fascinated by it, goes off to explore it by herself, gets lost inside it, and disappears. Siss is upset by her disappearance, but has pretty well got over it by the time spring comes. The ice palace then begins to melt, break up, and disappear. Unn's body is never found. End of story. What it all seems to be in aid of is the not very profound thought that death is a frightening idea but once you get used to it you can go ahead and live

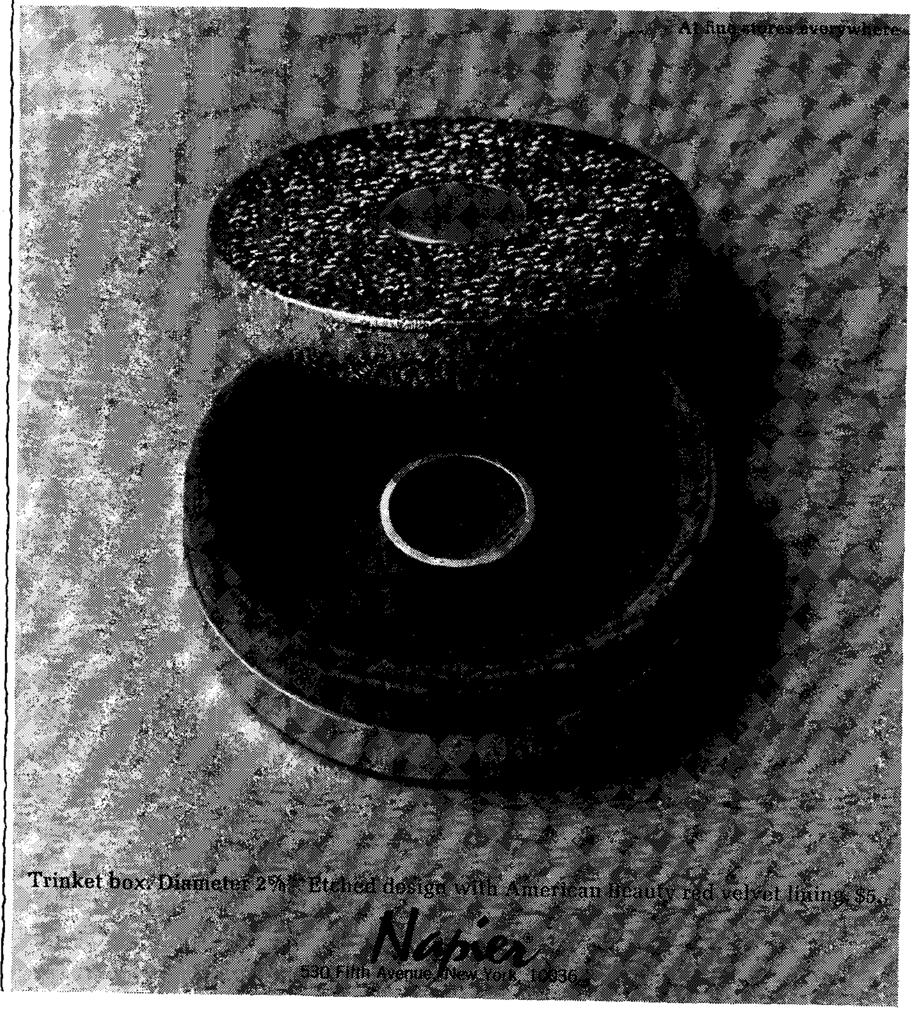
The Itty-Bitty Sewing Kit from Mark Cross.



Hardly bigger than your finger, yet it miraculously holds three kinds of thread, needle, thimble and scissors. No fastidious woman would dream of traveling without one. Mint green enamel on sterling silver. $20.

MARK CROSS
New York • San Francisco • Bal Harbour, Fla.

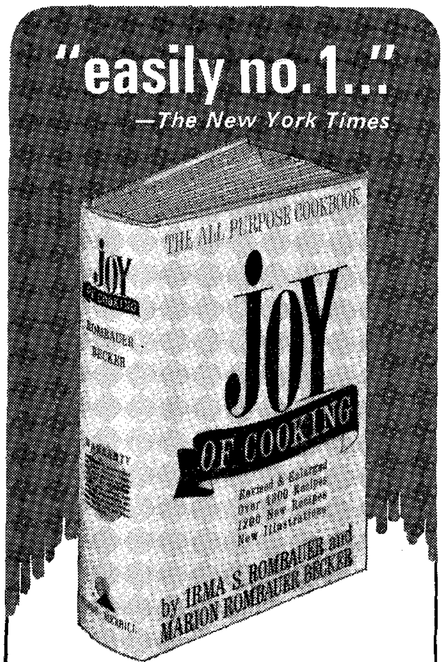
To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C., or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 75¢ postage beyond delivery area.)



At fine stores everywhere.

Trinket box. Diameter 2⅝". Etched design with American Beauty red velvet lining. $5.

Napier
530 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10036



"easily no. 1..."
—The New York Times

America's Favorite All-Purpose Cookbook
at all bookstores
REGULAR EDITION $6.95
deluxe Gift Edition $10

very special—a rare item for cookbook collectors—a limited edition of The Little Acorn—the fascinating history of the Joy of Cooking, by Marion Rombauer Becker. Limited. $2.50

Bobbs-Merrill

Frances Gray Patton All her delightful *New Yorker* stories, and several others, are in this new collection.

TWENTY-EIGHT STORIES

by the author of GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE

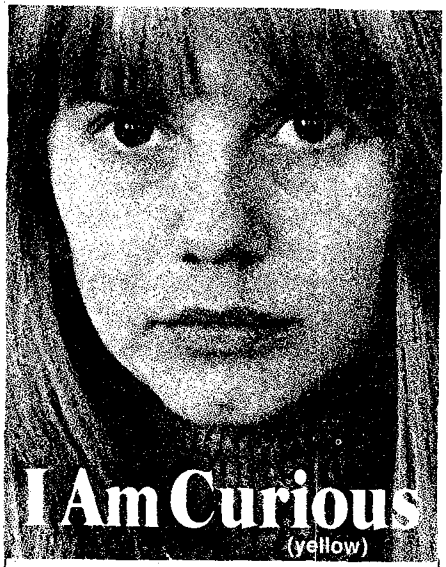
At all bookstores. $7.50

DODD, MEAD

The Round Table
PIEDMONT AT LINDBERGH
ATLANTA

with it; and if one wanted to be precise one would say that the book gives an overwhelming impression of the intellectual poverty of the Nordic culture that has adopted the slogan "Less is more" as its battle cry. "Palace of Ice" is indeed a manifestation in literature of the aesthetic of design, vulgarly known as Swedish, which evades all major problems of choice and preference by scraping everything down to the rudimentary minimum. Siss and Unn aren't little girls with the complexities of surface, interior, reaction, and interest that real little girls possess. They are two polished "Swedish modern" egg shapes labelled Siss and Unn that have been placed against a neutral gray homespun backcloth with a boringly monotonous surface called winter and enshrined in the bleak gallery of Tarjei Vesaas's prose. His novel is exactly like some ghastly provincial museum in which a tiny collection is surrounded by an excess of space and an atmosphere of reverence, and in which one's spirit faints from lack of nourishment—a formalist tomb in which the interaction that gives art its meaning is suspended. To accomplish his work of museum, or mausoleum, art, Tarjei Vesaas has abstracted everything from his two little girls that constitutes the reality of an individual personality and that establishes a claim to our interest. We are offered children reduced to something negotiable in place of the exploration of developing awareness that makes children worth writing about. What is negotiable is precisely the simpleton—the conception of a child that gives rise to the pejorative use of the word "childish"—that the average adult philistine puts in the place of any real child he may have to deal with, in order to evade the difficulties that follow on the recognition that its as yet uncysted sensibility may be even more penetrating and perceptive than his own. The difficulties arise from the fact that the child's unanswerable questions dissolve the fabric of lies men weave in order to protect themselves from their experience of a pointless and amoral universe. As no adult wants to have his feet kicked out from under him by a child, we get "beautiful" stories like "Palace of Ice" that equate innocence with idiocy and spare us the truth that we have no power to protect true innocence, or to protect ourselves from it.

"Not of This Time, Not of This Place" (Harper & Row) is a very moving and troubling novel by Yehuda Amichai. Amichai, whose Hebrew has been translated by



I Am Curious (yellow)

Vilgot Sjöman's complete and uncut *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is "a landmark likely to permanently shatter many of our last remaining movie conventions," says William Wolf of Cue Magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production.
ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

Uptown Continuous Showings
Cinema 57 RENDEZVOUS
JU 6-4448 57th Street, West of 6th Ave.
Daily except Sat. 11:30, 1:35, 3:40, 5:45, 8:00, 10:15. Sat. only 10:00, 12:10, 2:22, 4:30, 6:40, 8:50, 11:00 and 1:00 A.M. Late Show Friday at 12:30 A.M. All tickets $3.00.

Downtown Reserved Seating
EVERGREEN THEATER
53 East 11th Street at University Place 533-5325
Daily at 3:00, 5:30, 8:00 and 10:30 P.M. Matinees $3.50. Evenings $4.50. Box office open daily at 12:00 Noon. Phone and mail orders accepted.

JAMAICA
MEANS
MORE
AT
Half Moon
HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director

Glamorous Montego Bay's **only** complete resort. Our own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. One of the *world's most beautiful* beaches. 13 swimming pools, 6 tennis courts, sailing. Luxury accommodations, all beachfront, include 17 private cottages.

See your travel agent.

Represented by **Hetland & Stevens Inc.,** 211 E. 43rd St., New York, TN 7-1450; Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Toronto.

George R. Smith Co.: Beverly Hills, Seattle, San Francisco, Sydney.

SUPPORT
YOUR
MENTAL
HEALTH
ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH
MH

Owl pitcher from the island of Mytilene. Multicolor design on white. 9 in. high, $13.25 ppd.
Only at: **Greek Island**
215 E. 49 St., N.Y. 10017

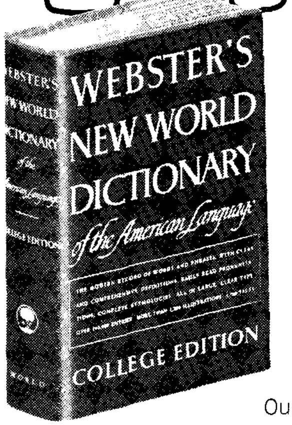
Shlomo Katz, writes in Israel, where he has lived since 1936, not in Würzburg, where he was born in 1924, but his subject is the torment of being buried alive in the irrelevant past. His Israeli hero spends a summer living the two lives open to him, simultaneously going back in fantasy to the German town where he grew up and staying on in Jerusalem, where he tries to cleanse himself of his past by immersing himself in a love affair with an outsider who has had no part in it. The alternatives are both impossibilities. The past is still going on back in Germany, and it is inescapable in Israel: the knowledge of what men are and what they can do that was acquired in the years of Hitler's "final solution" cannot be discarded or ignored, and it is no easier to live with when one is in the country of the ex-butchers than it is in that of the ex-victims. Yehuda Amichai writes with great affective power, both of the glittering structure of self-exculpation that the Germans of the guilty generation have succeeded in erecting on the site of mass graves and desecrated temples and of the ghost-haunted, sun-drenched anti-Germany that the ex-victims have created for themselves. One tastes to the full in his pages the experience of being lost, and of loss that comes of the realization that the world cannot be remade in the image of one's desires.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE IMAGE MEN, by J. B. Priestley (Atlantic-Little, Brown). This lengthy takeoff on silly old England meanders through the University of Brockshire, a handful of Nissen huts somewhere in a field; the House of Commons; the drawing room of an aristocratic corner house in Belgravia; Robinson's, a genteel brown hotel in Bayswater; the corridors of Television Centre; the plastic Tudor of the American-owned Baronial Hotel; and the Rose and Heifer, a small hostelry on the borders of Herefordshire. A handy dramatis personae lists some hundred and twenty-three characters. A random selection might encompass Ted Jenks, author of a play about an incestuous window-washer; Daphne Nugent-Fortesque; Sam Peachtree and his wife, Betty; Wilf Orange; the Earl of Sturtleton and his wild wife, Lady Harriet. And the Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Shadow Minister of Possible



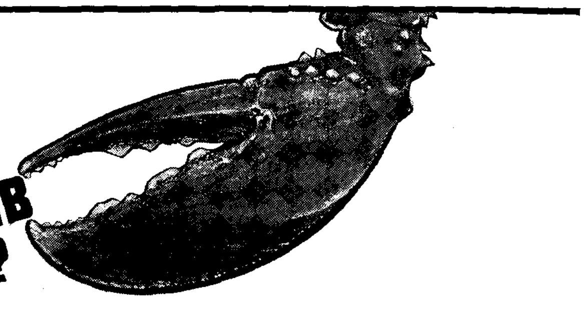
Take our words for it

Our words are all together in one alphabetical list, including names of people and places. They're easy to pronounce, because there's a pronunciation guide right on the page or the facing page. They're easy to understand, because every definition is complete, clear, and doesn't send you in search of another one. They're easy to tell apart, because we compare them with their synonyms, and give you their histories. They're easy to use correctly, because we provide examples showing you how. Not only do you get more words than in most other dictionaries, but you get to know them better, faster, in WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

■ Approved and used by colleges and universities throughout the U.S. and Canada.

$6.50 plain $7.50 thumb-indexed

WORLD PUBLISHING
TIMES MIRROR
New York and Cleveland



HOW DOES THIS GRAB YOU?

AFTER 50 YEARS . . . EVERYTHING IS STILL LOBSTERRIFIC!

50 years ago, in 1919, The Lobster was founded. Today, the same families serve you in the same exact place. Unusual? Not when you serve good food!

MIKE LINZ • STAN FUCHS The Lobster 145 W. 45th St. • JU 2-0400
Open Daily . . . Incl Sunday

Lesley Blanch
An enchanting
autobiographical memoir
by the author of
THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE

JOURNEY
INTO THE
MIND'S EYE

$6.95, now at your bookstore

Atheneum

"A marvelous romp to be enjoyed by people on both sides of 35."
—Publishers' Weekly

Remember Jack Hoxie
by Jon Cleary

A delightful novel of the Generation Gap and the psychedelic world of modern youth.

$5.95

MORROW

ABM—
"Maginot Line
in the sky"*?

Does the U.S. need the ABM? Will it be an effective defense or just another Maginot Line? Here is a book that presents both sides of the debate and the background information. An invaluable guide for the individual wishing to form an opinion on this complicated and vital question. Presenting the case for ABM are Donald G. Brennan and Leon W. Johnson; against are Jerome B. Wiesner and George S. McGovern.

Anti-Ballistic Missile: Yes or No?

A Special Report from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

Introduction by Hubert H. Humphrey
Epilogue by William O. Douglas

Appendix of basic documents pertaining to the ABM. $3.95; paper, $1.75

At your bookstore
Hill & Wang
72 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011
*N.Y. Times Editorial, March 15, 1969

Johnny Appleseed's Back-Wrap Skirt

Just wind it around and tie in front . . . easy to wear and casually good looking. Crisp, wrinkle-free Kettlecloth material (Fortrel Polyester-cotton) comes in BURNT ORANGE or LAGOON BLUE. Sizes S, M, L . . . . **$12.50 ppd.**

Free Catalog on Request

Johnny Appleseed's
56 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Zip Code Required!

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

Developments. Two middle-aged, bibulous, and modestly lecherous heroes gambol across this insular panorama.

NOTE: "Twenty-Eight Stories," by Frances Gray Patton, has been published by Dodd, Mead. Most of the stories were first printed in this magazine.

GENERAL

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA: THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1968, by Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page (Viking). A trio of young English reporters tells about our last election. For American readers, they tend to overexplain (most of us have heard of Miami Beach), and their youth is a slight drawback (they suppose that George Wallace's practice of raising campaign funds from his audiences was a political innovation, while some readers will remember that, in 1948, Henry Wallace's audiences were exhorted to contribute, and did). Though reporters in general are supposed to be neutral fact-gatherers, these reporters' opinions—which are outspoken, idiosyncratic, and unneutral—are more interesting than their familiar facts. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Ten dollars.

YEARS OF HOPE, by Konstantin Paustovsky, translated from the Russian by Manya Harari and Andrew Thomson (Pantheon). The second wonderful volume of the late (1892-1968) Russian writer's autobiography. In it Paustovsky, who arrived in Odessa in 1920, shortly before the Bolsheviks, describes his life and that of the city in the next few years. The era might, historically, be called one of "reconstruction," since the city was a wreck, but Paustovsky skips that sort of formal history and, with great narrative spirit and a marvellous sense of personality, offers an absorbing account of diverse human beings coping—not always successfully, and certainly not always honorably—with the problem of making their lives over.

THE AGONY OF THE AMERICAN LEFT, by Christopher Lasch (Knopf). The author, who teaches history at Northwestern, believes that several radical American movements of the past—Socialism, Populism, and Negro nationalism—need to be resurrected because liberalism has failed. This book is a collection of essays, rather than a unified statement, and while particular pieces—an attack on the Committee for Cultural Freedom, for example—are perfectly plain, the work as a whole leaves the impression that Professor Lasch (and possibly a few ideologically congenial friends) knows what he means to say better than he has said it.

THE CULT OF SINCERITY, by Herbert Read (Horizon). The late Sir Herbert Read's last book, consisting of five general essays on such topics as his romanticism and his anarchism, and six memoirs of men who were important to him. Two of the latter are by far the most interesting: a long, almost reverential memoir of T. S. Eliot, which inexplicably ends by dismissing all his poetry after his religious conversion as "moralistic," and a short memoir of Edwin Muir, which makes the bold claim that Muir's poetry may come to "seem to be the natural continuation of the poetry of Yeats," and then quotes two Muir poems so magnificent (the sonnet about the dead lord, and the poem about "the fleshless word") that they make his case look rather good.

NOTE: Little, Brown has published Berton Roueché's "What's Left: Reports on a Diminishing America." All the reports, which deal in a general way with conservation and the pleasures of the outdoor life, were originally printed in this magazine. . . . A collection of Elizabeth Bishop's poems and translations, some of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux under the capacious title "The Complete Poems."

•

OUR SICK SOCIETY

[Letter received from a Philadelphia firm by a man on Jane Street]

DEAR MR. G——:

We have an assignment for gag writing. Possibly you may be interested.

The subject is on the low level of humor, addressed to kids who chew bubble gum. We are to prepare phrases in two parts to be used in packages of bubble gum and are called "Insult Buttons" or "Stupid Buttons." The more vicious the invectives the better, because kids like this sort of thing. Any topical subject is acceptable but we must avoid profanity, politics and sex. The enclosed sample gum package explains itself.

We have a budget of $75 for a series of twenty-five two-part phrases, payable upon acceptance by the gum manufacturer. Additional assignments may be forthcoming.

Are you interested? Do you have any examples of this type of writing?

Ron Rico. Isn't he the Italian film genius known for his brash beginnings, meaty middles and endless ends?

Not on your dolce vita.

Ronrico's a rum. The smoothest, most versatile Puerto Rican rum ever to achieve stardom.

7 out of 10 who taste it adore it.

Make the scene with it soon.

For a 30" x 40" color poster of this ad
send $1 to Personality Posters, Dept. N-15,
74 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011.
Void where prohibited.

RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
PUERTO
RICAN
RUM

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

©1969 GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NYC, 80 PROOF

Unwind
SHERATON-MAUI
WAIKIKI
HONOLULU
SHERATON-KAUAI

Sheraton Hotels in Hawaii

ON WAIKIKI BEACH—ROYAL HAWAIIAN/SURFRIDER/MOANA/PRINCESS KAIULANI

SHERATON-KAUAI
POIPU BEACH, ISLE OF KAUAI

SHERATON-MAUI
KAANAPALI BEACH, ISLE OF MAUI

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel. A Worldwide Service of ITT